reserved back of the the open boxes at the north side of the field, began to arrive at the grounds about noon. Yale wass well represented.

The Chi Phi Society had one of the big Fifth avenue stages, and another was owned by the class of '95, and was run by young Mr. Beadlestone and his friends.

Others contained the members of the class of '95, '96 and '97 academic, and a party of Yale men from Buffalo, with a number of ladies, had a big tally-ho to themselves.

The coaching crowd among the Princetons included the Ivy and Colonial Clubs and the classes of '92, '94 and '96. They were sandwiched between the Yale coaches, and in their efforts to out-do the noise made by the New Haven delegation, made the air resound with their yells and the tooting of big horns.

They all brought out their hampers as soon as they arrived on the field and they seemed to be be amply provided with good things.

All the coaches were decorated with huge festoons of blue and yellow and black bunting, which formed a background of brilliant color in the bright sunlight.

Shortly after noon a sensation was created by the appearance of a big strapped-in drag, followed by a crowd of shouting Princeton tigers. They waved their caps frantically as they marched around behind this leader, and were greeted with cheers of "Sis boom, ah!" They paraded in front of the bench. After the first outbreak of genthusiasm, which was started when the crowd first took possession of the field, there was a lull for a little while, but at the slightest provocation the crowd would burst out with its yells, which would circle around the field in great waves of sound.

E. J. Wendell, of Harvard, one of the members of the Committee, was a conspicuous figure on the field. He and Chairman Matheson seemed to be everywhere, and when there was nothing else to excite attention the crowd amused itself by yelling at those officials.

The police sergeants and Capt. Killilea also came in for a share of good attention.

An army of street fakirs with all sorts of flags and decorations besieged the entrance to the grounds. A novelty which was very popular with the Jerseymen was a stuffed toy in the shape of a yellow tiger with black stripes, which was easy to fashion to the hat. For the Yale rooters the fakirs had a similar decoration in the form of a small blue bull dog, a fairly good likeness of handsome Dan Yale's famous mascot. At one o'clock the covered stands began to fill p, slowly at first, and then more rapidly as the time for the opening of the game drew near. A group of Princeton girls with their escorts, all sporting huge yellow chrysanthemums, took possession of the seats on one corner of the upper tier of the grand stand. Right below them was an enthusiastic party of Yale admirerse, but the big bunches of violets which they wore were as conspicuous as their rivals' above. The colors of the two colleges were scattered about promiscuously in both covered stands, and, although many bunches of orange and bright yellow could be seen from the field in the dark background, the blue flags of Yale seemed to predominate.

Prominent graduates of Yale and Harvard and Princeton, who were noticed in the grand stand, were ex-Judge Henry E. Howland, George Adee, Judge William Hornblower, James W. Alexander, Delancey Kountze, Lathan A. Fowles C. Corbin, Joseph H. Choate and dozens of others.

In fact every patriotic man of Yale and old Nassau who could possibly get there was on hand this afternoon to witness the great football battle of the season.

Among those in the stands at the club-house were: Mayor Gilroy and family, Richard Croker and Mrs. Croker, Jesse A. McCall, President of the New York Life Insurance Company; Excise Commissioner Leicester Holmes, Col. Jacob Ruppert, jr., and a party of friends; Frank Ehret and a party; Lieut. Fechteler of the United States Army; Frank Understadten, the musician and director of the Union Society, and Dr. Bissell H. Palmer.

The famous football players of past years were out in full force. Among the late contingent were Josh Hartwell, Ed Rhodes, "Bum" McClung, Howard Crane, Tommy Thompson, Ray Tompkins, Walter Camp, T. Bliss, Vance McCormick, "Pa" Corbin, Wurtenberg and others, while Princetons big guns were Stacy Harris, Jesse Riggs, Hector Cafin, "House" Janeway, "Sport" Donnelly, Johnny Poe, Alex Moffatt, Walter Bush, George Jerry Black and lots of other kickers from the Jersey shore.

Among the Harvard men noticed were Garner Paine, who lost $5,000 on Harvard last Saturday, Percy Trafford, Robert Wendell, Dan Shea, John Cheever and Mr. Clarkson, son of the Postmaster-General.

According to man who is pretty close to the Yale team, who has been with it all season, the Yale players themselves do not look for any easy thing with the Tigers. They expect to win, of course, but think Princeton will give them a harder game than did Harvard.

"I was beat Princeton by a score of 6 to 0 we will think we've done a very well," said one of the Yale team.

"One thing is sure," said a Princeton player, "we will give Yale a harder battle than Harvard did. But we think we'll do better than that and we will win."

In fact, there is an equal amount of confidence on both sides. Yale men realize that in one of their strongest points—team play—they are pretty well matched by the Tigers. Individually Yale seems to have a shade the better of it, but in concerted action, which goes among way, there is but little choice.

Princetonians say their team will fine it, but in concerted action, which goes among way, there is but little choice.

Princetonians say their team will fine it and play just as fast as Yale will, this is the general opinion that the team which excels in this regard will win the game, barring anything in the nature of a fluke.

If it comes to a question of generalship Princeton will have the long experience of King, Wheeler and Ballet to put against the great calculating player of Hinkey and Adee.

Yale seems to be a stand-off as to conditions. The Princeton men were never better physically, and a Yale man says the team is just as good as when it faced Harvard. Armstrong and Butterworth are a trifle slightly, but time will soon pass away in the heat of battle.

Hinkey and Greenway have done better work than Trenchard and Brown. Princeton's tackles, Lea and Holly, are more experienced than Beard and Morris, but both of the latter have done great work in hard games. Murphy improved wonderfully between the Pennsylvania and Harvard games, and the pluck that took care of Newell nicely is sure to be a snap for Lea or any other tackle.

There is little choice between Stillman, McCrea and Hickok on one side and Ballet, Taylor and Wheeler on the other. Stillman and Ballet are even, McCrea a trifle better than Taylor, being more experienced, and Wheeler perhaps a degree better than Hickok. It seems to be an even thing at centre.

Taking, all things considered, is given the superiority over Adee at quarter-back. Adee's all-around play is better, but he certainly is no cooler, gives the signals no more clearly, or gets through the opposing line any better.

Bigelow and Armstrong, if anything, have a shade the better of Ward and Morse at halfback. Thorne is a better punter and gainer than either of the Princeton pair, but Armstrong is not so good on the defensive play, particularly tackling and breaking up interference, is first-class, however.

Ward and Morse both hit the line hard and start well. Butterworth outpunts Blake or any fullback in the game. His prowess has been extolled so much that everybody knows all about it. Here is the way the teams will face each other.

Yale.	Positions.	Princeton.
Hinkey	Left End Right	Trenchard
Murphy	Left Tackle Right	Lea
McCrea	Left Guard Right	Taylor
Thomas	Centre	Ballet
Bullock	Right Guard Left	Wheeler
Lea	Right Tackle Left	Holly
Newell	Right End Left	Brown
Adee	Quarter-Back	King
Armstrong	Left Half-Back Right	Ward
Thorne	Right Half-Back Left	Morse
Butterworth	Full-Back	Blake

THE CITY FOOTBALL MAD.

Big Turkey Takes a Back Seat for Collegians To-Day.

Once every year Gotham goes football crazy. The enthusiasm which has been bottled up all the season, and which seldom shows itself except in college towns, breaks out on Thanksgiving Day and carries everything before it. Thanksgiving turkeys, cranberry sauce and mince pies are completely forgotten, and the whole population seems to turn out with one accord and follow the cohorts of noisy and hilarious collegians from Yale and "Old Nassau," gayly decked with the colors of their favorites, in the great procession which wends its way to Manhattan Field, there to witness the crawning struggle of the season between the two rival elevens.

This year is no exception to the general rule, and if anything, the interest in the game this afternoon is more intense than ever before. It will probably be witnessed by between 30,000 and 40,000 people, and every patriotic citizen who can scrape together the price of an admission will be upon the ground when play begins at 2 o'clock.

The fun began last night when the advance guards of the college men accompanying their teams arrived from New Haven and Princeton. The crowds in the Tenderloin district thronged the sidewalks of Broadway in the vicinity of Madison Square until long after midnight, and every young man in sight was decorated either with the blue of Yale or the orange and black of Princeton.

It was noticeable, however, that there were very much less disturbance and noise than have been the custom in previous years, and as a rule the college men were quiet and orderly in their behavior, although, of course, not a few succumbed to the exhilarating influence of the good cheer furnished by well-known hostelries.

This morning the crowds began to gather again as early as 8 o'clock, and the corridors of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the Yale team is stopping, presented an appearance of unusual activity for so early an hour in the morning.

Capt. Hinkey and his warriors had been up and about for more than an hour. Trainer Murphy had them out of bed early, after eight hours' good sleep, and they were at the training table for breakfast at 7.30 o'clock.

Some of them, including Stillman, the big centre rush; Thorne, the swift running half-back, Hickok, McCrea and Butterworth, the famous bucker and punter, were seen in the corridor soon afterwards, surrounded by a group of enthusiastic admirers. The giants stood head and shoulders above their companions, and were easily distinguished by the thick mops of Paderewski-like locks that stuck out on all sides from beneath their hat brims.

Every man in the team, Trainer Murphy, Captain Hinkey and the mascot for the game, and the rumor about Thorne's and Armstrong's injuries had been greatly exaggerated.

They were all ready and eager for the fray, and though they expected a hard fight, each one was confident that another victory would be won for the blue.

Among the well-known football celebrities of Yale who circulated among the crowds in the corridor, which increased every moment as the morning advanced, were Billy Rhodes and Wurtemberg, the regular coaches of the team. Big Pat Corbin was also there, with McClung, Vance McCormick, "Josh" Hartwell, "Pa" Corbin, ex-Capt. O. D. Thompson, the first man who led the Yale forces to victory in 1876, and last, but not least, Walter Camp, the father of football in Northern Athletic circles, and the great high priest of the gridiron arena.

The scene at the Murray Hill Hotel, where the Jersey men were quartered, was quieter, yet a large number of Princeton men gathered there during the morning. Capt. Trenchard breakfasted with his men at 8 o'clock, and about 9 they all went out for an airy walk towards Central Park, and were gone for an hour.

"Buck" McMasters, the trainer, declared that his lads were in the very pink of condition, and that it would be a very strange thing if Princeton did not score to-day, even if they did not succeed in lowering Yale's colors, the matter would be close enough and the sporting men who were laying long odds against the orange and black thought of the chances.

There was an air of quiet confidence manifested by members of the team, and Capt. Trenchard is one of those who thinks that the result of the struggle is by no means a foregone conclusion.

King, the famous quarter-back, was never in better form than he is to-day, and he is generally looked upon by the supporters of Princeton to rival some of Butterworth's great breaks through the ponderous centre guard of the opposing team.

Princeton has eleven substitutes here, and every possibility of accident has been guarded against by Yale, which has brought twenty-four extra men to town to draw upon in case any of the regular men are used up during the game.

The Hoffman House this morning was the central rendezvous for the friends of the opposing teams, and here the sporting element congregated at an early hour. The betting was not so lively as it was last night, but it was evident that Yale money was still more abundant than that of the backers of the Jersey men.

The local sporting men combined to back Yale, and it was difficult for them to place any money except at long odds on the blue.

Towards noon the crowds at the hotels were so great that the overflow upon the sidewalks almost blocked travel. Scores of street fakirs with baskets filled with ribbons and buttons and handfuls of flags sold out at a corner of Broadway with the white "Y" and black "P" stood at the corners and along the curbs hawking their wares. Every one who came along unprovided with colors speedily obtained an outfit according to his taste and circumstances which surged about the hotel entrances.

Ticket speculators were also on hand in great numbers. They all seemed to have plenty of tickets for the open stands, which were offered at all prices from $2.50 up to $6 apiece, according to location. The stands at the side of the field commanded the highest price.

Very few grand stand tickets seemed to be in the market, but whenever a speculator was found who had them, he wanted all the way from $7 to $10 for a single seat. Even admission tickets were sold at an advance over the regular price.

Some of the hop windows along Broadway and Fifth avenue were dressed in most elaborate style, with the colors of Yale and Princeton, and more of this sort of decoration was seen than in any previous year.

A dozen or more big hotel coaches were standing in the plaza facing Madison Square, waiting for the parties which had engaged them to start for Manhattan Field. Several of them were decorated with blue bunting, and one had Princeton's colors. The market for tin trumpets and fish-horns was booming.

From the top of the Hotel Brunswick a big yellow and black flag was flapping in the breeze. Scores of young women were out promenading Fifth avenue with their favorite colors. Yale's blue seemed to be most popular with the New York girls.

The indications this morning were that the weather clerk's prediction of rain would not be fulfilled. Although big banks of clouds loomed up in the west early in the morning, they cleared away towards noon, and a broad expanse of sky made its appearance.

Although there has been considerable betting so far as to number of bets, it is principally in small lots. The wagers will range from $5 to $25. Some money has been put up in sums of $50 and $100, but very rarely has a bet of over $200 been made. This refers to the betting among the students.

The Princeton men are not at all disposed to bet even money that their eleven will win, and, indeed, they would be foolish to do so when odds are thrown at them.

As good as 2 to 1 has been offered the wearers of the orange and black, and they have in most cases snapped up these offers. Some, however, held out for still better odds, but seldom found them.

A good deal of betting has been done that Princeton wouldn't score. One Yale man offered $25 to $15 that old Nassau wouldn't cross Yale's goal line. A party of Princeton men fell over each other in order to accept the proposition, but the Yale man came to his senses and only bet that way once. The man who got the bet was congratulated.

Another Princeton man accepted a wager of $30 even that the Tigers wouldn't score, and he was around looking for more.

The Yale men seem to be actuated by a desire to make up for the fine opportunities they let slip by at Springfield. This prompts them to make propositions that the comparative strength of the teams does not warrant.

Some of them were willing to bet to the point of rashness, there being a few instances in which 3 to 1 was offered.

Billy Edwards is perhaps the custodian of more Yale and Princeton money to-day than any two men in town. He said this morning that a couple of bets had just been placed with him of $500 to $200 on Yale.

HARVARD-PENNSYLVANIA.

Perfect Weather for the Big Game at Jarvis Field.

(By Associated Press.)

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., Nov. 30.—The eyes of the football men here were gladdened on waking this morning by the rays of bright sunlight.

The weather is simply perfect, and the wearers of the crimson and of the red and blue can disport themselves on Jarvis Field this afternoon for the delight of a group of at least 20,000 people.

Pennsylvania and Harvard will finish off their football season with a clean, hard set-to. There is the friendliest feeling between the universities, both being opposed to the undergraduate rule; but both are also determined to make this game a memorable one. It will be their first trial of skill for some years, and while the Quakers want to make a good showing, the crimsons have to show that they do know how to play football, after all.

As early as 7 o'clock this morning there were some Philadelphia men with red and blue badges in their buttonholes hurrying to the college yard in Cambridge trying to place money; but Harvard had its pockets emptied in Springfield, and the Quaker City men found very few takers.

They gobbled up what they could get at even money, and in a few cases bets of 5 to 4 were made. Some bets were made on the final score, the Quakers giving 5 to 1 that Harvard would not win by over 12 points.

The elected referee and umpire, Mr. Moffatt and Mr. Harris, cannot serve. Probably "Pa" Corbin, of Yale, will officiate.

The make-up of the eleven will be almost precisely the same as in the Yale games. Capt. Mackey is the authority for saying that plucky little Vail will not be quarter-back for Pennsylvania, and that Williams, a very speedy man, will take his place.

The only change in the Harvard eleven will be Dunlap, who takes Capt. Waters's place at half-back. The men will line up as follows:

Harvard.		Univ. of Penna.
Emmons	Left End	Simmonds
Mansfield	Left Tackle	Mackey (Capt.)
Acton	Left Guard	Gilder
Lewis	Centre	Thornton
Mackie	Right Guard	Woodruff
Newell	Right Tackle	Reese
Stevenson	Right End	Newton
Beale	Quarter-Back	Williams
Wrightington	Left Half-Back	Kaipe
Dunlap	Right Half-Back	Osgood
Brewer	Full-Back	Brooke

WOULD NOT STOP YELLING.

This Collegian, Freddie Gebhard's Friend, Even Defied the Police.

John B. Worthington, a college student, who claims to live in Baltimore, was discharged in Jefferson Market Court this morning, after being charged with being drunk and disorderly.

He was arrested in front of Clark's restaurant, Sixth avenue, near Thirteenth street, last night for refusing to stop yelling when ordered to do so by Policeman Wootten. He refused to say what college he belonged to.

When taken to the Thirteenth street station he asked that a messenger be sent for Freddie Gebhard. The latter called and gave bail for the student, saying that he was a friend.

Justice Hogan fined Owen Gleason, twenty-four, of Philadelphia, another collegian, $5 for drunkenness and disorderly conduct on Broadway. Louis Eckhardt, twenty-three, of 285 Quincy street, Brooklyn, who was with him, was discharged.

GAVE WILLIAMS MONEY.

But Mrs. Caldwell Denies that She Was to Marry Finley's Partner.

Mrs. Louisa Caldwell, the wealthy resident of Canada, at present stopping at the Brunswick Hotel, denies that she was engaged to marry Robert Williams, who was arrested by Inspector McLaughlin's men Tuesday night. She says she had only a hotel acquaintance with him, but does not explain why she had given him a blank check as well as $250 in cash.

Williams, with Lawyer Henry H. Finley, of 33 Broad street, was arrested for conspiring to rob Benjamin B. Groom, a Kentuckian, out of $1,200, by pretending to purchase his farm. They told him, he says, that they represented a syndicate of capitalists, and induced him to go with Henry H. Finley and survey the farm in Kentucky. The latter "borrowed" the money, and afterwards refused to complete the purchase. They will get a hearing to-morrow.

Finley is said to have at one time been connected with Otis Grey, in 1892, in the formation of a syndicate to purchase phosphate lands in Florida, owned by Charles D. Phillips, of this city.

Phillips then claimed that Finley and Grey had swindled him out of $6,000. Grey mysteriously disappeared from the steamer Pilgrim on the way to Fall River, in October, 1892.

SAYS SHE'S INSANE.

James Foy Wants His Wife Committed to an Asylum.

James Foy, forty-three, who keeps an intelligence office at 122 East Forty-first street, endeavored to get his wife, Florence, committed to an insane asylum in the Yorkville Police Court this morning. Mrs. Foy is twenty-nine years old and resides at 446 Lexington avenue. For the past seven years the two have been at odds, and she sued him for divorce and alimony before Judge Lawrence in the Supreme Court, who allowed her $20 per month.

The husband agreed to this, providing she would not annoy him. He failed to keep his word, however, and she has made him considerable trouble in the various courts.

Three weeks ago she met him in the street and threw vitriol on him, burning several holes in his coat. For this she was arrested.

Foy alleged that his wife was insane and wanted her committed to an asylum. Mrs. Foy was represented by Lawyer Harbour, who insisted that she was sane, and that her husband was to blame. He wanted time to prove his statement and the case was adjourned until Dec. 8.

In the mean time Mrs. Foy was paroled in the custody of her counsel and warned to keep away from her husband.

NOT HURT BY DELIA.

Lawyer Marshall's Encounter with Miss Keegan.

Lawyer Marshall did not show this morning any bad effects from the assault said to have been committed upon him at his office, in the Schermerhorn Building, yesterday by his client, Delia Keegan.

It is said that Miss Keegan was not satisfied with the conduct of her suit against Russell Sage, and called upon her lawyer. A lively argument followed, and as he was showing her the door she turned and brought an umbrella down on his head.

Several persons interfered and separated them, and Miss Keegan was led away.

HER HUSBAND BEAT HER.

Lottie Manson Takes Back Her Story of Assault and Robbery.

Lottie Manson, thirty, of 213 West Seventeenth street, admitted to the police to-day that her story of being assaulted and robbed by two men at Eighteenth street and Seventh avenue, Nov. 9 last, was untrue.

She is in Bellevue Hospital suffering from injuries which she confessed were inflicted by her husband, who beat her over the head with an umbrella for staying out late.

He was not arrested, as she would make no complaint.

Catarrh

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Like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, permanently cures Catarrh by eradicating the impurity which causes and promotes the disease. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for Catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system and makes you feel renewed in health and strength. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, because

HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA CURES

Hood's Pills cure all Liver Ills, Billiousness, Jaundice, Indigestion, Sick Headache.

SAY WILBUR HAS RECEDED.

Lehigh Strikers' Opinion of the Road President's Ultimatum.

Men Hold a Meeting and Reject the Offered Terms.

Freight Agent Rundlo said to-day that every pound of Lehigh freight in the Communipaw yards had been sent forward. Four freight trains were sent out before noon and one arrived early in the morning.

"All that remains," said Mr. Rundlo, "is for the new men to get used to their work. The strike is over at this end of the line."

Chief Gregory, of the special police force, reported this morning that there had been no repetition of the trouble which occurred Tuesday night at Bayonne, when Frank Meeker, a special officer, was knocked senseless by a stone thrown by a Jersey Central train hand. The "specials" still go out on all trains which leave Communipaw yards. They have received orders from Chief Gregory not to break out more violence at the hands of Jersey Central men. They are told to protect themselves with their revolvers if necessary.

There is a feeling among the strikers that President Wilbur's ultimatum of yesterday, in which he says that strikers will not be discriminated against, but will be given the preference over new men, should they want to come back to work, shows that he has receded somewhat from the position he took last Tuesday.

The men say that should the strike be declared off on the basis of Mr. Wilbur's ultimatum they will not have lost any ground, even if they have not gained the point for which they have been striking.

Lehigh passenger trains arrived and departed on schedule time to-day, but there is no denying that travel over the road has fallen off greatly. The through Western trains, of which there are three daily, have not carried sleeping-cars for over a week. Two passenger coaches and a baggage-car make up the trains hauled now.

A mere handful of passengers arrive and depart on each train.

Frank Langley, thirty-eight years old, of 122 West Twenty-second street, New York, while coupling cars in the Lehigh Valley yards this morning, on Baldwin avenue, had his left leg crushed under the wheels of the car. His leg was almost severed above the knee. He was taken to the City Hospital, where the limb was amputated. Langley was a green hand employed to take the place of a striker.

A meeting of the strikers to consider President Wilbur's ultimatum was held this afternoon in Schweller's Hall, Jersey City, and about seventy-five of the leaders were present.

At the close of the meeting an "Evening World" reporter was informed that it had been decided to pay no attention to the ultimatum.

The men also decided that if any of them went back to work they must all be taken back as a Union, and also must be placed on the same footing they were before the strike.

The men say the strike is not over by any means, and that they are still confident of winning.

The protection fund, which amount to $69,000, has not yet been exhausted, and other money for their assistance is coming in. They also claim they are daily receiving encouragement and offers of assistance from the employees of other roads.

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FAINTED WHILE FIRE RAGED.

Mrs. Schaeffer Carried Unconscious Out of a Burning House.

College Boys Witness an Exciting Blaze in the Tenderloin.

College students were out in force to see a blaze in the Tenderloin district shortly before 1 o'clock this morning. For half an hour in front of the burning building they kept up their college cries and war-whoops, finally becoming so noisy that the police were summoned to disperse them, as it was claimed they interfered with the work of the firemen.

The fire, which was full of exciting incidents, started on the first floor of the boarding-house, 27 West Twenty-seventh street, at a time when nearly all the inmates were asleep. The wind coming in through a partly opened window blew one of the curtains against a lighted gas jet, and instantly the whole window seemed to be ablaze.

The illumination was first seen by a bartender in Dillenhoffer's saloon, who at once had an alarm sent in by Policeman Green. The two then ran up to the burning building and succeeded in arousing the inmates.

All got out safely save Mrs. Schaeffer, one of the boarders, who became so frightened that she fell in a faint. The policeman and the bartender then made a cradle of their arms, and although half suffocated with smoke, managed to carry her outside.

The house, which is owned by Mrs. M. A. Ralph, was damaged about $1,000, and the furniture about $500. The boarders, who had fled in their night-clothes on the first alarm, managed to procure some wearing apparel later and seek quarters elsewhere for the remainder of the night.

DIED ON HIS POST.

Policeman John G. Grogan Found Dead in a Harlem Street.

Patrolman John G. Grogan, of the East One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street station, was found dead on his beat in front of 73 West One Hundred and Thirty-third street at 6.30 o'clock this morning.

Grogan went on duty at 1 o'clock this morning, and was apparently in the best of health and spirits. He left the station-house talking with some of his comrades and did not complain of feeling ill.

Nothing was heard of him until 6.30, when a man who was passing through One Hundred and Thirty-third street saw him lying on the sidewalk. It was at first thought that he was asleep, but investigation showed that he had been dead for some time.

Grogan had been subject to hemorrhages of the lungs for some years, and it is thought he died from this cause.

He was appointed to the force Oct. 23, 1886, and had an exceptionally clean record. He was a widower and lived at 237 West One Hundred and Twenty-sixth street with his sixteen-year-old son.

The body was removed to the station-house and the Coroner notified.

O'NEILL WOULDN'T MOVE.

Now His Stubbornness May Cost Him His Life.

Hugh O'Neill, an eccentric old man of seventy-three, who for many years has kept a little store at 371 Hudson street, Hoboken, is in a critical condition in St. Mary's Hospital, that city, from injuries received yesterday through his own stubbornness.

O'Neill lived alone in the rear of his store. Several days ago workmen began excavating for a new Bloomingdale house next door, and O'Neill was warned that it was not safe for him to remain in his apartments.

He refused to move, however, and yesterday, while he was at breakfast, the cellar was walled up by the excavations, collapsed and tumbled into the cellar, taking the stove and O'Neill with it, and completely burying the old man under the debris. He was injured internally.

CHEMICALS ON FIRE.

Daylight Pyrotechnic Display at Boney & Co.'s Drug House.

Fire broke out shortly after 8 o'clock this morning in the drug house of A. M. Boney & Co., 28 Gold street. Policeman Phoenix, of the old slip station, passing the place saw several shelves enwrapped in different colored flames, while from barrels in the corners tongues of fire of all the colors of the spectrum leaped.

The firemen quickly extinguished the blaze, and the damage will amount to less than a thousand dollars.

Only a Cipher.

(From Harper's Bazar.)

May B. Willing—You remember, I told you when you had a salary of $10,000 a year I would marry you.

Ben A. Frahl—Yes (hopelessly).

May B. Willing—How much is it now dear?

Ben A. Frahl—$1,000 (more hopelessly).

May B. Willing—I don't suppose the extra cipher is really worth bothering about—do you?

Morning Papers' Selections.

AT GUTTENBURG.

First Race—Balance, Contribution.
Second Race—Copyright, Shelly Tuttle.
Third Race—George F. Smith, Hyaway.
Fourth Race—Arab, Wheeler.
Fifth Race—St. Anthony, Zaldivar.
Sixth Race—Eclipse, Willie L.

First Race—Balance, Vespasian.
Second Race—Copyright, Shelly Tuttle.
Third Race—Token, Drum Major.
Fourth Race—Mentor, Wheeler.
Fifth Race—Tom Skidmore, Zaldivar.
Sixth Race—Eclipse, Dalsyrian.

First Race—Balance, Mendicant.
Second Race—Shelly Tuttle, Speculation.
Third Race—Drum Major, George F. Smith.
Fourth Race—Lord Harry, Arab.
Fifth Race—St. Anthony, Marcus.
Sixth Race—Willie L., Dalsyrian.

First Race—Balance, Firefly.
Second Race—Shelly Tuttle, Speculation.
Third Race—Blue Garter, Drum Major.
Fourth Race—Lord Harry, Melba.
Fifth Race—Zaldivar, Chauncey.
Sixth Race—Eclipse, Willie L.

First Race—Balance, Mendicant.
Second Race—Copyright, Speculation.
Third Race—Drum Major, George Dixon.
Fourth Race—Lord Harry, Arab.
Fifth Race—Zaldivar, The Ironmaster.
Sixth Race—Dalsyrian, Willie L.

DELICATE WOMEN

Or Debilitated Women, should use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR.

Every ingredient possesses superb Tonic properties and exerts a wonderful influence in toning up and strengthening her system, by driving through the proper channels all impurities. Health and strength guaranteed to result from its use.

"My wife, who was bedridden for eighteen months, after using Bradfield's Female Regulator for two months, is getting well.

"J. M. JOHNSON, Malvern, Ark."

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

Sold by druggists at $1.00 per bottle.

STABBED BY HIS FRIEND.

Kelly and Francis Quarrelled Over Paying for Drinks.

Francis May Die and Kelly is Locked Up in Jail.

Michael Kelly, a tough-looking man, twenty-eight years old, was held in the Tombs Court this morning to await the result of injuries inflicted upon John Francis, of 33 East Twenty-fourth street. Francis is in Chambers Street Hospital suffering from three stab wounds. He will probably die.

At 11.30 o'clock last night Policeman Bennett, of the Elizabeth street station, who was on post on Worth street, saw Francis running towards him. He was holding one hand to his breast and the other to his stomach. "I'm stabbed! I'm stabbed!" he cried, glancing over his shoulder at Kelly, who was in full pursuit.

Suddenly Francis fell to the ground. Kelly, who had an open knife in his hand, was about to plunge it into the prostrate man, when the policeman caught him.

An ambulance was summoned and Francis was taken to Chambers Street Hospital.

He said he had been drinking with his friend Kelly in Heffernan's saloon, 159 Worth street.

A dispute arose about paying for certain drinks, and Kelly started to punch him. Francis ran into the street, pursued by Kelly, who, in a frenzy of rage, drew a knife, and, overtaking Francis, swung him around and stabbed him three times.

Francis wrenched himself loose and ran again. Kelly pursued him, but the policeman prevented him from doing Francis any further injury.

HE WAS AFRAID OF STRIKERS.

Connelly Carried Two Revolvers and Was Locked Up.

John Connelly, who created a panic last night in Sumel & Shannon's saloon, at Rector and Greenwich streets, was arraigned in the Tombs Court to-day and held for trial.

Connelly, who was apparently under the influence of liquor, drew two loaded revolvers in the saloon, flourished them about his head and exclaimed:

"We're ready for e them; let them come on and we'll fill them as full of holes as a sieve."

Most of the men in the place promptly disappeared beneath the tables. One man ran out and notified a policeman, who came and arrested Connelly.

In court this morning Connelly told Justice Martin that he lived in Newark. He said he was employed as an extra engineer on the Lehigh Valley road.

"We are in danger of our lives," he said, "the strikers being liable to attack us at any time. So we carry revolvers to protect ourselves in case of need."

AFTER THE SULLIVAN BALL.

Party of Gay Masqueraders Arrested and Fined.

Several young men arrayed in masquerade costumes were arraigned in the Tombs Court this morning. They, together with half a dozen women, had been arrested at 6 o'clock this morning by Policeman McAndrews, of the Elizabeth street station. They were creating a disturbance at 12 Pell street.

One young man named Max Silverman was dressed as a jockey, and his appearance was greeted with a murmur of "They're off at Guttenburg!" Another man, George McCaffrey, was attired as a ballet dancer, with a short gauze skirt and thickly padded legs.

They told Justice Martin they had been to the Timothy L. Sullivan ball last night, and were celebrating Thanksgiving Day when arrested. They were fined $3 each.

DELFINO TO DIE MONDAY.

The Same Chair in Which Carlyle Harris Died Will Be Used.

SING SING, N. Y., Nov. 30.—Warden Durston has decided that murderer John Delfino, under sentence of death in the prison here, will die on Monday. He will send out to-morrow the invitations to the witnesses, who, according to law, must sign the death certificate after the condemned man is executed. The condemned man is resigned to his fate. He has been attended in his last hours by Rev. Father Smyth, the Catholic priest of Sing Sing parish.

Delfino shot and killed Mrs. Catherine Gessell, an Italian woman, a year ago in a tenement-house in Brooklyn. The chair in which Carlyle Harris was executed will be used for the execution of Delfino.

COWED BY THE COPPER.

Peter Schaum Talked Shoot Until a Policeman Appeared.

Peter Schaum, twenty-five years old and a giant in stature, was held in Yorkville Court this morning charged by his father with threatening the latter's life.

According to the father, who keeps a delicatessen store at 676 Tenth avenue, Peter is a good-for-nothing fellow, who refuses to work and abuses his wife and infant child. On one occasion he cut his father with a knife and afterwards fled to Chicago.

He returned two days ago and began his old tricks again. He threatened to shoot on sight any policeman who should try to arrest him, but when Policeman Reiler appeared the fellow was completely cowed.

BEAT AN ACTRESS.

Miss Popper Has Beyer Sent Up for Six Months.

In the Essex Market Police Court to-day Gussie Poppper, an actress, of 35 Rivington street, made a charge of disorderly conduct against August Beyer, with whom she formerly lived.

Miss Popper said Beyer entered her apartments last night and dragged her around the room by the hair. This was the eighth time she has had him arrested for beating her.

Justice Ryan sentenced Beyer to the island for six months.

PAID $185 FOR SAWDUST.

Hettie Levitsch Says She Was Swindled by Kern.

Jacob Kern, of 228 Rivington street, was held in Essex Market Court to-day, on a charge of swindling Hettie Levitsch, of 181 Norfolk street.

She claimed that Nov. 20 last, she purchased a store of Kern at 181 Norfolk street, for $185. When she came to examine her goods she found little but sawdust in the neatly packed boxes.

LOOKED LIKE HIS INSULTER.

So Thomas Promptly Clubbed a Harmless Brooklynite.

Joseph P. Thomas, of 241 Elizabeth street, was held in Essex Market Court to-day for assaulting Joseph Devine, of 222 Irving avenue, Brooklyn, with a club, on the Bowery last night.

Thomas said that Devine looked like a man who had insulted him.

Lynched by a "Well-Known Mob."

(By Associated Press.)

BAXLEY, Ga., Nov. 30.—N. Jones, who killed O. G. Herndon Tuesday, was lynched yesterday. He had been arrested by officers, but was taken from them by a mob. The Coroner's jury rendered a verdict stating that Jones "came to his death at the hands of a well-known mob."

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

To-Day Winds Up the Racing at the Guttenburg Course.

An Excellent Card Offered for the Closing Day.

The closing programme at Guttenburg to-day is an excellent one. Generally on the wind-up of a season long shots are rushed through, and good things are played for a hog-killing. Judging by public form, however, it looks as though the choices would get the money.

The meeting between Copyright, Shelly Tuttle, Speculation, Early Blossom and Mabel Glenn, in the second race, promises to be a red-hot contest and one worth seeing. A very good lot of two-year-olds start in the third race, and they will make a pretty finish.

In the four