wrecked homes, death and demoralization.

FONDA, Ia., July 7.—The tornado passed west and south of this place between 6 and 7 o'clock last evening, demolishing buildings and groves, injuring many persons and causing the loss of many lives. The dead are: Detweiler, John; Garton, Mrs. Amos H.; Garton, child of Mrs. A. H. Garton; Hearsom, Sam, entire family; Miller, D. E., and two of his family; Sargent, E. D., entire family.

The injured: Detweiler, Mrs. John; Garton, two children of Mrs. A. H. Garton; Shirley, C. E.; Shirley, Mrs. C. E.; Hearsom, two children of Sam Hearsom; several members of the family of A. W. Ene.

The buildings of the following persons were demolished: George Sanbord, barn; Mrs. William Marshall, tenant house and barn where John Detweiler resided; Amos H. Garton, house and barn; Harvey Eaton, barn; Samuel Hearsom, house and barn; school-house.

The course of the storm was a little southeast, and was preceded by an east wind and slow moving clouds going westward. It was attended by a heavy fall of rain and some hail, and an unusual electrical disturbance.

SIOUX CITY, Iowa, July 7.—A Storm Lake (Iowa) special to The Journal says the cyclone reached that place between 5 and 6 o'clock. Four churches were wrecked and a number of residences literally reduced to splinters.

Fires were started in three localities by lightning. The storm-centre appeared to pass four miles west of the town, where for many miles nothing was left standing. Several lives were lost.

Jacob Breecher, a farmer, was struck by a flying timber and instantly killed. His five-year-old daughter was also killed, and his wife and four children dangerously hurt.

Charles Lotman, another farmer, is reported dead. Thomas Wall and his child had their legs broken, and his wife was fatally injured. Others in the same neighborhood reported dead are Joseph Slate, Thomas Johnson and Henry Straub.

An old man named W. R. Clemens and his wife were severely injured.

OMAHA, Neb., July 7.—A special to the Bee from Rogers, Neb., says a destructive cyclone passed over the central part of this county Wednesday evening.

The storm struck the house of Chris Miller at about 8 P. M., while the family was eating supper, and all were injured except the youngest child. Mr. Miller had three ribs broken and was injured internally.

East and west of this place barns, houses and windmills were blown down and fruit trees torn up by the roots. It was the most disastrous storm that ever visited this county.

SIOUX CITY, Ia., July 7.—A telegram from Fonda states that five entire families were blown away at Alta, but a full list of the fatalities cannot be had.

D. T. Miller is known to have been killed. Mrs. Gordon was killed instantly by the wreck of her house, and nothing can be found of the family of seven.

No trace can be found of Ed Sargeant and family of five. They are supposed to be dead. Sam Hershom, wife and two children are missing. Mrs. Hershom was in confinement when the storm broke. All were blown away and are thought to be dead.

STUYVESANT MEN JUBILANT.

The Appointment of Police Surgeon Donovan Pleases the Club.

The Stuyvesant Democratic Club was jubilant this morning over the appointment yesterday of Dr. D. J. Donovan, the Club's First Vice-President, as a police surgeon.

Last night the members of the organization went to the new police surgeon's residence, 173 East One Hundred and Thirteenth street, where a champagne supper was served. The parlors were transformed into a floral bower with the many beautiful designs in flowers presented by the friends of Dr. and Mrs. Donovan.

The Council of the American Legion of Honor, of which Dr. Donovan is a member, after the adjournment of a regular session last night at One Hundred and Seventh street and Third avenue, went to the police surgeon's residence and, "warmly congratulating" Dr. Donovan, joined in the festivities.

Police Justice Burke, who was instrumental in procuring Dr. Donovan's appointment, was also the recipient of many congratulations. He, with Alderman Donovan, the Legion of Honor members and William Stanley, the Third avenue florist, furnished some of the prettiest floral designs. Mrs. Donovan presented her husband with a beautiful horseshoe.

Dr. Daniel H. Smith, who, yesterday, was appointed a police surgeon, this morning took the oath of office before Major Kipp, the Chief Clerk of the Board of Police.

Drs. Donovan and Gorman were sworn in last night.

BOILER CONTRACTS AWARDED.

Small Buildings to Be Erected on Swinburne Island.

The Quarantine Commission awarded to-day the contracts for repairing and supplying boilers and disinfecting apparatus on Hoffman and Swinburne Islands to Blake & Williams for $36,947.

The Committee on Contracts was authorized to contract for an ice house and other minor buildings needed on Swinburne Island.

Discord in the Harmony Ranks.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 7.—An important change took place yesterday in the depleted ranks of the Harmony Society at Economy, when Second Trustee Samuel Sieber, also a member of the Board of Elders, resigned. Domestic trouble is one cause of Sieber's departure and he will sue for divorce. He leaves with the good will of all. The society now consists of nine women and four men.

World's Fair "Flyer" Derailed.

INDIANAPOLIS, July 7.—The World's Fair "flyer" on the Big Four while speeding at fifty-five miles an hour struck a split switch at Fairland, eighteen miles southeast of here, yesterday, and the chair coach and sleeper were derailed. Both coaches bumped over the ties for 200 feet and more, but the passengers escaped with bruises.

Given Up by the River.

The body of an unknown man was discovered in the East River off pier 4 this morning. It was that of a man apparently twenty years old, with light complexion hair and eyes, wearing a black coat and vest and striped trousers and light colored underclothing. The Coroner was notified and the body was removed to the Morgue for identification.

Striking Laborers Return to Work.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 7.—The striking street laborers nearly all returned to work yesterday, but those formerly employed on Southwest street are still out. One hundred polishers employed by the Indiana Bicycle Company struck yesterday against a reduction of wages.

Furniture Lock-Out at an End.

CINCINNATI, July 7.—The big furniture lock-out has been declared off by the Manufacturers' Association. This action was partially forced, as two or three manufacturers started up their factories.

TOMMY IS STILL ALIVE

They Threw Him in the River, but the Boy Came Back.

Supposed to Have Drowned a Week Ago; Hungry To-Day.

He Says He Was "Down 'Bout an Hour and a Half."

The little newsboy, Thomas Maloney, who was supposed to have been pushed overboard and drowned a week ago today, from the Beekman street dock, by Frank Lago and Patsy Radican, two Cherry street urchins, held as prisoners in the Gerry Society rooms, quietly walked into his home at 56 Oak street shortly after 5 o'clock this morning, and greeted the startled household with the remark:

"Say, marm, hurry up breakfast, will ye, so's I kin git out wid de papers."

For a few moments the mourning mother and bereaved father, who have been doing nothing for a week but watch the river at the foot of Beekman street, though an apparition had come into their humble home, but ghosts are never hungry, so Tommy's assurance that he had not been drowned was taken as a fact, and he was welcomed as a prodigal—with corn bread instead of veal, but nevertheless just as heartily as the prodigal of Biblical times.

While eating the first square meal he has had since he ran away from home fifteen days ago the young Arab told his story of adventure with considerable sorrow, adding a great many details which the lads held as prisoners omitted.

The two boys, as has been told in "The Evening World," confessed their guilt, but each told a story placing the blame on the other. Radican's story was as follows:

"Me 'n Lago wanted to swipe Tommy's money, and Lago said, 'Let's drown him,' and we went and Lago did it. We was goin' down Beekman street to take a swim, and when we got there Tommy was there, and Lago pushed him off a fish crate. Then he splashed water in his face and jumped on his shoulders and held him down. Tommy didn't come up again, so we dressed and run away."

Lago's side of the story was that Tommy slipped into the water and that Radican stole his money.

John Maloney, the little brother of the supposed drowned boy, who was present, told various stories, one of them being nearly the same as Radican's, with the additional detail that after his brother went down he saw blood come to the surface of the water.

Tommy had the best story of all to tell, however, and related his experience to an "Evening World" reporter this morning with all the candor of a street Arab. In the room were the neighbors from a block around, all listening with amazement.

"I was on de dock mindin' my own business," said the chubby-faced urchin, who really doesn't look over eight years old, although he is twelve. "Me 'n Lago and Patsy didn't get along well, and they came up and throwed my hat in. I reached over after it, and Lago gave me a push into the water.

"A man from a truck pulled me out, and when I got up on the dock I pulled off my shirt to wring it out, and Patsy come and swiped it. Then Lago and Patsy took my money."

"How much?" asked Mrs. Maloney anxiously.

"Twenty-five cents," answered the lad with a look of alarm. Continuing, he said: "Then they throwed me in again, and I don't know who pulled me out, for I can't swim.

"When I got up on the dock again I took my papers and was going away, but Lago comes up and swipes the papers and then him and Patsy give me another shove. This time we wuz on the fish crates. I went down two or three times, and the last time I stayed down."

"How long?" asked a neighbor.

"'Bout an hour and a half," said Tommy, honestly, "till two black men pulled me out."

"An hour and a half!" exclaimed Mrs. Maloney, holding up both hands with horror.

"Sure," said Tommy.

"Well, sure you must have been after McGinty," answered his mother, but Tommy persisted he was right.

"A couple of black men pulled me out," he said, "and pumped the water out of me, but Patsy and Lago had gone."

"Why didn't you come home, then?" asked Mr. Maloney, speaking up for the first time.

Tears came to Tommy's eyes in reply, but he didn't answer.

"Was it because you lost your shirt?" asked one neighbor.

"Or because you hadn't no money?" said another, but Tommy's only answer was more tears.

He had stayed around the docks, he claimed, ever since his adventure, had eaten whatever he could get and wasn't sure whether he had slept or not.

Tommy was brought to his home by the two colored men who rescued him. He did not know their names or why they had taken him home, but the Maloneys think it was because they had been keeping him and wanted to get their charge off their hands.

The colored men, Tommy said, have no home, and sleep around the docks. He said they had been very good.

Just then Mrs. Maloney raised a very important question.

She first made Tommy say that all the clothing Patsy and Lago had taken from him was a shirt, and then in a stern voice the mother asked:

"Well, then, me boy, where's your shoes and stockings and good hat you took with you when you ran away from home two weeks ago?"

More tears were Tommy's only reply.

He acknowledged that he had gone away from home with a hat, shoes and stockings and a shirt, and that he came back without any of these garments, but he had told his story, and that was all he had to say.

The absence of a shirt made it necessary for him to button his jacket closely until his mother fitted him out again, and it is likely he will not get shoes and stockings until he sells enough papers to buy them.

One of the callers on Tommy was the father of Frank Lago, who immediately after making sure the dead had returned to life went to the Tombs Court and asked Justice Meade to discharge his boy.

The Justice said he would require Tommy to be brought into Court before any action would be taken.

Masked Train Robbers Caught.

MONTREAL, July 7.—A report reaches here from St. Anne, a small station about twenty miles east of Montreal, that an immigrant train with 500 immigrants on board was held up by five masked men who attempted to rob the baggage car. They were overpowered by train hands and placed in custody.

No Hope for Gen. Jardine.

Gen. Jardine, who has been lying ill at the Hotel Pomeroy for some weeks, was in a critical condition this morning. His physician, Dr. Humphrey, has no hopes of his recovery.

Business Troubles.

The American Savings Bank at Omaha, which closed Wednesday night, was put in charge of a special examiner by the State Banking Board yesterday. The bank is believed to be solvent.

Receiver Blackmore, of the Commercial National Bank, of Nashville, began paying the 20 per cent. dividend to creditors yesterday.

The flurry among the Pueblo, Col. banks which caused the temporary closing of the American National, Western National and Central National Banks is over.

Bank Commissioners made a report yesterday that the Pacific Bank of San Francisco has liabilities of $1,966,941.45 and assets amounting to $2,095,171.17. This would indicate that depositors are all right.

The Ohio Paving Company of Columbus, O., was placed in the hands of H. E. Abbott as receiver yesterday afternoon. Liabilities $190,000; assets $259,000.

HOT FIGHT IN AN AMBULANCE.

Insane Musician Cunard Resists Going to the Hospital.

Other Unfortunates Taken to Bellevue This Morning.

Frederick W. Cunard, a solo player, became insane early this morning at his lodgings, 73 East Fourth street, and made considerable disturbance in the neighborhood.

He is an Englishman, twenty-eight years old. He came home about 11 o'clock last night and went to bed. At 3 o'clock this morning he awakened his roommate, Herman Groh, and startled Groh by yelling there was some one after him.

"They are running after me," he cried.

Groh got up, and taking a lamp, searched the room and the hall, but found no one. He told Cunard to go back to bed, but Cunard suddenly became boisterous, and throwing up the window, began to shout.

A crowd from the neighboring all-night cafes gathered in the street.

"There they are," cried Cunard. "They want to get me."

Policeman Wichman came up, and when Cunard saw him trying to get in downstairs he grew very violent and attempted to jump from the window, but was restrained.

He was so violent that his friends had to hold him down by force until the police came and took him to the Fifth street station, where he was locked up.

After he had been in the cell for an hour, he got violent again, and it was deemed advisable to send him to the hospital, and an ambulance was called.

Policeman Rothschild went in the ambulance with the insane man. Cunard fought all the way, and when they got to Seventeenth street he struggled so that he kicked Ambulance Surgeon Sandborn several times and nearly knocked him off the ambulance.

It took the combined efforts of the policeman and doctor to overpower him and put him in a strait-jacket. He was then taken to Bellevue and placed in the insane pavilion.

Edward Brennan, forty-eight years old, of 600 Grand street, was removed to Bellevue Hospital early to-day, insane from drink.

Lincoln Johnson, seventeen years old, who says his home is at Ladentown, N. Y., was found in East Broadway early to-day, demented. He had a cut in the head, which he received by falling. He was removed to Gouverneur Hospital.

CHILDREN LEFT DESTITUTE.

Sad Sequel to the Story of a Once Happy Family.

A sad specimen of the misfortunes of some families was presented in the Yorkville Police Court to-day, when the five orphaned children of Carl Oesterling, once a prosperous fresco painter, who earned excellent wages, were committed to the American Female Guardian Society at the request of the Gerry Society.

Two years ago there was no happier household than that of the Oesterlings. One day Carl, the father, died. He had a little nestegg in the seemed Savings Bank, but this soon melted away.

The mother was not strong. She was unused to hard work, and the struggle to provide food for these five little mouths proved too great.

Twelve days ago she was laid beside Carl in the Lutheran Cemetery. The children had no home, no roof to shelter them, and their committal to the Guardian Society was compulsory.

SHIELDS HER HUSBAND.

Admits Stealing $3,000, but Says He Was Not Concerned.

Jacob Guth and his wife, Frances, who were arrested in Elmira Tuesday night, charged with stealing $3,000 from Mrs. Clara Schreiber, of 250 East Third street, mother of Mrs. Guth, arrived here at 7 o'clock this morning, and were taken to Police Headquarters.

The prisoners were in charge of Detective-Sergeants Slauson and O'Connor. They looked exceedingly weary and crestfallen.

When arraigned before Inspector McLaughlin Mrs. Guth admitted she was guilty, and declared her husband had nothing to do with the robbery.

Mrs. Schreiber, however, charges Guth with influencing her daughter. The prisoners were taken to the Tombs Court. They had, when arrested, only spent $100 of the stolen money.

TROOP A'S ARMORY.

Plans Approved and Bids to Be Advertised For.

The Building Department notified the Armory Board to-day that it approved of the plans for Troop A's armory, which is to be part of the Eighth Regiment Armory, Ninety-fourth street and Park avenue. Bids for the building will be advertised for at once.

Contractor Gallagher was directed to insure the Seventy-first Regiment Armory building, Thirty-fourth street and Park avenue, for $25,000, and the following payments were ordered:

To Contractor Gallagher for work done on the Seventy-first Regiment Armory, $26,752; to Telfer & Rennie for work on the Twenty-second Regiment Armory, $4,473; to James Reilly for refitting the United States ship New Hampshire for the use of the Naval Militia, $5,100.

A HEAVY TRAIN'S FAST RUN.

Eightr-eight Miles in 108 Minutes with Seven Loaded Mail Cars.

BUFFALO, July 7.—The fast mail on the Lake Shore Railroad yesterday consisted of seven heavy mail cars and a baggage car, drawn by Engine No. 568, with Engineer Charles Allen in charge.

It left here two hours and fifteen minutes late, and was brought into Erie, eighty-eight miles, in one hour and forty-eight minutes. This time is two minutes faster than that of the Exposition flyer, and the run with such a heavy train makes it remarkable. A stop was made at Dunkirk for water.

The Mine Is Worked Out.

FARMINGTON, Mo., July 7.—Work at Iron Mountain, which has been going on continuously for nearly fifty years, has been virtually abandoned. The deposit of ore thought to be inexhaustible is now worked out.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

When all other preparations fail. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit.

"I am glad to write a few words of commendation of Hood's Sarsaparilla and Hood's Pills. I have been a great sufferer from

Sick Headache.

After taking six bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and two boxes of Hood's Pills I am cured of that terrible disease. I know Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I ever took. I don't forget to recommend

MRS. H. M. LATTIN.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

to all my friends and I intend to keep it in my house all the time." MRS. H. M. LATTIN, Pine Valley, N. Y. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, sick headache, jaundice, indigestion. Try a box. 25c.

WARDELL SET AT LIBERTY.

Howell Osborne Did Not Appear to Prosecute Him.

The Bookmaker Had Been a Prisoner Since Wednesday.

Howell Osborne, the wealthy husband of Fay Templeton, whose facial contour was badly mutilated in a fistic encounter with Reade Wardell, in Hurns's chop house in Sixth avenue, last Saturday night, failed to appear in Jefferson Market Police Court when Wardell was arraigned this morning, and, as a consequence, Wardell, who has been in custody at Police Headquarters since Wednesday night, was discharged.

There are numerous versions of the encounter, and as many different stories as to the reasons for Wardell's arrest.

Osborne himself has maintained silence concerning the affair, occupying his time in nursing his bruised optics and trying to restore the roseate hue to his discolored cheeks.

Osborne's friends contend that the assault was unprovoked; that the incentive was nothing more than pure vindictiveness, occasioned by the expose of Wardell in Paris concerning alleged shady transactions at the seductive game of poker.

Because Osborne warned some of his friends to beware of Wardell, it is alleged, the young man became enraged, and took advantage of the opportunity afforded Saturday night while Osborne and his intimate friend, W. B. Oliver, Jr., were dining with two actresses at Burn's to satisfy his vengeance.

On the other hand, Wardell admits that there was ill-feeling between himself and Osborne, but denies that it was because of any expose.

Osborne, he says, misrepresented him to a lady in Paris and induced her to cut his acquaintance. That, and that alone, he claims, was the source of ill-feeling which resulted in the row.

Osborne seemed satisfied to let the matter drop, and refused to prosecute his assailant. Supt. Byrnes, however, sent Sergeant-Detective Hickey to arrest Wardell, for whom he does not entertain very high respect, and the young man was taken into custody Wednesday night.

The Superintendent tried to prevail upon Osborne to press the charge of assault, but failed.

Wardell is at present interested in a bookmaking concern at Monmouth Park. Joe Moss, of Howe & Hummel, appeared for him this morning, and there being no complaint, his motion to discharge was granted.

HARD WORK AND STUDY.

Breckinridge Mentions Two Prerequisites to Success in Oratory.

In the forum and upon the rostrum the forensic triumphs of Congressman W. C. P. Breckinridge have been many. He has for years been one of the prominent speakers of Kentucky and the nation. Whether in debates on political questions or addresses upon miscellaneous subjects, he is a successful speaker, and one who carries an audience with him by the force, the vim, as well as the eloquence, which marks his addresses.

"I ascribe whatever of success I may have had as a public speaker," he said recently to a Kansas City Star reporter, "to hard work—deuced hard work, sir."

"You may take any successful public speaker, whether at the bar, on the rostrum, in the lecture-room or the pulpit, and you will find that he is a hard student and worker. Of course, I mean one who has been successful for not two or three or four years, but for a term of years.

"I have no method especially of preparing for public speaking, except that I always try to know more about the subject on which I am talking than any one who hears me, and I go into the subject as a worker would enter upon a daily task, which it was to his interest to perform a little better and in a more workmanlike style than any of his colaborers.

"I used to think that the late Senator Beck, of Kentucky, was the fastest speaker on earth. He used to remind me of a dog rolling a ball. Occasionally he would, in his eagerness, get a little ahead of the subject, and would have to retrace his steps. We once spoke together in Kentucky, and our speeches were reported in full. Beck spoke an hour, while I talked straight ahead for forty minutes. In the published reports my speech was a half column longer than his. In ten minutes Beck could say more than any living man, but an hour's talk I was nearly 50 per cent. the faster."

ON THE HALF SHELL.

For some time past it has been rumored in California that large oyster beds had some months since been discovered in certain waters in Alaska. The location has not been definitely stated, but it has been understood that the oysters were entirely different from any found hitherto on this coast, being much larger and as fine, or almost as fine, as the Eastern oysters, says the San Francisco Examiner.

News is now received from Washington that these oysters are in the vicinity of Killisnoo. This special information, under a Washington date, was received lately, and is as follows:

"United States Fish Commissioner McDonald has obtained the consent of the Treasury Department to avail himself of the services of Special Agent Max Pracht, having in view the investigation of certain oyster beds said to exist in the vicinity of Killisnoo, Alaska.

"Specimen shells from this locality obtained from natives in the employ of the Alaska Oil and Guano Company were submitted to the Ichthyologist of the Commission during the recent visit of the special agent to this city, and were pronounced by the ichthyologist to be of a superior variety.

"Proper appliances have been forwarded to Special Agent Pracht at Sitka, with instructions to secure and pack some oysters for transshipment to the Commissioner. If the report of the Ichthyologist is favorable, steps will be taken to secure spat and young oysters for the purpose of transplanting to the waters of Chesapeake Bay."

Hitherto it has been supposed that the waters of Alaska were too cold for oysters, but old residents of Alaska now here point out that this is an error. They say that the Japan current strikes and influences greatly a portion of the waters of that great country, and that oysters can live and thrive there the same as anywhere else in the country.

The California and Shoalwater Bay oysters, as every one here knows, are small and sweet. By many Californians they are preferred to the Eastern product. The newly discovered oysters of Alaska, while as large as those of the East, are said to have much the same flavor as the California oysters.

A Loving Heart's Reply.

(From Judge.)

Clara—Mother, the Count is coming tonight, but I have given up all hope of his proposing. Is there anything that you can suggest?

Mrs. Bangtop—You might mention, dear, that your poor, dear mother is a widow.

Our stores will close at 1 o'clock to-morrow and other Saturdays during July and August.

HACKETT, CARHART & CO.,

Two Stores { Broadway & Canal St. / B'way near Chambers St. }

EDITH PLAYS HIDE AND SEEK.

Miss Drake Now Writes that She Is Married to McGibney.

Her Father Says If It's True, the Ceremony Is Not Binding.

While Officer Bernard Conolly, of the Jefferson Market Court, has been by especial assignment, and every one of the 3,600 policemen and detectives of this city by instinct and by police pride, on the constant look-out for three days for Edith Drake, the missing twenty-seven-year-old daughter of Broker James M. Drake, of 57 West Eighty-third street, the girl has not been apprehended, though she has appeared in a score of places and among people who knew her.

Among these she met an old acquaintance in Park Row Wednesday afternoon; stayed at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Hallman, 340 West Forty-ninth street Wednesday night; was in the Hotel Marlborough reading-room writing incoherent notes and showing them to another acquaintance on Tuesday, called on Chief Clerk Carroll twice Wednesday, telling her name and speaking of Sam McGibney, the young carpenter, of 437 East Eighty-third street, with whom she thinks she is in love, and, in fact, has been seen by a number of people who recognized her.

To cap the climax she sent a note to her father yesterday afternoon saying that she had been married to the carpenter in the morning, and at the home of Samuel D. McGibney his mother and sister corroborated this statement, but refused to give the name of the parson who neither reads the newspapers nor detects a demented person when he sees her.

Mrs. McGibney, still impressed with the idea that Mr. Drake's opposition to the marriage of Edith to Sam is based on the fact that Sam is a poor carpenter, and not equal in station to a "banker's daughter," was full of bitterness. She said:

"It is not such a terrible thing for a carpenter's son to marry a banker's daughter. My son is an honest boy. He wants none of the Drakes' money. He may not be able to afford her all the luxuries she has had at home, but they love each other, and that's enough. He is able and willing to make a living for her, and they will go to keeping house after a short honeymoon not far away, long enough to give the newspapers time to subside. I hope there will be an end to the awful tales about the mysterious disappearance of Edith Drake."

Mr. Drake, the father of the girl, however, takes a very different view. At his office, Drexel Building, he said, with evident anguish in his voice:

"I can't believe they are married. No man could help seeing that Edith is mentally unbalanced. It is this young man's persistence in the face of Edith's condition that makes me doubt the sincerity of his feelings for my daughter.

"I have no objection to him as a carpenter or as a gentleman. I have opposed their marriage simply because she was not mentally fit. I should oppose her marriage to any one else for the same reason.

"She is in the care of the Court, and will be found ultimately, arrested and examined by those competent to pass on her mental health. If she is sound then I shall not oppose her marriage to the man she loves, whoever he may be; but if she is mentally unbalanced, why of course she is incapable of making a marriage contract, and if any ceremony has been gone through with it will not bind."

John D. Townsend, attorney for Mr. Drke, says that the story of the marriage of Edith to McGibney looks like a blackmailing story, and that steps will be taken to punish the blackmailers.

At the home of McGibney, his sister insisted that the couple were married. She declared the wedding took place last Saturday, but not in this city.

CARPENTERS HELD FOR THEFT.

Builder Strevell Says They Stole Three Hundred Pounds of Lead.

In the Tombs Police Court this morning Justice Meade held, in $1,000 each, James A. McGrath, of 330 West Fourth street, and John Bradley, of 113 West Fifty-third street, for the Grand Jury on the charge of stealing 300 pounds of lead from the house at 56 East Houston street, owned by C. R. Strevell, a builder.

McGrath and Bradley are carpenters and are alleged to have committed the theft while at work at 56 East Houston street last Monday. They sold the lead, it is claimed, to Nicholas Blue, a junkman, at 318 Mott street. Blue was arrested, but discharged in court.

SHIPPING NEWS.

ALMANAC FOR TO-DAY.

Sun rises...4.26 | Sun sets...7.38 | Moon rises...12.01

HIGH WATER TO-DAY.

	A.M.	P.M.
Sandy Hook	1 21	2.01
Governor's Island	1.39	2.24
Hell Gate	3.22	4.17

LOW WATER TO-DAY.

	A.M.	P.M.
Sandy Hook	7.38	8.22
Governor's Island	8.09	9.04
Hell Gate	9.37	10.32

To find Eastern Standard Time subtract four minutes.

PORT OF NEW YORK.

ARRIVED.

Steamer Macedonia, Capt. Leick, from Huelva June 7 and Gibraltar 16th, with sulphur ore to Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company.

Ship Carl, new and 1,996 tons, Capt. Hashagen, from Bremen 38 days, with merchandise to order, vessel to George E. Varrelmann.

Russian cruisers Dimitri, Donskoi and Rhynda from Boston.

Steamer Kron Prinz Fredrick Wilhelm, Capt. Ahrens, Naples June 20, with merchandise and 8 cabin and 705 steerage passengers to Oelrich & Co.

OUTGOING STEAMERS.

SAILED TO-DAY.

Clement, Para.
Rio Grande, Brunswick.
Seminole, Charleston.

TO SAIL TO-MORROW.

	Mails close.	Vessels sail.
Berlin, Southampton	10.00 A M	1.00 P M
Ceramic, Liverpool	11.00 A M	1.00 P M
Circassia, Glasgow	11.00 A M	1.00 P M
Concho, Galveston	—	3.00 P M
City of Birmingham, Savan'h	—	3.00 P M
City of Washington, Havana	11.00 A M	1.00 P M
Elbe, Bremen	—	11.00 A M
La Bourgogne, Havre	7.30 A M	11.00 A M
Obdam, Rotterdam	10.00 A M	12.00 M
Oranje Nassau, Hayti	11.00 A M	12.00 M
Pennland, Antwerp	11.00 A M	1.00 P M
Rhaetia, Hamburg	—	1.00 P M
Umbria, Liverpool	9.30 A M	1.00 P M

INCOMING STEAMERS.

DUE TO-DAY.

Macedonia, Gibraltar June 18.
Iniquitta, Gibraltar June 20.
Olympia, Gibraltar June 21.
Chicago, Antwerp June 21.
Augusta Victoria, Hamburg June 29.
Francisco, Hull June 23.

DUE TO-MORROW.

Fulda, Genoa June 28.
New York, Southampton July 1.
Rugia, Hamburg June 25.

FOREIGN PORTS.

[BY CABLE.]

HAMBURG, July 7.—Steamship Moravia, Capt. Winkler, sailed from Hamburg for New York yesterday.

SOUTHAMPTON, July 7.—Sailed, steamer Normannia, Capt. Heolck, from Hamburg for New York.

QUEBEC, July 7.—Arrived, steamer Bernicia, from Shields; steamer Eleanor, from Newcastle. Cleared, bark Terzo, for London; Cleveland, for Greenock.

FATHER POINT, Que., July 7.—Arrived, steamer Scandinavia, from Leith via Sydney; Aviona, from Newcastle.

HALIFAX, N. S., July 7.—Arrived, steamer Inchulva, from St. John for London.

Killed by a Fast Freight.

UTICA, July 7.—Two strangers, one named Fred Stewart and the other called Jack, both claiming to be harness-makers from Chicago, were killed by a fast West Shore freight train, near Little Falls last night.

The Great Assignment Sale of the Stock of Well-Known Firm of A. H. KING & CO.

IS STIRRING UP THE TOWN.

The Entire Stock of over half a million dollars' worth of the finest ready-made Clothing, Hats, Furnishing Goods and Shoes, for men and boys, is being sold, regardless of cost, loss or value, by the assignees. A terrific slaughtering of values, affording the greatest values ever offered to the New York public.

THERE IS NO RESERVE. EVERYTHING MUST GO---AT ONCE.

STORE OPEN UNTIL 9.30 SATURDAY NIGHT.

LEOPOLD WEIL, Assignee.

THE STOCK OF

A. H. KING & CO.,

627-629 BROADWAY, Near Bleecker Street.

LEARNING HER SECRET.

Two Bright Girls Exercise Their Tact to Good Advantage.

"I believe that Hilda is engaged," remarked the girl with the ruffles on her skirt.

"Why, did she positively deny it?" queried the girl with the grass-green gloves, says the Chicago Tribune.

"Didn't ask her; I notice, though, that she thinks every man that looks at her is in love with her."

"Oh! Well, you may be right. I have noticed that there is always a bunch of roses in her window nowadays."

"Yes, and she has begun to speak of Arthur as Mr. Smythe."

"Come to think of it, she does. He was there when I ran in to borrow her new skirt pattern the other day; I could see that she had been crying."

"Yes? I wonder why a man always looks so supremely foolish when he is first engaged—he always has a kind of an apologetic air."

"Perhaps he means to apologize to the other girls for not having asked them first," suggested the girl with the grass-green gloves.

"Maybe. I notice that no one really takes any interest in an engaged man, except, perhaps, the florist. It is different with a girl, though."

"Isn't it? The fact that she is 'taken' seems to add to a man's interest. Now, there was Julia—you remember Julia?"

"Yes, a plain little thing, dressed in black. The men went wild over her."

"Didn't they. And all because she gave out that her heart was buried in the grave of the man she was engaged to."

"I remember; the girls used to call her the 'brevet widow.'"

"Did you ever have a widow for a chaperon?" suddenly asked the girl with the ruffles on her skirt.

"No; why do you ask?"

"Because I have, and it is ever so much nicer. It saves you lots of mistakes, plus, besides, she has no husband to confide in, so your little tricks are not in danger of being repeated to the other men before you have perfected them."

The girl with the grass-green gloves rubbed her nose thoughtfully. "I believe you are right," she said. "I once had a perfectly lovely flirtation spoiled just because my chaperon's husband told the man that I blondined my hair every Friday morning."

"How perfectly horrid! And you had told him?"

"That golden hair was hereditary in my family, and that I always spent Friday morning in the kitchen learning to cook."

"What a shame! Look! Here comes Hilda, and Arthur is with her."

"I see, and they seem to be quarrelling desperately. Yes, they are undoubtedly engaged."

STILL ANOTHER WAY.

It is Not Always Best to Say That Findings is Keepings.

"That's mine!"

"It's mine!"

The two men spoke simultaneously and reached at about the same instant for a crumpled piece of green paper that lay on the sidewalk, says the Chicago Tribune.

The man with the purple necktie was a shade the quicker of the two. His hand closed over the paper just in time to be clutched itself in the grasp of the other man, a dusty, travel-stained pilgrim in a gray suit, and carrying a valise.

There was a momentary struggle, but the man with the purple necktie retained possession of the prize.

"I saw that first!" hotly exclaimed the traveller.

"If you saw it first, my friend," replied the other, "why didn't you pick it up?"

"You jumped in ahead of me."

"I saw it as soon as you did, if not a little sooner. I was making for it when you stooped."

"I was nearest to it! I had the best right to it! I demand"——

"Softly, my dear sir," said the man with the purple necktie, retreating as the other advanced. "Possession is nine points of the law, and the point you are trying to make is not well taken. I think I saw it first, and I certainly got it first. I am going to keep it, unless—hello!" he exclaimed, as he opened out the piece of green paper and looked at it. "It's a $20 bill!"

"I say it's a shame and a"——

"Hold on! This is a bigger find than I expected. I thought it was a fiver. I am willing to divide it with you. Isn't that fair? Isn't it a little more than fair?"

The dusty traveller reflected a moment.

"Well," he said, "I guess that's square enough. Got a $10 bill?"

"No, but if you'll wait here a minute I'll take this into a cigar shop around the corner and get it changed."

"You needn't do that. I think I've got a ten."

With some alacrity he drew a leather wallet from his pocket, opened it, extracted a bill, and handed it over, receiving the $20 in exchange.

Two hours later, with a fierce gleam in his eye and a hickory club in his hand, he was hunting all over town for a man with a purple necktie.

The $20 bill was a counterfeit.

LONELINESS OF THE PACIFIC.

Four Thousand Mile Trips May Be Made Without Seeing a Sail.

I notice an item in the press stating that the City of Peking in her recent trip, sailed 1,240 miles without meeting a single sail, and this fact is cited as showing the loneliness of the Pacific Ocean, says a writer in the Washington Star.

In the Summer of 1850 I left San Francisco on a sail vessel (formerly from Baltimore) for Panama, distant 4,000 miles, and on the entire route, which lasted forty-three days, we never saw a sail!

Loneliness is no word for it, especially when we lay becalmed in the tropics, with our vessel floating as helplessly about as a chip on a mill pond, the ground swells keeping up the monotonous roll of the vessel from side to side all day and night and day after day, each roll being accompanied by a flap of the sails and a creaking of the rigging that might have passed for the flap of the wings and the wail of lost spirits.

When we read about Noah and his ark we are apt to think that he must have had rather a lonely time, but then he was out only forty days, and, besides, with all the animals, &c., on board, he had plenty to occupy his time and attention, and if he wanted amusement to while away the time he had only to start a sparring match between his monkeys and parrots.

True, there is no report of any such proceeding on his part, but that is doubtless because there was no modern newspaper reporter on board.

I tell you, a man can't realize what loneliness or comfort is until he has made some such trip, and if he wants to complete his education in that line he should preface it with a tramp of 4,000 miles over the mountains and across the deserts amid wolves and wild Indians, as thousands of '49-ers did.

TALK OF THE TURF.

Little Prospect of Compromise Between Monmouth and Brighton.

BOOKIES HAPPY YESTERDAY.

Doggett Must Apologize to Mr. Dwyer to Secure Reinstatement.

The racing and its attendant incidents at Monmouth Park yesterday was sensational enough to satisfy the most exacting. To begin with, it was a good day for the bookies. The defeat of Sirocco and Dobbins and Sport, all three red-hot favorites, lined their cash boxes with gold, and there were many happy faces at the Branch last night. Then Doggett's insolence to Philip Dwyer was gossiped about, and the rumors of a possible compromise with Brighton furnished no end of comment.

It is a fact that the attendance at Monmouth looks slim. At the same time, if the crowd were put on another and less spacious course they would make quite a respectable appearance. It is not believed that Monmouth will take any steps towards a compromise, for they can hardly afford to crawl from the stand they made. Their programmes are out for forty-six days, and the stakes are all arranged. When Brighton closes Monmouth will have sixteen clear days, and this will make amends for the shortage in the treasury. Manager Craft, Treasurer Dwyer and Appleby each in turn denied that the Monmouth Park Association has any intention of compromising or receding from its original programme. Brighton is said to be satisfied with its game, and will reject all offers of peace.

* * *

Jockey Doggett has been suspended. The immediate cause was insolence to Philip Dwyer, who questioned the jockey regarding Sirocco's poor performance. Doggett jumped to the hasty conclusion that Mr. Dwyer was suspicious of his honesty and was very impudent in his behavior. Doggett will be reinstated if he apologizes for his conduct, and he certainly should do so, for he was clearly in the wrong.

* * *

Jockey Price, the English lad attached to Col. North's stable, was roasted unmercifully for his riding of Sport yesterday. As a matter of fact, it is doubtful if Sport, even if ridden by the most capable jockey, could have beaten Ajax yesterday. The latter was a good horse, and had the race in hand throughout.

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