REV. WILSON'S SPREE.

Blackwell's Island Chaplain May Return There a Prisoner.

Didn't Have $10 to Pay His Fine for Intoxication.

Took Only One Drink, but It Made Him Affectionate, Then Ugly.

Warden Pillsbury, of the Blackwell's Island Penitentiary, will receive his chaplain as a prisoner this afternoon, if some one doesn't come to the rescue.

The chaplain is in the lockup of the Harlem Police Court, awaiting transfer to the island in default of $10.

The fine was imposed this morning by Justice Burke. The chaplain, Rev. Cecil Penyngton Wilson got drunk yesterday. He says he got so on one drink, which makes that usually costly sport a rather cheap pastime for him.

Whether it was one drink or four more than enough, the consequences were disastrous. The reverend gentleman found himself out of his head. Clad in his full clericals a white choker and a black suit with a long coat buttoned to the chin, he sang and capered in the streets and chased the pretty girls that passed, winding up the good time with an almost successful attempt to whip a policeman four times his size.

His public career last night opened just before 11 o'clock at Eighty-fifth street and Third avenue, when he walked into a crowd of loafers and began to sing a street ballad and perform a rather delirious waltz between verses. Some girls had gathered to witness what they termed with both wit and wisdom the "holy show" that was going on, when the "showman" suddenly made a dart at them.

Although his manner was affectionate and caressing, the girls took to their heels, and the tipsy preacher was taking after them, when Policeman Kane ran up and grabbed him.

The programme instantly changed from vaudeville to sporting, and the crowd was treated to a rattling "go" at catch-weights.

Kane is 6 feet by 4 in measurement, while the clergyman is a slender little fellow. The policeman won at last and carted the preacher around to the East Eighty-eighth street station.

"He's the biggest little man I ever saw," gasped Kane as he finally landed his man.

Rev. Wilson gave his name and said that he lived at 125 East Ninety-third street. The policemen recognized him as the chaplain of the penitentiary at Blackwell's Island, but he had been so troublesome and was in such a condition that they locked him up.

The unfortunate clergyman appeared in the Police Court this morning in a sadly rumpled state. His clothing was torn and covered with dirt and blood. There was a patch of scalp open on his head, whence the blood came. Policeman Kane said he got that from falling against an Elevated Railroad pillar.

Justice Burke made no discrimination between the Episcopalian minister and the rest of the culprits before him. He heard the complaint and asked Mr. Wilson what he had to say.

The unfortunate man looked crushed and half alive. He pleaded in a broken voice that he had taken one drink, and that he was not responsible for what followed; also that he was never drunk before.

The Justice fined him $10. The prisoner could not pay it. He did not have a friend in court and seemed unable to think of where to send for help. He had a pawn ticket for $8 upon a watch which he said was worth very much more and he tried to sell it to the policemen in the court prison. He failed in that and was returned to his cell, where he lay on a bench and went to sleep. He was asked if there was any one he wanted to communicate with and he replied that there was no one.

Rev. Mr. Wilson is apparently a refined and educated man, such as are most Episcopal clergymen. He has always enjoyed an untarnished reputation, and it is hard to account for his present misfortune.

MOVED BACK AGAIN.

Fitzgerald Was Dispossessed, but Wouldn't Stay Out.

Patrick Fitzgerald was before Justice Goetting in the Lee Avenue Court, Williamsburg, to-day on a charge of forcible entry and detainer.

Fitzgerald conducted a little candy store at 50 South Fifth street, but Constable Lepine dispossessed him last Tuesday for non-payment of rent.

After putting the man's property on the sidewalk the constable went away, but was surprised when he returned the next morning to find that Fitzgerald had assumed possession, while over the door was a sign, "Here we are again."

HIT WITH A PAVING STONE.

Heineman May Have Fractured Riley's Skull.

Frederick Heineman, of 163 Roebling street, was held in the Ewen Street Court, Williamsburg, to-day, on a charge of assault in the second degree.

Yesterday afternoon Peter Reilly, of 5 Dunham place, met Heineman on the street and accused him of being too familiar with Mrs. Reilly.

Heineman threw a paving stone at his friend, and it is believed that Reilly's skull is fractured. The injured man is in St. Catherine's Hospital.

Wire News in Brief.

The steam flour mill of Woodman Bros., near Langtown, Pa., was destroyed by fire yesterday. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $5,000. The fire is supposed to be the work of an incendiary.

Rev. Francis A. Hoffman, aged eighty-eight, said to be the oldest preacher in an evangelical church in the United States, died at Reading, Pa., yesterday.

Benjamin Moore, living near Hopkinsville, Ky., quarrelled with James Monroe, a negro tenant, and shot him dead.

A fire at Antigo, Wis., which started in the livery barn owned by Timothy O'Donnell, destroyed about a dozen business houses and residences. The losses aggregate $60,000.

Fire in the four-story brick building at 34 Oliver street, Boston, this morning did damage to the extent of $5,000.

MOTHERS will find MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP the best remedy for their children. 25c.*

NEW YORK POLICEMEN THERE.

Two Were Arrested in that College Point Picnic Riot.

Policeman Deckendorf, Who Tried to Quell It, Badly Injured.

COLLEGE POINT, L. I., July 27.—Charles Deckendorf, the College Point policeman, is lying in the Flushing Hospital in a critical condition, suffering from a brutal beating he received during a riot at Donnelly's Grove, College Point, last evening.

Deckendorf has a fractured skull and serious injuries about the head and back. These injuries were inflicted with a baseball bat and clubs in the hands of some of the rioters. Those who participated in the riot were members of the Endeavorer Social Club, of New York, and the High Plug Association, of Elizabeth, N. J.

The Endeavorer Club had a picnic in Donnelly's Grove and the High Plug Association had an excursion to Schveinfurth's Grove, which is also at College Point, and Deckendorf, if the High Plugs went into Donnelly's Grove and used insulting language to some of the women of the Endeavorer party. He was roughly handled by the friends of the women and thrown out of the grove. He then obtained a warrant from Justice Belderlinden for the arrest of the Endeavorers.

Policeman Deckendorf, while attempting to serve this warrant, was set upon and beaten. The fight became general, and the riot was finally quelled by a dozen special officers who were quickly sworn in by the Justice.

The following persons were arrested: James W. Lee, Louis Striffler, Lee Finnerty and John Devaney, of 175 First avenue; Thomas Kearns, of 194 First avenue; William Ahrens, a New York policeman; Thomas Hart, a New York fireman; David Lyons, a policeman, of 203 Avenue B, and Max Berlinger, of 23 First avenue.

Lee, Striffler and Finnerty, who are alleged to have been the principal assailants of Policeman Deckendorf, spent the night in the College Point lockup. They are held to await the result of the officer's injuries. Devaney was released on $500 bail. Arthur J. McQuade, of 323 East Thirteenth street, becoming his bondsman. McQuade offered bonds for the others, but the Justice refused to admit them to bail. The men arrested are all members of the Endeavorer Club.

A Police Sergeant of the Fifth street station, New York, whose name was not given to the College Point authorities, was with the Endeavorer Club, and it is said that he took no part in the fray.

There were over 500 persons, men and women, in both organizations, and the fighting was desperate and long lasted. Some of the women urged the men on to the attack. There could probably not have been any trouble had not the women first started the row. Many kegs of beer had been consumed before the riot occurred.

Policeman Deckendorf spent a restless night at the Flushing Hospital, and was very weak this morning. The house surgeon is at present unable to tell whether he will survive his injuries.

Justice Belderlinden, it is understood, has issued warrants for the arrest of others who participated in the riot. The Meremonts, as a result, as the special officers took a hand in the fight, hurried aboard of the excursion barges and returned to Elizabeth last night. If any of them are arrested they will have to be brought here on a requisition.

SHOOTING A SNAKE.

It Was Preparing to Swallow the Hunter.

"I am a sworn enemy to everything of a snaky nature, whether I find it in human beings or reptiles," said Col. E. C. Shaw, of London, an ex-officer in the British army, to a St. Louis Globe-Democrat reporter.

"During my active service in the army I was stationed for a time in British Guiana, and while there had an experience with a snake that was startling enough to cure me most adventurous mind. I used to amuse myself a great deal by fishing in a neighboring river. One sultry afternoon, tired out with unsuccessful sport, I drew my canoe out to a shady spot on the river bank, and stretching myself at the bottom with my gun at my side, soon fell asleep. I was soon roused from my slumber by a curious sensation, as though some animal was hunting at my feet. I looked down, and to my horror saw the head and neck of a huge serpent, which was covering my feet with saliva, preparing, I suppose, to swallow me whole.

"For an instant I was completely paralyzed with fear and horror and a terrible death seemed imminent, but by a superhuman effort I regained control of my faculties, and, jerking my feet away, seized my gun, and, quick as a flash, fired a load of buckshot into the snake's head. The boa, with a terrible hiss, raised its huge body and thrashed around at a great rate, as if determined to do its death throes in one fell swoop of me, but, grasping the paddle, I placed the canoe out of harm's way by a single stroke. The snake still continued to writhe around, half of its immense body in the water and the other half on the bank. I fired another charge into its head, which put an effectual end to its struggles. The reptile measured forty feet in length and was as big around as a man's body."

TWO GALLANT HUSBANDS.

Fought to Decide Which Had the Prettiest Wife.

Jones and Brown are neighbors and each of them has a pretty wife, which each of them is proud of. Not long ago they were discussing the ladies, says the Detroit Free Press, and Jones said he had the prettiest wife in town.

"I think mine is," Brown asserted.

"I know mine is," said Jones.

"And I say mine is," retorted Brown. This was continued until one called the other a liar, and then they clinched and rolled over and clawed and spat in great shape, until somebody put a stop to it, and they agreed to go home and leave the decision to Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Brown.

They found the ladies talking across the fence and at once presented their grievance for settlement. The ladies looked the two dilapidated specimens over.

"Well," said Mrs. Jones, "what do you think, Mrs. Brown?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Brown promptly, "that your husband was right. What do you think?"

"There," snorted Jones to Brown, "what did I tell you?"

"I think," replied Mrs. Jones to Mrs. Brown, "that your husband was right."

"There," yelled Brown, "what did I tell you?" and they would have clinched again, but their wives dragged them into their respective houses and turned the hose on them.

"ENGLISH KITTY'S" GOOD LUCK

It Again Attends the Notorious Pickpocket and Her Companion.

Bohr Had Them Arrested, but Couldn't Swear to Their Guilt.

"English Kitty," a professional pickpocket and sneak-thief, whose right name is Catharine Schield, was a prisoner at the Yorkville Court this morning, charged with theft by John Bahr, a German clerk, thirty-five years old, of 111 East Twenty-first street, who was also a complainant against Mary Sullivan, a pal of "English Kitty," whom he charged with disorderly conduct.

"English Kitty" is a slender, unattractive woman, of thirty years. She gave her residence at 233 Hancock street, Brooklyn. She has been frequently arrested for theft, but has been unusually successful in never being convicted.

A couple of years ago she robbed an oil broker of Pennsylvania of $300 in a Bowery saloon. When looked for by the police, they learned that she had sailed for England. She kept out of the way until all danger of being prosecuted was past.

She was only back in New York a few weeks when she fooled a Cuban banker out of $50 and slipped out of sight. After this the banker's departure from this country she was again seen by the police.

Her companion, Mary Sullivan, was not recognized by the police. She is a good-looking blonde of twenty-three, and refused to state where she lived.

At 12 o'clock this morning Policeman Brophy, of the East 51st street station, squad, arrested the two women on an uptown Third avenue cable car at Fifty-ninth street on Bahr's complaint. He was also a passenger in the car. Bohr said that he met the two defendants in a liquor store at Fifteenth street and Third avenue, and the coaxed him to buy a drink.

He drinked them, and while they were seated together in a back room of the saloon, he said, the Scofield woman got hold of his pocketbook, and slipped a $2 bill out of it. When he demanded its return, she ran out of the place and boarded the cable car. He said he followed, although the Sullivan woman clung to him for the purpose of allowing her pal to escape.

Bahr broke away from her grasp and managed to catch the car. The Sullivan woman then jumped on the car also. Bahr kept a watch for a policeman as the car was proceeding uptown, and when he finally caught sight of Jacobs at Fifty-ninth street, he hailed him and caused the arrest of the two women.

Jacobs said that when he passed the women under arrest they had no money with them to break away, but he finally secured the services of another officer and the two women were then taken to the station-house.

The usually good luck stuck to "English Kitty." Bahr admitted that he had been drinking heavily, and got confused when he told his story to Justice Meade. He said that he had attended a lodge meeting and after the lodge had adjourned he was good for nothing. Both women denied having been in his company drinking, and as there was not sufficient evidence to convict, the Honor reluctfully discharged them.

CELEBRATED ST. ANN'S DAY.

Hoboken Italians Paraded and Burned Fireworks.

St. Ann's day was celebrated to a greater extent by the Italians in the meadow district of Hoboken yesterday afternoon and evening than ever before. Adams, Grand, Clinton, Jefferson and Madison streets were decorated with all sorts of bunting and Chinese lanterns. A statue of St. Ann on a pedestal on a truck was wheeled by the Italians through the city.

At 10 o'clock an effigy of Beelzebub was taken out into the lots by a crowd of people and burned.

Fireworks were burned from early in the evening until late at night in honor of the occasion.

FOR A MURDER IN ST. LOUIS.

Harrison Duncan, Negro, Hanged at Clayton, Mo., To-Day.

(By Associated Press.)

CLAYTON, Mo., July 27.—At 6.29 A. M. to-day Harrison Duncan was hanged for the murder of Police Officer James Brady, whom Harrison murdered in a crap-shooters' den, run by Charles Stark, at 710 North Tenth street, St. Louis.

Duncan was one of a large number of negro gamblers whom Officer Brady, assisting a brother officer, had set to round up. In the fight ensuing, Brady was shot and instantly killed.

The trial was held and execution took place at Clayton by reason of a change of venue.

HELD UP A HOT CORN MAN.

Russell and Avenue Got Arrested for Their Trouble.

Patrick Avenue, thirty-eight years old, an iron finisher, of 204 East Fortieth street, and John Russell, twenty-two years old, an electrician, of 204 West Fifty-second street, were held for trial in the Tombs Court this morning.

Nicols Cormick, who sells hot corn at the Brooklyn end of the bridge, was on his way home about 2:30 o'clock this morning. He had in his pocket a $25 gold watch and $2 in money.

At Chatham Square Russell grabbed him by the throat, while Avenue tried to get the watch. Cormick cried for help and Policeman Malloy ran up, and after a short chase, caught both men.

City of Peking Floated.

(By Associated Press.)

YOKOHAMA, July 27a.—The American steamer City of Peking, Capt. Searle, which went ashore in Yeddo Bay, Japan, while on her voyage to San Francisco, has been floated. She was not damaged.

His Sanity in Doubt.

Thomas Mahony, seventy-five years old, who lives with his daughter, Annie, at 209 East Ninth street, was committed for five days for examination as to his sanity by Justice Ryan in Tombs Court this morning. He told his daughter that he had money in the Bleecker Street Bank, and that he was going to purify all the banks in the city.

POINTERS ON THE RACES.

Captain T. Leniently Treated at Brighton Beach.

Pretty Good Card Offered by the Saratoga People.

"EVENING WORLD" SELECTIONS.

First Race--Woodchopper, Bolivar, Harry Hinkson.
Second Race--Golden Valley, Mic Mac Queen, Pella.
Third Race--Jennie A., Elise Morrison filly, Ninevah.
Fourth Race--Capt. T., Sir Knight, Lifebout.
Fifth Race--Arab, Our Maggie, Topgallant.
Sixth Race--Laurel, Wilmar, Major-General.

The handicap at a mile and a furlong and a selling affair one furlong shorter are the redeeming features of to-day's card at Brighton Beach. These races are well filled and unless the blue pencil gets in its work too heavily both should be productive of rattling contests and close finishes. Sir Knight is asked to concede lots of weight to everything in the former event including Redskin, Herald, Lifeboat, Mary Stone, Capt. T. and others. The latter's race yesterday was so good, and with only 99 pounds up he should again win.

Arab seems to be the best of the lot he meets at a mile. The first three races bring out poor lots and should be won by Woodchopper, Golden Valley and Jennie A., respectively. Laurel has fallen into a nice, easy spot in the last and should have no trouble winning.

The entries and selections follow:

First Race—Purse $400. for four-year-olds and upward, selling; six furlongs.

Index.		Weight.
284	L. Ball's Lake	118
298	J. A. Ryan's St. Laurel	118
300	A. Thompson's Vagabond	116
292	J. M. Jeffcott's Mosholu	116
291	J. W. Smith's Woodchopper	115
—	Lakeview	112
292	W. A. Watson's Harry Hinkson	112
297	P. H. Ryan's Allison	112
295	W. P. Dale's Bolivar	112
123	C. Jacobs's Lorimer	112
296	J. Whalen's Belisar	112
283	Effingham Stable's Bandusia	107
—	W. Tobin's Bright Eyes	107

Woodchopper has shown improvement in all his races, and should land the money in the opening race. Bolivar may be second and Harry Hinkson third.

Second Race—Purse $300, for three-year-olds; selling; one mile.

Index.		Weight.
222	J. McGuire's Eurphilia	108
297	Dack Stable's Mc Mac Queen	102
258	C. Duncan's Natrona	102
298	W. H. Smith's Sapphire	102
—	H. Rosenbaum's Anna Belle	102
223	W. J. Merry's Pella	102
299	J. M. Hyde's Why Not II	102
224	Gilpin & Taylor's Golden Valley	102
292	Ramapo Stable's Son Malhour	102
—	W. Hayward's Maggie Smith	102

A good jump at this race, but the winner may pull up his faith in Golden Valley, Mic Mac Queen and Pella ought to be fighting it out for the place at the finish.

Third Race—Purse $500, for maiden two-year-olds; five furlongs.

Index.		Weight.
299	A. Dunlap's Bethlehem	108
300	J. Blum's Winter Cascade	108
300	W. C. Daly's Captain Jack	108
300	J. J. Zeh's Kosciusko	108
301	A. Claxton's Escape	105
299	Blumlein Stable's Ninevah	105
300	J. W. Smith's Lorenzo Bill	105
300	J. W. Keene's Vocality	105
300	J. Carroll's Elizabeth Bily	105
218	C. Hatfield's Calink	105
300	A. Amos's Louise A.	105
300	A. Cooper's May Irwin	105
300	W. Burns's First Light	105
294	First Attempt Stable's Avengaro Bily	105
300	A. Lane's Elise Morrison Bily	105

The maiden two-year-olds are also a bad lot. Jennie A. may get home first, with Elise Morrison filly second and Ninevah third.

Fourth Race—Purse $600, a handicap for three-year-olds and upward; one mile and a furlong.

Index.		Weight.
300	W. Rocke's Sir Knight	115
288	Ramapo Stable's Redskin	110
300	W. Jennings's Mary Stone	104
299	W. Jennings's Lifeboat	101
295	Sequasson Stable's Herald	102
300	J. Boden's Life Boat	101
292	P. Dunne's Laurel	97
300	W. C. Daly's Captain T.	96
23	Preakness Stable's Idaho	96

Captain T.'s race yesterday did not hurt him, and the handicapper has treated him so leniently that he may repeat the trick to-day. Sir Knight and Lifeboat should have a tussle for second money and may finish in that order.

Fifth Race—Purse $500, selling allowances; one mile.

Index.		Weight.
300	Preakness Stable's Adelbert	111
300	G. Forbes's Arab	109
300	W. Jennings's Topgallant	106
300	Harlem Light Stable's Montlake	106
291	W. J. Daly's Gold Toilet	104
292	J. Mahoney's Long Bounce	101
—	Rean	101
293	R. T. Lorillard's Kilder	102
300	M. Jordan & Co.'s Our Maggie	102
—	Elberon Stable's Hayberry	99
274	A. Tobin's Relf	96
300	D. W. McCann's Leeland	93
289	A. J. Joyner's Equation	89

Arab looks to be the best of the lot at a mile. Our Maggie and Topgallant may finish in the order named.

Sixth Race—Purse $500, for three-year-olds and upward; one mile and a sixteenth.

Index.		Weight.
259	W. C. Daly's Eolero	114
300	J. E. Bauer's Laurel	109
300	M. Jordan & Co.'s Wilmar	99
300	J. H. Carr's Major General	99
288	A. Thompson's George Dixon	96
279	C. W. Newton's Charter	96

Laurel looks to be the best thing of the day. With a good boy up, however, Wilmar will be fighting at the end. Major-General should be third.

SARATOGA SELECTIONS.

First Race--Rossmore, Mudge, Mohawk.
Second Race--Banquet, George Beck, Hawthorne.
Third Race--Candelabra, Ducat, Cactus.
Fourth Race--Yemen, Old Dominion, Aloha.
Fifth Race--No selections.
Sixth Race--Clementine, Future, Barefoot.

SARATOGA, N. Y., July 27.—There is nothing especially interesting in the card here to-day. It is an extra day and none of the good ones cares to try for the purses, preferring to wait for the stake events of Saturday. The best race on the card seems to be the third, a mile handicap. Ducat, Strathmeath, Candelabra, Cactus and the others make up a rattling good field, and if there is no dodging an interesting race will be seen.

The maidens in the fifth race will furnish a good medium for speculation, and may make a good race. Banquet seems to have a walkover in the second race, and so does Yemen in the fourth. The other events are not especially interesting. The track is dry and fast. The entries and selections are as follows:

First Race.—Selling allowances; five furlongs.

Index.		Weight.
284	Leigh & Rose's Mohawk	109
283	J. McLaughlin's Sir James	105
—	E. C. Headley's Dr. France	103
282	P. J. Miles's Jewel	97
296	P. J. Dwyer's Rondo	97
252	G. Walbaum's Rosemont	97
295	W. D. Althouse's Gilmore Bily	94
178	W. J. Spiers's Madge	94
248	P. Lorillard's Dama	91

Rossmore looks the best of this lot and he may win. Madge may be second and Mohawk third.

Second Race.—One mile and a furlong.

Index.		Weight.
(219)	M. F. Dwyer's Banquet	115
—	T. B. Mc's Hawthorne	109
—	P. G. Rogers's Brahma	101
(284)	C. Fleischman & Son's George Beck	99

Banquet should win this race, hands down. George Beck seems to have a mortgage on the place money. Hawthorne may be third.

Third Race—Handicap; one mile.

Index.		Weight.
(271)	Leigh & Rose's Ducat	115
—	G. B. Morris's Strathmeath	107
294	G. E. Smith's Candelabra	102
294	Gideon & Daly's Cactus	101
—	C. Hughes's Elva	98
297	Madison Stable's Montgerra	96
—	H. Parsons & Son's J. C. B.	95

Candelabra, if ridden by a boy who will take him right out and force things from the start, will win. Ducat should be close up. Cactus ought to be third.

Fourth Race—Selling allowances; five furlongs.

Index.		Weight.
294	McDaniel & Wilhelm's Yemen	114
—	Ajax Stable's Major Joe	111
294	T. S. Van Name's Aloha	101
249	J. Jennings's Old Dominion	101
242	W. D. Althouse's Lisbon Maid	102

Yemen, Old Dominion and Aloha look the best of this lot, and should finish as named.

Fifth Race.—For maiden three-year-olds; six furlongs.

Index.		Weight.
294	M. Storm's Del Norte	116
283	Gideon & Daly's Memento colt	116
—	——— Indicator	116
—	——— Tarantoga	107
—	Dr. Smith's Kapanga colt	105
—	——— Plunderer	105
283	——— Inquisition	102
—	——— Kremlin	102
283	Boyle & Littlefield's Sleight of Hand	100
—	——— Epplesouth	100
298	J. Reiser's Pax or Play	100
271	J. P. Korn's Pulitzer	100
—	——— Fearless	97
31	P. J. Dwyer's Handover	97

A number of Western horses start in this event, and as their form has not been noted by the writer a selection will not be attempted.

Sixth Race.—One mile and a sixteenth.

Index.		Weight.
—	W. D. Cricker's Barefoot	100
294	C. Fleischman & Son's Clementine	100
286	R. A. Patterson's Future	100
274	J. E. Pepper's The Queen	100

The closing event looks an easy thing for Clementine. Future and Barefoot seem the next best.

Morning Papers' Selections.

AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

RECORDER.

First Race—Woodchopper, Lorimer.
Second Race—Mic Mac Queen, Golden Valley.
Third Race—Apprentice, Jennie A.
Fourth Race—Redskin, Sir Knight.
Fifth Race—Arab, Adelbert.
Sixth Race—Laurel, Bolero.

DAILY AMERICA.

First Race—Woodchopper, Harry Hinkson.
Second Race—Mic Mac Queen, Golden Valley.
Third Race—Jennie A., Elise Morrison filly.
Fourth Race—Capt. T., Sir Knight.
Fifth Race—Our Maggie, Topgallant.
Sixth Race—Laurel, Wilmar.

ADVERTISER.

First Race—Berwyn, Harry Hinkson.
Second Race—Mic Mac Queen, Son Malhour.
Third Race—Jennie A., May Irwin.
Fourth Race—Lifeboat, Dutch Skater.
Fifth Race—Our Maggie, Topgallant.
Sixth Race—George Dixon, Wilmar.

JOURNAL.

First Race—Woodchopper, Vagabond.
Second Race—Mic Mac Queen, Son Malhour.
Third Race—Ninevah, Elise Morrison filly.
Fourth Race—Capt. T., Sir Knight.
Fifth Race—Our Maggie, Arab.
Sixth Race—Wilmar, Laurel.

PRESS.

First Race—Vagabond, Woodchopper.
Second Race—Mic Mac Queen, Golden Valley.
Third Race—Jennie A., Elise Morrison filly.
Fourth Race—Sir Knight, Capt. T.
Fifth Race—Arab, Our Maggie.
Sixth Race—Laurel, Major-General.

FLUSHING ENTRIES.

The following are the entries at Flushing to-day:

First Race—Six furlongs.—Bandusia colt, Don't Know, Arca, Belle colt, Schooner, Columbus, Pie, Linsey, Ben March, Warpaint, Themistocles, 110 lb. each.

Second Race—Four furlongs.—Cashmere, 111; Skylight, 107; Lulu Race filly, 103; Vishnu colt, Craftless, Meritoda colt, Frolic, 102 each; Adventuress, 98 lb.

Third Race—Five furlongs.—Masher, Kelturna, Romance, Tumult, Blackburn, 122 each; Macey, The Pearl, 117 each; Dr. Chambers, 112; Eliza Arnin, 104 lb.

Fourth Race—One mile.—Pelham, Gen. Gordon, Cuxlaxe, Carracus, 115 each; Daybreak, Harry Rose, Lou Rhett, 110 lb. each.

Fifth Race—Six and a half furlongs.—Jim McLaughlin, Fan King, 125 each; Congress, Snooks, Hay Tay, Lumberman, 120 each; Little Willie, Woman, 115 lb. each.

IT CHARMED THE SHAH.

There Was One Piece That Pleased the Barbaric Ruler's Musical Ear.

The Shah of Persia, when visiting the late Emperor of Germany some years ago, was taken to the opera, and during the course of the performance was asked how he liked the music. He confessed that the majority of it was pretty crude, but that one piece the orchestra had just been playing was simply superb. The Emperor at once gave orders for the repetition of the piece.

"No," said the Shah, "that's not it."

Another one was played. "No," returned the royal visitor, "that's not it, either."

Presently the orchestra began to tune their instruments.

"That's it!" cried the Shah, enthusiastically. "That's the piece I was trying to tell you about!"

So, for the edification of this barbaric ruler, and to the anguish of the rest of the audience, the orchestra tuned, and untuned, and retuned their instruments in the most heartrending fashion, and the Shah leaned back in his chair, while his face wore a look of unspeakable enjoyment.

BASEBALL CHAT.

When you think the whole thing over how the deuce was it that Boston gave the Giants such a trouncing in those three games at Boston? Brooklyn didn't seem to have a great deal of trouble in murdering Nash's men, while we simply slaughtered Baltimore. If there was such a thing as form in baseball, Baltimore would have no more chance with Boston in the series that they are about to play than the great American racehorse, Skeez Geister, has with Gideon & Daly's Ramapo. New York, with a little luck, ought to be greatly benefited by the games of the next few days, and if our boys do not land in second place it will be their own fault.

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To the Baseball Editor:

Now that our paper has succeeded in securing ground for the games to be played for the benefit of the Sick Babies' Fund, don't you think it would be a good idea to arrange a series of games between, say four clubs, the winner of the series to be presented with a pennant, to be made up on "Evening World" recipe perhaps, or subscribed for by the competing clubs, the pennant to be very simple in make and to cost very little, and to bear the words "Champions, Sick Babies' Fund, Series 1894" and the name of the club on reverse side. This would awaken an additional interest, I think, and thus help proud the winning club would feel of such a trophy.

JOHN DRAKE.

Member of the "Giant-Sear" Athletic Club and formerly manager of the St. Chrysostoms ball team, which team won the championship of all church nines in the year 1891.

* * *

It is surprising how many clubs are desirous of playing for the Sick Babies' Fund. The suggestion of Mr. Drake is a real good one, and will be acted upon. Beginning with the game on Sunday next at Oak Point, When the So Sos, of Brooklyn, and the Holy Rosarys, of Harlem, cross bats, it is hoped a fine series of games will be played. For Aug. 25 a game has been arranged between the Worths and the Monitors. They, too, will play at Oak Point. It is creditable, not only to the players themselves, but to the whole baseball fraternity that so many clubs have expressed a desire to aid this charity. From present indications a score or more of games will be played in this city for the benefit of the ailing children. Starting with the game between "1892" and "The Evening Sun," letters have been pouring in to "The Evening World" offering suggestions and the services of teams. The question of suitable grounds was a stumbling block until the Holy Rosarys, following Tony Burke, manager of the Holy Rosary team, came forward with the proposition that the Oak Point grounds be used. He assures "The Evening World" that the grounds are available for Sick Babies' Fund games, between 1 P. M. and 3.30 P. M. any day decided upon by clubs desiring to play for the charity. Now, with the clubs in a sort of a league, and a handsome banner as a trophy to be given to the players making the best showing as per the suggestion of Mr. Drake, we ought to be able to do some good for the sufferers. The game of Sunday next should be well attended. The So-Sos and Holy Rosarys are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell upon their merits. Secretary Harry Rose, of the So-So Club, is just as positive that his team will win as is Manager Burke that the Holy Rosarys will "gallop in." So there you are. Go to Oak Point Sunday and learn for yourself who is right.

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Take off your hat to the Giants individually and collectively. They're hot stuff. And of all the Giants do not forget that Duke Farrell is the greatest.

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As chestnut-rakers for the Beaneaters we are wonders.

* * *

The League standing is as follows:

Clubs.	W.	L.	P.C.	Clubs.	W.	L.	P.C.
Boston	59	27	.654	Pittsburg	41	38	.519
Baltimore	48	27	.640	Cincinnati	37	38	.493
New York	46	30	.605	St. Louis	33	46	.418
Cleveland	41	32	.562	Chicago	31	45	.408
Brooklyn	41	32	.562	Louisville	24	52	.316
Philadelphia	38	34	.528	Washington	22	55	.286

THE AGE OF A HORSE.

Changes Through Which the Teeth Pass as the Years Roll On.

Eight to fourteen days after the birth of a horse, says a writer in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, the first middle nippers of the set of milk teeth are cut; four to six weeks afterwards the pair next to them, and finally, after six or eight months, the outside nippers appear. All these milk teeth have a well defined body and neck and a slender fang, and on their front surfaces grooves or furrows, which disappear when the middle nippers at the end of one year; from the next pair in two years, and from the inchors (cutters) in three years; at the age of two the middle nippers become loose and pull out; in their places appear two permanent teeth with deep, black cavities and full sharp edges.

At the age of three the next pair falls out. At four years the corner teeth fall out, and at the age of five years the horse has his permanent set of teeth. The teeth grow in length as the horse advances in years, but at the same time his teeth are worn away by the action of grinding. At the age of a year, so that the black cavities of the centre nippers disappear in the sixth year; those of the next pair in the seventh year and those of the corner teeth in the eighth year. Also the corner teeth of upper and lower jaw just meet at eight years of age.

At nine years of age cups leave the two centre nippers above, and each of the two upper corner teeth has a little sharp protrusion at the extreme outer corners. At the age of ten the cups disappear from the adjoining teeth, and at the age of eleven the cups disappear from the corner teeth above, and are only indicated by brownish spots. The oval form becomes broader and changes from the twelfth to the sixteenth year more and more into a triangular form, and the teeth lose finally, with the twentieth year, all regularity. There is nothing left in the teeth that can afterwards clearly show the age of the horse or justify the most experienced examiner in giving a positive opinion.

The tushes, or canine teeth, conical in shape, with a sharp point and curved, are out between the third and fourth year; their points become more and more rounded until the ninth year and after that more and more dull in the course of years and lose, finally, all regular shape. Mares have, frequently, no tusks, or are only very faintly indicated.

Earthquakes About Old Servia.

(By Associated Press.)

BELGRADE, July 27.—Earthquake shocks have been felt in Macedonia, old Servia and Eastern Bulgaria. Many houses at Varna, Bulgaria, have been damaged and a number of people have been killed as a result of the shocks.

Milhau's Calisaya, a tonic and invigorator introduced in 1830, is the original. Half a cent retail sale July 28 goes to "Evening World's" Sick Babies' Fund. MILHAU, 183 Broadway. *

DRUGGED HER SODA WATER.

Mamie Kerrigan Brutally Assaulted by an Unknown Man.

Found Unconscious in the Woods Near Greenport, L. I.

Miss Mamie Kerrigan, twenty-one years old, of 156 Cherry street, is in a precarious condition at Greenport, L. I., the result of an awful experience Wednesday night. Miss Kerrigan left here Monday to take a position of waitress at the Occidental Hotel, Greenport. Yesterday morning she was found unconscious in the woods near the village.

She rallied several times during the day, and in an incoherent way related that a stranger had asked her to drink the night before. She declined, but he was persistent, and she took a glass of soda-water. She remembered nothing after drinking it. She had been dragged to the woods, assaulted and left there.

The girl's mother was seen by an "Evening World" reporter to-day at her home on the top floor of the tenement 156 Cherry street. She said Mamie had been stopping with friends on West Eighteenth street and came to see her a week ago. She told her mother then that she expected to go to Greenport, but did not know the name of her employer, as she had been engaged through an agency. Mrs. Kerrigan had not heard from her since she left.

The girl's father, who was a rigger, died a few years ago, since which time she and her two brothers have contributed to the support of the family of six. She worked out, while the boys were employed in a press room.

"She was a good girl and a dutiful daughter," Mrs. Kerrigan said, "and I sincerely hoped that the fiend who drugged her will be caught. I cannot afford to go to Greenport."

Dr. Ireland, who is treating the girl, thinks she will recover.

GOSSIP OF THE TURF.

The racing at Brighton yesterday was anything but interesting, the finishes all being tame and totally devoid of anything bordering upon excitement. The sultry weather, too, added to the discomfort of the crowd, and, even though the attendance was as large as usual, at no time during the afternoon was there the usual bustle and hurry in the ring. Favorites captured five of the events, South Side, from the Oneck Stable, being the only public choice that failed to repay the confidence placed in him. This colt, by the way, will not do. His disposition is not of the best, and his actions at the post are atrocious. Dr. Knapp backed the colt heavily. He broke with his field, but never could get anywhere near the front. A let-up may do him good, but it looks as though he is a case of "uncertain horse."

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John McCafferty purchased Ben Lomond from W. Jennings after he had won the fifth race yesterday. The price was $2,500.

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Pontlear is about the best two-year-old at Gravesend. She seems to be a reliable little filly, and with light weight can make most anybody's youngster race.

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Reiff is the popular idol among the Beachers now. He rode three winners again yesterday, and was loudly cheered after each victory.

* * *

A handsome split-second watch was presented to John Duke yesterday by E. Wishard. Mr. Duke is very proud of his new "timer," and exhibited it to his friends.

* * *

"Italian Frank," a member of the light-fingered fraternity, was caught