REPUBLICANS WILL FIGHT IT.

The New Brooklyn Apportionment Called a "Gerrymander."

Jesse Johnson Says Contempt of Court is Plain.

Republicans in Brooklyn were pouring into United States District-Attorney Jesse Johnson's office this morning to file their protest against what they call the infamous gerrymander of Kings County contained in the report of the reapportionment of the county, adopted by the Board of Supervisors yesterday.

They are mad over the boundaries of the Sixteenth District in particular.

The members of several Republican organizations, including the Union League Club, have asked Mr. Johnson to consider the advisability of bringing another action against the Supervisors with a view to having them punished for alleged contempt of court. They claimed this morning that the admonitions of the Court of Appeals were to properly divide the districts for the benefit of all citizens irrespective of politics.

Mr. Johnson, it is said, will at once begin summary action in the matter in behalf of the Republicans.

Lawyer Johnson, after consulting with some prominent Republicans and Independents this morning, issued the following statement:

"I hardly know whether to be angry or amused at this business. A body of county legislators, charged with a high constitutional duty relating to the suffrages of citizens, because they had performed it so indecently and grossly that their performance was non-performance, under a mandamus of the Court met yesterday and deliberately disobeyed the command by hastily adopting a form of resolutions which they had never read, which it was not possible for them to understand.

"The method of the business was secrecy. We asked for a hearing not as individuals, but as representatives of a citizenship that had been wronged and defrauded.

"We asked that the hearing should be had after the plans that we knew were being secretly prepared were ready, so that we could have an opportunity to examine them before their adoption.

"Instead, they gave us the privilege of talking to two good-natured but very ancient members of the Committee, and the most important part of our speech was the request to see the plans. But it was a trade a party matter.

"The party leaders were drawn in, and the order given was to so divide the districts that what had been gained in the courts should be given back in the Board of Supervisors.

"They have disobeyed the court, and made the twelve liable to its punishments. The command of the court was to make the districts equal in population, as near as attainable, and when they disregarded that fact there was no need to make inequalities of that population.

"The Sixteenth District (Republican) stretches from the Eastern District away north of Fulton avenue to Coney Island Point—a single district reaching almost three-quarters across the county in its longest direction, and not a shoe-string, but a dumb-bell district.

"On one end are Flatlands and Gravesend. On the other end are the Twenty-fourth and a large part of the Twenty-fifth Ward, and between them, and their only connection together, is a narrow slice, a single section district of the Twenty-sixth Ward.

"They were commanded to make each district of contiguous and compact territory. If a dumb-bell district like that is convenient and continuous, then what is not convenient and continuous?

"I am amazed that gentlemen supposed to value the good opinion of their fellow citizens should be engaged in such shameless and open juggling with the dearest and most sacred rights of citizenship. The first gerrymander might be deemed casual, but it made Kings County unenviably conspicuous; the last one, as it works with malicious prepense and foretho[illegible]. Again, and more than before, it makes Kings County prominent before all the counties in the State.

"I think prompt measures will be taken to test this so-called apportionment to see whether or not the Supervisors have obeyed the order of the Court."

DEFIANT DAKOTA JACK.

He Had Killed Too Many Men to Be Scared Away.

A Bloody Street Fight and Each Shot the Other to Death.

A man, whose height is scarcely five feet six, and whose weight is not an ounce over 140 pounds. He has a mild blue eye, a frank face, and his voice is pleasant to the ear. You'd pick him out in a crowd as a mild-mannered, tender-hearted man, and yet he is "Dakota Jack," and has killed nine or ten men. He has been stabbed and cut, and shot and clubbed, but he seems to bear a charmed life, says the Detroit Free Press.

It is high noon, and the long, straggling street of the frontier town is almost deserted by human life. Not because the sun beats down fiercely, nor that the half-civilized population is asleep, but because the town marshal said to Dakota Jack last night at 10 o'clock:

"If you are in this town at noon to-morrow I will hunt you down and kill you as I would a dog."

Well, 12 o'clock has come. The threat came from a man whose bravery is unquestioned, and whose skill with the gun is marvellous. He has uttered similar warnings before. Some of the desperadoes had left for other fields, others had remained in defiance and fallen by his bullets. That he meant what he said in this case no man doubted, and yet Dakota Jack remained. He did not bluster or threaten in return. He was taciturn and uncommunicative when his friends asked what he intended to do. At 10 o'clock in the morning he was abroad as usual. At 11 o'clock he entered the shanty in which a gunsmith was doing business, and had his revolvers cleaned and reloaded. At a quarter to 12 he took his position in the centre of the public square and waited. Then men fled from the street and all was silence.

"Now you will see some of the greatest shooting ever done in this town," Dakota Jack is bound to see it out."

The town marshal sat in his office a block away. Word had come to him that Dakota Jack refused to leave. At 11 o'clock he also cleaned and reloaded his guns. At 12:15 he was all ready, but he sat with his watch in his hand. He had said high 12, and he would not move sooner. He would even give Dakota Jack five minutes' grace.

"Time's up!"

The marshal knew where to find his man. They caught sight of each other when afar off too far to risk a shot. Dakota Jack backed across the square to a broken-down wagon. The marshal crossed the street to have the shelter of the awning posts and telegraph poles. Five hundred faces appeared at doors and windows and spectators spoke to each other in whispers.

The marshal advanced to within thirty yards and then halted. The weapons of both men were still in their holsters. They glared at each other for a long minute without moving a hand or uttering a word. The spectators held their breath. The one was defiant, the other determined. Would Dakota Jack take water? Would he crawl like a dog? crawl? If not there would be a killing.

"Jack, are you going?"

"I'll see you — first."

Men within ten feet of the marshal could not follow the movement as he pulled his guns. It was the same in the case of Dakota Jack. Both left cover for the open street, and began firing. Pop! pop! pop! Both fired right and left handed. Both advanced as they fired.

"Jack's hit!"

"Tom's hit!"

"That's elegant shootin'!"

"That's somethin' to be remembered!"

The firing did not last over three minutes, but the time seemed to be a quarter of an hour to the spectators. They saw the marshal stagger to and fro, and they cheered Dakota Jack. They saw the Bad Man lurch to the right and left, and they cheered the marshal.

"Jack's down!"

"Tom's down!"

"Hold on, wait!"

Two last shots rang out as one. Both men were down, but they had made a dying effort, only twenty feet apart, as they lay on their backs gasping out their lives. Of the twenty-four bullets twenty-two had been fired. The hot lead had crashed its way through shoulders, arms, bodies and legs. Blood had mixed with the dust of the street and made a hideous colored mud. Bones had been splintered, muscles severed, arteries cut. They lay there with pallid, blood-stained faces upturned to the sunday sun, each hand still firmly clutching a pistol, and the crowd gathered and looked down upon them, and some one said:

"Boys, it was a game fight and a good show—let's licker!"

BEE AND HUMMING BIRD.

The Little Creatures Fight About Their Home Preserves.

An observer writes that he is satisfied that there is just as much rivalry between humming birds and bees in their quest for honey as there is between members of the human race in their struggle for the good things of life, and described a recent quarrel that he saw in a Portland garden, where a humming bird with an angry dash expressed its disapproval of the presence of a big bumble bee in the same tree, says the Chicago Times.

The usually pugnacious bee incontinently fled, but he did not leave the place. He dashed back and forth among the branches and while the winsome, the humming bird in close pursuit.

Where will you find another pair that could dodge and dart equal to these? They were like flashes of light, yet the observer thought the track of the pursued, turning when the bee turned, in short, the bird and the bee seemed the movements of their bodies more quickly that he could control the movement of his eyes.

The chase was all over in half the time that it takes to describe it, but the expression of a pack of hounds after a fox was no greater. The bee escaped, the bird saving up the chase and alighting on a twig. It couldn't have been still for the bee for food, and there is no possible explanation of the unprovoked attack except that it wished to have all the honey itself.

A FERRYBOAT TOURNEY.

The Black Knight Wins the Joust and the Lady's Favor.

A young man with good clothes and bad manners came over from Jersey city with the early boat Commonwealth on June 6 (P. M. yesterday). He stood on the women's side of the forward deck, and puffed cigarette smoke in the faces of those about him.

A colored porter, in the ordinary service, seeing the look of distress on one woman's face, politely called the young gentleman's attention to the "No smoking" sign. "I'll smoke just like I damn well please," said the youth.

There was a short, a flash of arms and legs, and the fresh young man found himself on the other side of the boat. The young woman stepped over to the porter and handed him a bunch of field flowers. He bowed, and the youth, who was trying his hardest to catch his breath, went inside the cabin, but his cigarette had disappeared.

After a night with the boys
Yours for a clear head—BROMO SELTZER.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy for their children, 25c.

MR. HENRY S. FOSTER.

I Know That Hood's Cures

And cordially recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers with indigestion, impure blood, humors, loss of appetite or run down. I will surely speak a word if there is any help for you. I have used it myself and in our family for at least fifteen years. I have found it of very great benefit for malaria, chills and fever, rheumatism, kidney complaint and catarrh, even when nothing else could be taken. Curable." HENRY S. FOSTER, Scarborough, N. Y.

HOOD'S PILLS are hand-made and perfect in proportion and appearance. 50c. per box.

AN ETRUSCAN BOOK.

Found on a Mummy Brought from Egypt Forty Years Ago.

The Etruscan alphabet can be read with as much ease as the alphabet of Rome; the words of a text are usually divided from one another by means of points and yet the meaning of these words cannot be fixed, says the Portnightly Review. Like the geologist who comes to a "fault" in the strata he is examining, so in Etruscan the philologist finds a linguistic "fault"—a language which refuses to be compared with any other that is known to him.

A discovery lately made by Prof. Krall of Vienna, has removed the first difficulty which stands in our way. It can no longer be said that it is impossible to decipher the Etruscan language because the materials for doing so are insufficient. Three-fourths of an ancient Etruscan book, written on linen, has been discovered, and discovered, moreover, in the most unlikely of places—the coffin of an Egyptian mummy.

The mummy was brought from Egypt some forty years ago by an Austrian traveller and deposited after his death in the Museum of Agram. When unrolled it was found that the linen bands, which were wrapped around it, were covered with written characters. They were examined in 1867 by Brugsch Pasha, who imagined them to be Ethiopic, and in 1877 by Sir Richard Burton, who suspected that they were Nabathean. It was reserved for Prof. Krall to point out that the characters were the well-known letters of the Etruscan alphabet and that the words they embodied occurred in the inscriptions of Etruria.

Prof. Krall's discovery was made in the beginning of 1891. Since then he has been occupied in transcribing the text, portions of which are difficult to read, and in determining the order in which the fragments should be arranged. The result of his work has now been published by the Imperial Academy of Vienna. His memoir is an exhaustive account of the discovery and contains a translation of the text as well as photographs of the linen wrapping together with the report of experts on the condition of the linen and the character of the ink. Part of the memoir is devoted to the removal of any doubts that may be felt as to the genuineness of the newly-discovered book.

The text originally contained twelve columns, the greater part of which has been preserved. More than two hundred lines of it remain, including the last paragraph of the work. It was divided into sections or chapters, distinguished from one another by spaces and the single words are separated by means of points.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

But He Handicaps His Goodness with a Licking to the Recipient.

"I don't believe anything I hear," said the drummer, "but when I hear a good thing I try to and it is quite as beneficial in its results."

"What is it now?" asked the hotel clerk, tickling his diamond with his whiskers, says the Detroit Free Press.

"I heard a story in New York recently," continued the drummer. "A millionaire there, a man of about forty, had a friend of the same age who went broke and he let him have $500 for thirty days. At the end of the time the man had disappeared and the banker was dead sore. He felt so bad over it that he said all sorts of mean things about the absent one but that didn't bring him back.

"Five or six years passed and the millionaire became involved in a speculation and was about to have the life squeezed out of him. One morning while he was worrying himself sick over his business a stranger came into his office. After introducing himself he asked the broker about the friend who had disappeared with the $500. The broker fired up and gave his friend such a blasting that even the stranger was shocked and suggested that he modify his wrath and modify his opinions. 'By the way,' said the stranger, changing the subject, 'I hear you are in a tight place.'

"The broker nodded. 'If I don't get $150,000 by 3 o'clock this afternoon I'm a goner,' he said.

"'So a man told me on the street,' said the visitor, and he put his hand in his pocket and brought a slip of paper out. 'There,' he went on, 'is a certified check for the amount, which I'm going to let you have to get you out of the hole, but before you shall have it I'm going to give you a licking for talking so about that friend of yours. Get ready.'

"The broker was dazed by the check and the proposition, but he threw off his coat and prepared to defend himself. But it was not much use. The stranger mopped up the floor with him and at last jaunted him down onto his chair in a state of wreck.

"Then the stranger sat down and looked at him and the broker returned the gaze curiously. At last he stuck out his hand.

"'By jove, old man,' he exclaimed. 'I didn't think of you. I deserve the licking, but I don't deserve that certified check.'

"But his friend insisted on it, and then explained how he had gone West and in lucky speculations had made a big pile and had come back to square up accounts, and that was how he was doing it. Now isn't that a pleasant story to come out of a matter-of-fact place like New York?" concluded the drummer, very cheerfully.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS

A Mountain Wife Who Insisted Upon Going to Fairyland Alone.

One day in the mountains that lift their green-walled battlements above the tumbling waters of the Upper Cumberland, I stopped at a log house to get my dinner, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press. It was a double affair, with a lean-to porch in front of it, and was occupied by a man and woman, who were eager to hear me talk of the great world beyond the fastnesses of the everlasting hills that hedged them in. We sat at the table for some minutes after we had finished eating, and the woman began talking in her own crude, imaginative fashion of the things I had been telling them.

"S'posin', Jim," she said, addressing herself principally to her husband, "s'posin' I wuz a fine lady in silks and satins, an' s'posin' I had hosses and kerridges, an' s'posin' we lived in a marble palace, with glass winders; an' s'posin you wuz a prominent citizen an' got on a clean shirt every week; an' s'posin' we could go to Europe an' see all the grand sights; an' s'posin' we had a wagonful full of money; an' s'posin we'd come back yer to live in Paris, an' s'posin' we'd build a town right out there in the bottom, an' s'posin it did grow and grow, an' s'posin' a boulevard was run right along down the river the place shed is now, an' s'posin' they'd name it arter us, Jim, wouldn't that be somethin' wurth s'posin'?" and the woman looked out of the door and gazed across the valley with almost a dreamy look in her dull-gray eyes.

"Yes, Susan," responded Jim, in the same fanciful strain, "an' s'posin' I run for congress an'—"

She recovered her every-day, practical self at the sound of his voice and stopped him.

"Now, yer jest, I," she said, jumping up and beginning to clear off the table. "I'll git all the s'posin' for this family my self. I'm a-long out ther an' chop enough thrash to last over Sunday."

Fifteen minutes later, as I turned at the bend of the road that cut them out of sight, I saw Jim chopping at the wood and Susan carrying an armful to the house.

A CRANK AT THE SAVOY.

He Demanded Rooms in the Name of the Princess and Worried Attaches.

A man, apparently about thirty years old, with a slip in one hand and an overcoat over his arm entered the Hotel Savoy yesterday afternoon, and addressing the clerk exclaimed, "In the name of the Princess I demand rooms."

The clerk asked him if he was a member of the Princess's party. He said he wasn't, but insisted on having rooms.

He didn't get them, and crossed to the New Netherland, where he asked to be anointed in the name of the President. "He is a crank," the clerk said, "they are around frequently."

SURE SIGNS OF DEATH.

Evidences Which Doctors Believe to Be Conclusive.

Binding the Finger Tightly, Producing a Blister and Other Tests.

When Carlyle Harris was killed by electricity the other day the physicians present made haste to examine the body as quickly as the current was shut off. Their interest in settling the question as to whether life was extinct or not was augmented by the recently published statement of a distinguished French authority to the effect that the appearances of death produced by this mysterious fluid are deceptive—in other words, that the victim retains the vital spark, though rendered in a manner torpid. Nevertheless, it was promptly decided by all the witnesses at Fund that the murderer of Helen Potts was absolutely dead.

So deceptive are many of the ordinary evidences of death that medical science has given to this subject a great deal of attention. It used to be supposed that people were often buried alive through accident, and writers of romance have dwelt upon this species of horror with much unction. During the war of the rebellion many soldiers were said to have been interred while living who were merely in a lethargy or stupor arising from loss of blood, exhaustion, cold and fear. Bodies have often been found turned over in coffins, as if the occupants had waked up and tried to get out. In numerous other cases of a similar sort the tongue has been discovered protruding from the mouth, as if from suffocation, and there have been stains from bleeding on the burial clothes.

Now, such facts as these were amply sufficient in former days to convince the most skeptical that the persons concerned had been interred alive. But it is well known, as a rule, that if the Washington Star, that such phenomena are exhibited by dead bodies under conditions wholly normal. The turning of a corpse in its coffin is brought about by the expansion of the gases of putrefaction. The livid color of the tongue from the mouth is an effect of the same cause. Bleeding often occurs after death. In fact, such a hemorrhage is known to have taken place eight days after the demise of the individual. In this instance the bleeding was from wounds inflicted during life.

The stoppage of the heart's beating is not regarded as a satisfactory evidence of death. In some cases on record that organ has apparently ceased to perform its function for as much as fifteen minutes, yet the person lived afterwards. Tidy, the great English authority, speaks of the instance of a certain Col. Townshend, who was seemingly able to die at will, and to come to life again when he chose. On a number of occasions he had deliberately experimented with various processes for a short time. Finally he consulted physicians on the subject, deeming his ability to do this a sufficiently abnormal symptom to be somewhat alarming. In the presence of the doctors he voluntarily lapsed into a state of torpidity. His heart stopped and his breathing also, a mirror held at his mouth showing no dimness. This case was apparently unique. At the same time, the peculiar faculty developed by Col. Townshend—who died that same night for aught we know to the contrary—is wholly demonstrated. It has been repeatedly performed in the presence of more or less skeptical witnesses under circumstances which preclude all possibility of deception. It is an artificial suspension of vitality, bearing some relation to the natural hibernation of bats and other animals.

If the finger of the person in whom the vital spark still lingers be tightly bound with a piece of string, the end of the finger will soon become red and then bluish. But, if the individual be dead, no such effect will be produced by the application of a ligature. If during life a clean and bright needle be thrust into the muscles of the body the steel rapidly rusts on being withdrawn. After death no such oxidation takes place, it is said. However, the certainty of this latter test is disputed. One of the most familiar methods of determining absence of life is that of producing a blister by heat, as with a flame of a candle. If the skin beneath and around the blister becomes red, the individual lives; otherwise, he is dead. One of the most reliable tests of this question is made by holding the hand of the supposed cadaver between the eye and the light of a candle or lamp. While thus examined the hand of a living person has a rosy color between the fingers. This not the case with a corpse.

It is not possible for another individual to tighten the relaxed grip of a dead person upon the hand of a weapon. If the person has committed suicide the weapon will be found rigidly grasped with fingers stiffened by the rigor mortis. But after death the fingers cannot be made to take a grip firmly. This is regarded as a most important point from the medico-legal standpoint. It has determined the fate of an accused prisoner in many a trial. Army surgeons say that the expressions on the faces of soldiers killed in battle reveal the causes of death. Those who have perished from sword wounds have a look of repose, while there is an expression of pain on the countenances of those slain by bullets. It is rather an odd fact that the heart of a dying man ordinarily continues to beat for four or five minutes after breathing has ceased.

Owing to the fact that bacteria cannot develop at a temperature above 212 degrees or below thirty-two degrees, the processes of putrefaction are arrested beyond these limits either way. The body of Prince Menschikoff, a favorite of Peter the Great, on being exhumed, after ninety-two years' burial in the frozen soil of northern Siberia, was found to have undergone hardly any change. Corpses interred in hot sand do not decay, but become mummified. There is no other way in which a body can be preserved so long—leaving freezing and mummification out of the question—as by burial in a lead coffin. If the receptacle is air tight lack of oxygen brings putrefaction almost if not quite to a pause, and the face of a defunct person may be recognizable after a long period of time. The attempts frequently made to destroy bodies by covering them with lime usually had the opposite effect, preserving them by keeping out the air.

Years ago when the bodies were removed from the Cimetiere des Innocents at Paris, the common pits, in which great numbers of the bodies had been interred together, were found to contain masses of a grayish, white, soapy substance. The matter was not very well understood at that time, but it is now known that the remains of the dead are, under certain conditions, transformed into such a material, either wholly or in part, which has been named adipocere. It is a true ammoniacal soap, being a combination of fatty acids with ammonia. Bodies that are exposed to the action of water per colating through the soil are most apt to undergo this species of transformation. Inasmuch as adipocere is not perishable under ordinary circumstances, corpses thus changed very often retain their form indefinitely. Now and then they are dug up in a state of preservation, newspapers refer to them as wonderful instances of "putrefaction."

SEND A POSTAL CARD.
WINDOW AWNINGS,
$2.75 and upward.
S. S. THORP & CO.,
20 Fulton St.
LAWN TENTS, $7. SURF TENTS $12.

REUBEN WASN'T SMART.

But His Wife Had Enough Cuteness for the Family.

I heard an animated conversation going on at the further end of the car, says a writer in the Detroit Free Press, but as I was reading I paid little attention until an old farmer, whose wife sat just behind me, came back from the group and said:

"Sally, you orter hear what that feller is sayin'!"

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Dunno his name but he's smarter'n a steel trap."

"What's he sayin'?"

"Well, it's all about science and things. He says the sun is a million miles nearer the earth than it used to be."

"I don't believe it!" she bluntly replied.

"What's the use?" he retorted. "I didn't believe it, either, till I heard him talk. Come up and listen."

"I don't keer about the sun."

"Far you orter. The sun has got a heap to do with our farm, I guess. Do you know how much air you breathe in at every breath?"

"All I want to."

"Of course, but he'll tell you jest how many feet. It's the interestingest thing I ever heard. You don't know how far it is to the sun, but he's got it right down to miles and rods. You don't know why there's a tide in the ocean, but he does. He knows more in a minute than our postmaster does in a week. Come along and hear him."

He followed after and found a very plainly dressed and common-looking man holding forth to five or six passengers.

"During the seventy years of man's allotted life the heart performs about the same amount of work in circulating the blood that a 10-horse power engine could do if it ran day and night for thirteen years, seven months and fourteen days. You see, the heart"——

"Good lands, but I've seen that feller afore," interrupted the farmer's wife.

The great man turned to see who had spoke and she raised her hands and continued:

"Now I'm sure o' it! Why, he's the tinpedler who came along about four weeks ago and not only cheated me in weighing the paper bags, but he sold me three tin pans which leaked all over the cellar afore he got out of sight."

The great man fell. Every one saw that he was guilty, and all turned away and left him to his disgrace—all but the victim of his wiles. She crooked her forefinger at him and said:

"Them pans was 11 cents apiece! Gimme 33 cents."

He counted out the change and she put it into her bag among the fried cakes and boiled eggs, and as she sat down beside her husband she remarked:

"If this happens to stop his two horse-power engine from workin' I can't help it. Then comes a time to pay debts here on earth, so let me tur the last twenty years and I hain't goin' to stand no more! Great man! Why, Reuben, you don't know fuff to cum in when it rains!"

THEY CAN'T MARRY.

License Refused Because the Girl's Father Can't Be Found.

There is a couple up Scambler way who are to be sympathized with because they haven't yet got married, says the Ferris Falls Journal. The prospective bride is a very respectable young lady of about seventeen, and the bridegroom a middle-aged bachelor who owns a good farm.

The young woman's father is travelling in Wisconsin, and cannot be easily reached; moreover, she supports herself without any assistance from him, and has done so for years.

A clergyman from the Scambler neighborhood entered the office of the Clerk of Court a day or two ago, and, explaining the circumstances, asked for a license for the pair.

Deputy Clerk Shonts said, in that bland way for which he is famous, that he couldn't do it. The clergyman pictured eloquently the dismay his clients would fell if he came home without a license. The deputy clerk explained that the provisions of the law in regard to the marriage of a minor must be complied with.

The clergyman represented that the young woman was of age in everything except years; that she earned her own living and conducted her own affairs. The deputy clerk was sympathetic, but firm. He suggested finally that the couple might go over to North Dakota and have the ceremony performed there.

He supposed the applicant would jump at this idea; on the contrary, the clergyman looked so alarmed and aghast that the good-natured gentleman behind the counter felt sorry he had made it, and it was not until after his visitor left—without the license, by the testing that the ceremony must not should not—be performed in Dakota that it occurred to him the clergyman was personally interested in the question of who should make that couple one.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.

Sun rises... 4.28 | Sun sets. 7.31 | Moon rises. 2.37

HIGH WATER TO-DAY.

	A. M.	P. M.
Sandy Hook	6.00	6.16
Governor's Island	6.14	6.36
Hell Gate	8.07	8.29

LOW WATER TO-DAY.

Sandy Hook	11.50	12.02
Governor's Island	12.23	12.28
Hell Gate	1.51	1.56

To find Eastern Standard Time subtract four minutes.

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

Steamer Aurania, Capt. McKay, from Liverpool June 3 and Queenstown 4. Has 74 first cabin, 103 second and 653 steerage passengers to Vernon H. Brown, arrived at the bar at 4 A. M.

Steamer Boyle, Capt. Thompson, from Liverpool June 2, with merchandise to H. Maitland Kersey.

Steamer John H. Christopher, Capt. Crawford, from Jacksonville, three days, with lumber to W. H. Coates.

Steamer Louisiana, Capt. Gager, from New Orleans June 7, with merchandise and passengers to E. S. Alley.

Steamer El Norte, Capt. Hawthorn, from New Orleans five days, with merchandise to J. Van Siclen.

Steamer Lizzie Henderson, Capt. Van Kirk, from Philadelphia, with merchandise to J. C. Roberts.

Steamer Maracaibo, Capt. Reith, from Maracaibo June 1 and Curacao 4th, with merchandise and eleven passengers to Boulton, Bliss and Dallett, arrived at the bar at 1 A. M.

Steamer Clarina, Capt. Clinkskell, from Jacksonville four days, with lumber to Yellow Pine Lumber Company, vessel to R. M. Phillips.

Steamer Richmond, Capt. Davis, from Norfolk, with merchandise to Old Dominion Steamship Company.

OUTGOING STEAMERS.

SAILED TO-DAY.

Kansas City, Savannah.
Rotterdam, Rotterdam.
Seminole, Charleston.

TO SAIL TO-MORROW.

	Mails close.	Vessels sail.
Lahn, Bremen	1.00 P. M.	3.00 P. M.
Geo. W. Clyde, Cape Ann	1.30 P. M.	3.00 P. M.

Weather Forecast.

Local forecast for thirty-six hours ending at 8 P. M. Tuesday: Fair; stationary temperature; northeasterly winds.

COL. CARROLL WANTS DAMAGES.

Instead of Changing the Man Who Struck Him He Sued for $20,000.

SPECIAL TO THE WORLD.

BALTIMORE, June 11.—Col. John Carroll, of the Carrolls, by lawyers Wilham and John Grason, entered suit at Towson yesterday against Capt. William C. Nicholas for $20,000 damages. The two men belong to good families and are well known in the circles of this city. The suit grew out of a personal encounter between the two men at Owings Mills on June 4 last.

There has been some unfriendly feeling between them for a long time. When they met on Thursday words passed between them and Capt. Nicholas struck Col. Carroll on the face with a horsewhip. The colonel's face still bears the marks of the blow. A number of persons who were present interfered and prevented what might have resulted in a very serious encounter.

Provoked Him.

(From Truth.)

Clara—Reggie is very angry with you.

Maud—What for?

Clara—When you kissed him the other night you disarranged his hair.

SOME FREAKS OF NATURE.

Three Stories Told by a Trio of Pedestrians

A Dog With Two Orange Trees Growing Out of His Back.

A party of pedestrians while tramping along the Wissahickon yesterday had their attention drawn to a singularly shaped tree growing along the creek side of the drive. The tree when a sapling had evidently been fixed by some meddler with nature, who, after penetrating one stem with a knife, inserted the end of a branch into the hole and left it there to grow, says the Philadelphia Times.

The peculiar formation led the party into talking of other peculiarities which they had observed. One of the trio said: "When I was a boy I went with several other boys into the woods that stood back from the village of Plymouth to gather Spring flowers. We tramped through the woods till the underbrush became so thick that we had to crawl in places on our hands and knees. One of the boys, a venturesome little fellow, who was as full of fun as an egg is of meat, was on the lead, and, all at once, cried out: 'Say, fellers, come here and see what I've found.'

"We hurried forward and saw him bending over the skull of an ox, which lay on the ground face upward. From each of the eye-sockets there was growing a small chestnut tree, while from where the ears were once attached a beautiful vine shot forth, intertwining the horns and trailing gracefully about the skull.

"We looked about for a piece of bark or some other object upon which we could transport the odd flower-pot to one of our homes. We succeeded in getting it out of the thicket, after carefully placing it upon a piece of bark. We gave it a clearance we drew lots to see who should own the find. The lot fell to me, and the other boys helped me to carry it home, where my father planted it in the garden.

"The vine died, but the chestnut trees grew to be large trees. The skull long ago crumbled to dust, and formed a fertilizer for the trees, which to day look like one. Growing so close together they grew into each other. I go out to the old place every Autumn and gather chestnuts under the tree, which the owner is kind enough to call mine.

"Last Autumn I found that the tree had been slightly injured during the Summer by being struck by lightning, and I made arrangements with the owner that, if it should die I am to get the timber, which I shall have made up into furniture. Part of the trunk I shall take to a carver and have him carve from it an ox's skull, from which I shall have miniature artificial trees and vines to grow, and shall give it the best place in my library."

"That's really a curiosity," remarked one of his companions, "but it don't come up to what took place when I was a boy in Haddington. A neighbor of ours had a pet crow that was up to all sorts of mischief. My mother got me to gather her a lot of acorns one Fall to make fancy work for an approaching fair. One day while she was sticking the acorns on the outside of a box, the crow hopped over into the yard and up on the porch, where he watched her work.

"As soon as she turned her back, Jim, as we used to call him, jumped on the table, picked up an acorn and made off like a thief. Mother threw a small stick at him, and it struck him on the head. The poor bird tumbled over and we thought it was dead, but it came to in a little while and hopped away. It was never seen again until the next Summer, when the neighbor tore down an old frame building, underneath which the decomposed carcass of the crow was found. Upon examining it a small oak tree was found growing from between its upper and lower bills. I carried the carcass home on a shovel and planted it carefully in the garden, where it grew rapidly.

"I saw the tree last month and it is as pretty an oak as can be seen anywhere. Up where the branches shoot out there is a peculiar lump, which when viewed from a certain direction is an exact resemblance of a crow's head. The limbs look for all the world as though the gigantic bird was holding its mouth wide open."

"Did I ever tell you about our orange tree?" asked another of the company.

"Well, I think it is the greatest vegetable wonder I ever heard of. Father, while eating an orange one Christmas, took several of the seeds and placed them in a sore that was on our dog's back. A horse doctor told him the seeds would cause an irritation which would make the sore heal up. Well, sir, two of the seeds took root and grew, and that dog moved about for more than two years with the twin trees growing out of his back.

"The sore healed up, but poor old Ponto got horned by a steer one day and was so badly injured that he died. Father cut a chunk out of his back and transplanted the trees in a box. They grew splendidly, and while they never bore any fruit they had plenty of bark."

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A QUEER PIECE OF IRON.

A Drummer's Story of an Experience in Colorado.

"In the Fall of 1886 I was sent from an Eastern firm to Colorado to superintend the erection of a sawmill to replace an old one which was destroyed by fire," says a writer in the Cincinnati Tribune.

"Every thing went on nicely, and the mill was in running order in about two weeks, with the exception of a countershaft to run the planer and matcher, which was missing. To send to the factory would take not less than two weeks, and we came to the conclusion to cut a piece off the old line shaft and turn it up ourselves, as we had an old lathe standing next to the boiler and engine.

"The weather of the last month was dry and very warm, but at sunset that day a heavy snowstorm set in, and the thermometer dropped to zero. The next morning we sent our engineer to get one of these old line shafts, but found them covered with snow and ice. At last he succeeded in getting hold of a piece about eight feet long. It measured about two inches in diameter, somewhat thicker in the centre, and tapered at one end. We needed only five feet, so we went for a sledge and chisel to cut off the right length. One stroke, and off flew that thin part.

"I told the men this kind of iron would not do, but the engineer said all iron would break like this in zero weather; it soon would be all right if it came into the lathe next the boiler. 'Well, go on, then, and show us what you can do with it,' said I. He took the shaft over to the vise and centred same, and from there to the lathe, put the steady rest in position, and tried to turn it to the right size, but all in vain. As I said above, the lathe was located near the boiler, a warm place; the ice had melted during the time, and the shaft got softer and softer, and the tool would not cut at all.

"At this moment the proprietor of the place strolled in, and, seeing his man running the lathe, asked him what he was going to do. 'I am trying to turn a shaft for our planer, but I never saw such iron like this. First, it was as hard as glass, but as soon as it got warm it turned soft, and is getting softer all the time.' The proprietor took a step forward just in time to see the two ends drop out of the centres, but held the middle by the steady rest, and showing several different colors.

"The proprietor was an old miner, and had for many years lived in Colorado, so one glance convinced him that his engineer had taken a frozen rattlesnake for a piece of iron cut off the rail, and had the balance in the lathe to turn it off for a counter shaft. The snake was not hanging on the rest longer than a minute when it commenced to whirl around to free itself.

"All the men ran, and the snake after them, until somebody killed it with a club. We looked for the tail, which was by this time also thawed, and found fifteen rattles on same. The engineer swore he never would look for another piece of iron on a day like this in Colorado."

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ENGLISH SPARROWS' TRICKS.

They Get Other Birds to Crack Unwieldy Corn Kernels for Them.

No sooner did they appear on the ground than trouble began with the English sparrow tribe, writes Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller in the Atlantic. The grievance of these birds was that they could not manage the tough kernels of corn. They were just as hungry as anybody, and just as well disposed towards corn, but they had not sufficient strength of beak to break it. They did not, however, go without