EMERALD LEADS THE WAY.

ANNUAL CRUISE OF THE LARCHMONT AND ATLANTIC CLUBS.

THE ARRIVAL AT BLACK ROCK IN A STORM—ENTERTAINMENTS IN HONOR OF THE YACHTSMEN—THE ENTRIES.

A good send-off was given yesterday to the combined squadrons of the Larchmont and Atlantic Yacht clubs, when they sailed from Larchmont Harbor for a cruise through the Sound. The following well-known yachts of both clubs were the starters:

Schooners—Class A—Ramona, Sachem, Constellation, Fleetwing, Alsaciene, Crusader, Phantom, Emerald, Water Witch.

Class B—Amorita, Elsemarie, Florida, Shamrock.

Class C—Loyal, Viator, Cavalier, Flossie, Fenzella, Clochette, Beatrice.

Sloops—Class 2—Katrina, Huron, Fanny.

Class 3—Wasp, Eclipse, Clara, Oriva, Vixen.

Class 4—Penguin, Gossoon, Ventura, Verena, Xara, Minerva, Choctaw, Harriet, Awa, Iola, Wenona.

Class 5—Kathleen, Bonnie Kate, Tigress, Norota, Senorita.

Class 6—Infanta, Kwasind (yawl), Audax (yawl), Brenda, Fidella, Chin Chin, Cara, Modesta, Dragoon, Vorant II, Nomad, Awixa, Gunhilde, Adele, Wabasco, Nora, Almira.

Steamers—Sultana, Jessie, Kanapaha, Maspeth, Embla, Unquowa, Fra Diavolo, Hirondelle, Blitz, Theresa, Jean, Reva, Forget-me-not, Midge.

The start was admirably managed by the Regatta Committee, consisting of John F. Lovejoy, chairman; Otto Sarony and Alfred Marshall. Among others were Commodore Henry M. Gillig, Horatio R. Harper, Theodore D. Rich, Fleet Surgeon Cyrus Edson, J. Bucken, Dr. Ballard, Major Ulrich, Arthur Yale Sarony, Dr. Branique, C. Vanderbilt Cross, "Al." Canacho, Seymour L. Husted, jr., Rear Commodore George Work, Major Parmlee, J. Rogers Maxwell, W. Gould Brokaw, J. Berry King, Randolph Hurry, Francis B. Robert, A. J. Elkers, Frank Hutton, G. M. Barreto, Stephen Crum, H. Vaughn Clark, Russell Henderson, James D. Goin, Augustin Monroe, D. Gilbert, Louis Spence, Walter Thompson and others, for whose comfort General Manager Tilden, with his ample and well drilled staff, looked out.

In the early morning Larchmont's beautiful and snug harbor was literally crowded with craft of every description, from a dingy to the biggest racing schooner, and with many handsome steam yachts.

The morning was cloudy and calm, so that the start which was to have been at 11 a. m., did not occur till long past noon. The contestants got away fairly well together, with a moderate southeast wind. Soon afterward thunder rattled, lightning flashed and the rain descended. Every mother's son on board the yachts who neglected to seek the seclusion of the cabin was quickly drenched through and through. A little later wind succeeded rain; the combined squadron sped away for Black Rock, Conn., with white wings picturesquely spread. All hands and the "quartermaster's steward" were then supremely happy. Larchmont's proverbial luck again prevailed, and the old saw that "many a cloudy morning brings a sunshiny day" was again seen to be true.

Bridgeport, Conn., July 13.—The sea was rough when the Larchmont and Atlantic yacht clubs reached Black Rock this afternoon, on their annual cruise. The verandas and the piers in front of the big George Hotel were thronged with guests who admired the pretty picture the fleet formed as it appeared coming up the Sound. Along the shore the trees and buildings were gayly decorated, and salutes were pealed forth from the handsome grounds of General T. L. Watson, who is fleet captain of the Atlantic Club. The sky darkened suddenly as the vessels approached, and peals of thunder announced a storm. Soon the rain began to fall in torrents. The yachtsmen intended to land at once, but the weather would not permit it, and so dinner was served on board.

It was nearly 9 o'clock before they reached the George Hotel, where elaborate preparations had been made for their entertainment. The fleet made the trip in about two hours and thirty-four minutes. The Emerald, owned by Roger Maxwell, president of the New-Jersey Central Railroad, was the first to appear. She was followed by the Ramona, Commodore H. M. Gillig, of the Larchmont Yacht Club, and the third to arrive was the Sachem, Vice-Commodore F. T. Adams, of the Atlantic Yacht Club, acting for George J. Gould, who is in Europe.

Services will be held on the Canapha to-morrow morning, which all the yachtsmen will attend. The Rev. Mr. Crosby, of Brooklyn, will preach.

The only mishaps on the cruise were the carrying away of the topmast of the sloop Huron, owned by E. S. Hatch, of New-York, and the Cavalier, Captain Jefferson Hogan, spit her balloon jib.

There was a hop given at the George Hotel here this evening in honor of the yachtsmen.

To-morrow afternoon they will attend divine worship at St. Mary's Chapel by the Sea, then leave the city on an informal sail to Morris Cove, and on Monday the trip will be resumed to New-London.

JONQUIL WINS THE ELSWORTH CUP.

The second race of the series for the silver challenge cup presented to the New-Jersey Athletic Club by Captain Joseph Elsworth was sailed yesterday afternoon over the club's ten-mile course in Newark Bay, off Bergen Point. A good breeze from the southwest filled the sails of the craft and lasted throughout the race. Howard M. Cook's Jonquil was the winner on time allowance. James W. Bernard, the owner of Drift, protested, alleging that fifteen seconds should have been added to the Drift's corrected time. Referee E. R. Grant referred the matter to the Regatta Committee. The summary of the race is as follows:

Boats.	Start. H.M.S.	Finish. H.M.S.	Elapsed time. H.M.S.	Corrected time. H.M.S.
Jonquil	2:34:45	3:45:00	1:10:15	1:07:55
Drift	2:34:22	3:45:14	1:10:52	1:08:02
Iroquois	2:39:52	3:47:08	1:08:06	1:08:06
Tiche	2:38:48	3:50:40	1:11:52	1:09:17
Genis	2:36:42	3:46:40	1:09:58	1:00:54
Cute	2:39:20	No time taken.		
Our Own	2:38:04	No time taken.		

GUESTS AT LEADING HOTELS.

It was comparatively quiet at the leading hotels yesterday, and the clerks were glad to get a few hours' rest after a very busy week. Many rooms, however, have been engaged ahead.

ASTOR.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Neal, Louisville.
W. M. Altman, Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Boley, Kansas City.
G. Brenning, Centralia, Ill.
G. F. King, Savannah.
E. E. Scott, Milwaukee.
J. W. Richards, Montreal.
C. B. Richardson, Cheyenne, Wyo.

BROADWAY CENTRAL.

L. Y. Graham, Philadelphia.
R. J. Hurd, Spokane, Wash.
F. Brown, Detroit.
M. Black, Fort Wayne.
M. J. Bebb, Xenia, Ohio.
F. K. Laycock, England.
H. D. Renwick, Pittsburg.
A. E. Gonzales, Columbia, N. C.

BRUNSWICK.

Mr. and Mrs. Wehnhoff, Louisville.
H. H. Gray, Pittsburg.
Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Evans, Chicago.
R. Pauling, Hull, England.
T. D. Richardson, jr., Philadelphia.
W. A. Little, jr., Fredericksburg, Va.
Mrs. P. Dahlgren, Boston.
Miss Dahlgren, Boston.

EVERETT.

E. Sprague, Chicago.
T. Holmes, Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Dix, Denver.
F. L. Heaton, Denver.
Mrs. R. C. Travis, Elkhart, Ind.
Mrs. M. Martin, Danville, Va.
Mr. and Mrs. E. Stanley, Boston.
R. Holmyard, London, England.

GILSEY.

I. T. Conley, St. Paul.
W. C. Tibby, Pittsburg.
D. McDonald, Indiana.
Mr. and Mrs. Stafford Newell, St. Paul.
H. McIlvain, Cincinnati.
Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Talbot, Bristol, R. I.
Mr. and Mrs. J. Chatworth, Troy.
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Winston, Cincinnati.

GRAND UNION.

J. A. Cook, St. Louis.
C. P. Campbell, Buffalo.
J. D. Fitzgibbon, China.
Otto Schroeder, Chicago.
J. C. Fletcher, Monroe, N. C.
H. N. Pearce, Bloomington, Ill.
J. C. Hughes, Baltimore.
E. D. Smith, Easton, Peng.

GRAND.

A. G. Hammond, U. S. A.
Miss N. MacDunham, Cleveland.
L. H. Ayre, Washington.
Mrs. M. Francis Drake, San Antonio, Tex.
Miss K. Fox, Cleveland.
Miss A. Fox, Cleveland.

HOFFMAN.

C. H. Platte, Fort Worth, Tex.
Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Armistead, Buffalo.
H. Mills, Chicago.
E. S. Levy, Galveston, Tex.
H. Kine Baltimore.
E. Kiaw, Houston, Tex.
L. H. Warner, Boston.
S. Stern, Rochester.

PARK AVENUE.

F. Parsons, Manchester.
Mr. and Mrs. S. Mead, Knoxville, Tenn.
Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Mansfield, Indianapolis.
Miss E. Fowler, Indianapolis.
Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Lee, Syracuse.
E. M. Snow, Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Day, St. Louis.
G. H. Martin, Chicago.

ST. JAMES.

T. H. Woodward, Albany.
Mr. and Mrs. W. Gee, Atlanta.
E. Hayward, St. Louis.
C. E. Martel, Chicago.
H. Babcock, San Francisco.
R. Hayes, Boston.
Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Osborne, Louisville.

STURTEVANT.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Yale, Philadelphia.
H. P. Taylor, Hartford.
A. E. Morrow, Baltimore.
A. J. Norman, Boston.
C. B. Boyne, Chicago.
L. McKee, Fostoria, Ohio.
E. L. Abbott, Columbus.

WESTMINSTER.

R. Alonzo, Nicaragua.
D. Alonzo, Nicaragua.
C. D. Vial, Argentina.
Sir R. Tangye, London, England.
R. T. G. Tangye, London, England.
R. Greig, Montreal.
J. H. Glenmore, Pittston.
Mrs. Mead and family, Menomonie, Wis.

TRANSFER OF POLICE SERGEANTS.

Five police sergeants were transferred yesterday by Acting Chief Conlin "for the good of the service." They are: John Hamilton, from Old Slip to Tremont; John Ryan, from Tremont to Old Slip; Thomas McCormack, from Old Slip to East Eighty-eighth-st.; Nathaniel W. Shire, from East Eighty-eighth-st. to West Thirtieth-st., and Daniel Wall, from East One-hundred-and-fourth-st. to Old Slip. The transfers of Sergeants Hamilton and McCormack were made at the request of Acting Captain King, who was placed in command of the Old Slip station on Sunday last. They had served under Acting Captain Hogan, who was relieved of the command. Sergeant Shire was sent from the East Eighty-eighth-st. station to the West Thirtieth-st. to fill a vacancy.

Acting Chief Conlin also ordered the transfers of Patrolmen Charles Stripp from Church-st. to Morrisania and Michael J. McManus from Morrisania to East Twenty-second-st. Stripp has been a special duty man under Captain O'Connor for a long time. Patrolman John McMullin was sent from the East Thirty-fifth-st. station to Kingsbridge, because he failed to arrest Thomas N. Barnard, who sold pools on the races in front of No. 156 East Forty-second-st., where McMullin was on post.

HEROIC MEASURES TO SAVE THE BANK

THE PUPILS WHO MANIPULATED THE STOCK MARKET TOO SUCCESSFULLY WERE SUSPENDED.

Two men were seated in the café of an uptown hotel one afternoon recently discussing things in general. One was an Army officer, whose hair is growing gray around his temples, and the other a prominent business man from the West. These men, both of whom had climbed well toward the top notch in their different callings, were boys together on the Western Reserve. Their paths in life had led them apart for many years, and the meeting at the hotel, while accidental, was in the nature of a reunion. The talk soon drifted around to reminiscences, and the Army officer said:

"When I was studying for the examination for admission to the Point, you left home to attend school somewhere in the East. Did you graduate?"

"No," the business man replied, "but it was there that I got my commercial education." As he said this he chuckled as if something funny was in his mind. Then he added: "I did not graduate there owing to circumstances." Here he puffed a wreath of cigar smoke, and smiled contentedly through the smoke. His companion, who scented a story, said: "How was that?"

"Well," said the business man, "it is an odd yarn. When I left home I went to a city to live with relatives and attend high school. I took the course in what was known as the commercial department. In those days they were just introducing into the schools what was known as the Actual Business College. We used to call it the A B C Department on account of the initials. That system has since become common.

"Perhaps," he said, "going to West Point you never became familiar with this system. To explain: The schoolroom was rigged up as a miniature stock exchange. After passing through so many ledgers a student was entitled to a seat on the exchange and was supplied with $100,000 in school money to operate with. The rules governing the school were exceptionally rigid. I knew of a boy being expelled for forcing a balance of two cents. The instructor was at the head of the big banking and clearing house. The assistant teacher was his partner. We had to keep correct record of our transactions and, in fact, it was a regular stock market.

"When I passed my ledgers I got a seat on the exchange, and the customary $100,000. I started into the leather and hide business. I paid particular attention to the Industrials, and by exercising business acumen ran my account up to about $600,000. One day I came into school, and the instructor gravely informed me that my warehouses had been burned, and that after adjusting losses and other liabilities I had only $218,000 left, and I had better start over again. I was mad clear through, and for a couple of days did not try anything.

"There was another little fellow in school who was bright as a dollar. He had rolled his original capital up into almost a million, and he was daily expecting a fire or something. He saw my plight, and came to me with the suggestion that we pool issues and get even with the bank. I said, 'What shall we do?' He replied, in a whisper:

"'Let us break the bank.'

"I was dazed with the magnitude of the scheme, but as he unfolded his plan I entered into it heartily. Corn had been quiet at 18 cents, and we started in to corner the market. We bought right and left until we either owned or controlled every carload on the exchange. Then we went to the bank and bought corn for future delivery. Corn was indicated by little slips with the amount on it. We knew the bank could not increase the stock on hand, and so we were safe. We bought more and more heavily until the bank saw there was something on foot, and sent out agents to buy to meet the demand. No corn was to be found.

"Eventually they got around to us. We admitted that we had some. They asked the price. We said $1 35. They stormed, but we were obdurate. Then they had to meet orders, and bought our supply at our quotation. To do this they had to borrow money. We secured these notes, and also got the corn back. For days we were the kings of the exchange. I was walking around with millions in my pocket, and by a turn of my hand controlling all industrials.

"The end was near. When the notes matured we presented them to the bank for payment. The bank asked for time. We refused it, and asked that the bank go into the hands of a receiver. We were threatened, cajoled and pleaded with, but we hung on. Talk about Black Friday. The school was in an uproar. To adjust the matter a faculty meeting was called, and they settled in their own unique way."

Here the speaker paused, and his companion said: "What did they do?"

"Oh," he replied, "they called up our folks and asked them to urge us to give up our money. My folks stood by me, and said that I ought to have the money. Then they suspended us for two weeks for insubordination, and took away all our wealth. I never went back."

HE BLAMES IT TO THE SEWER.

A CARRIAGE BUILDER WANTS $50,000 FOR THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE, AND $10,000 FOR THE ILL-HEALTH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

Charles H. Schwartz, the carriage builder, of No. 198 Flushing-ave., Long Island City, has begun an action against Long Island City for $50,000 damages for the loss of his wife, who died some months ago from sickness brought on, the doctors say, by the effects of the overflowing of the cellar by the Flushing-ave. sewer. Mr. Schwartz has instituted another action for $10,000 against the city for the loss of his daughter's services. He says her health is permanently injured by the same cause. Mr. Schwartz's assessment for the sewer was $1,200. He said yesterday that every time it rains, his cellar is flooded with water and refuse which sends forth a stench that is perceptible for several blocks around.

When he appealed to Commissioner of Public Works Sharkey, he says the latter abused him and that since then he has refrained from making any complaints. The Schwartz family now consists of Annie, Florence, Ernest, Ethel and the father. All of the children, he says, have lost their health owing to the flooding of the cellar.

WILL PROBALLY BE AN HEIRESS.

AN OLD WILL SET ASIDE TO THE ADVANTAGE OF AN ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

A decision has just been rendered by the Surrogate's Court of Otsego County that makes Nellie Gregory, a pretty black-eyed girl, who was adopted by her father a few months before his death, an heiress, and causes much discontent among the family of Nelson B. Gregory, a surgeon-dentist, who went to France many years ago and stayed there long enough to make a fortune. By this decision the probate of an old will of her father has been set aside, and Miss Gregory may inherit her father's estate, amounting, it is said, to over $100,000. When Nelson B. Gregory returned to this country from France in 1878 he bought a stock farm, on an island at Unadilla, and tried to induce the French mother of his six children, born to him at Paris and in Lyons, to send them over for him to take care of. He succeeded in getting only one of his offspring, the girl in question, who was adopted by the father a few months before he died. This was in 1884.

At Dr. Gregory's death his brother, Miles Gregory, presented a will made in 1889, and, with attorneys selected by him, made up a list of persons to be cited, leaving the adopted daughter entirely unnoticed and unprovided for. Miss Gregory's family at Lyons applied to the American Consul there, who wrote to Emmet R. Olcott, of No. 35 Broadway. Mr. Olcott succeeded in getting a special guardian appointed, and brought proceedings in the Surrogate's Court, of Otsego County, to vacate the probate of the will. A part of the property had already been disposed of when the decision was rendered, and this will have to be restored or restitution made for it by the executors of the 1889 will if Miss Gregory is declared the sole heiress, as Mr. Olcott thinks she will be. A feature of the defence was the claim that the plaintiff was not a legally adopted daughter, because in the adoption papers there was no reference to the young woman being illegitimate, further than was contained in the statement that she was the natural daughter of the man adopting her. In his decision Judge Arnold said that he did not consider this point well taken.

FLOOD IN THE ARKANSAS RIVER.

Little Rock, Ark., July 13.—Heavy rains throughout this neighborhood have caused an unprecedented rise in the Arkansas River. News from Fort Smith is that the water is nearly up to the danger line at that point. An overflow will ruin thousands of acres of fine cotton and corn along its course, and leave hundreds of people homeless. Many farmers have deserted their homes in the bottoms and gone to the hills. The stream is 14 feet 9 inches deep here, and is still rising.

THE ROYAL STRIPED BASS.

HE IS AFFORDING SPORT TO ANGLERS IN NEARBY WATERS.

HIS HAUNTS AND HABITS—ADVICE OF A VETERAN FISHERMAN AS TO TACKLE AND TACTICS.

The striped bass are here again, and this time in full force. Old anglers say this promises to be the best season for years. Several good catches have been reported from the Hudson near Fort Washington and also down on the Staten Island shore. This is one of the earliest salt-water fish, as well as one of the gamest. These June and July bass are called by the veterans "school bass," and are small, seldom weighing over two pounds and generally about one pound. As the term "school bass" implies, they swim in great companies, haunting the mouths of creeks and the swift, rocky channels.

They are quick and strong swimmers, and love to play and feed where the tide whirls most furiously. An eddy is a favorite lair with them, sweeping as it does with its bewildering currents all sorts of feeble fish to their jaws. Every living thing in the salt sea seems to fear the ravenous bass. Eels, conners, tomcods, shiners, skip-jacks, menhaden, shrimps, crabs and fiddlers all dodge into the rock crevices when the striped tyrants sweep in on the rising tide.

Hundreds of fishermen are enjoying the sport now every day along the shores of the North and East rivers and down at Staten Island. The fact that it can be successfully followed close by is one of its greatest advantages. Scores of men who love to fish (and what real man does not?) cannot afford to take long trips after brook trout or black bass or salmon. To them the striped bass appeals as a worthy substitute. Still more men would like to while away a day now and then at this royal fun if they only knew how. The tackle required is not necessarily expensive, and the rudimentary principles of the sport are not hard to learn. Once these are known, patience, perseverance, observation and natural cunning will develop the skilful angler.

THE QUESTION OF RODS.

An old gray-haired enthusiast who was fishing off the point at Spuyten Duyvil last Saturday was between bites instructing an interested loiterer in some of the tricks of the craft. His hints were well worth repetition, and will interest even the old hands. He began by advising as to tackle.

"Don't, in the first place," said he, "feel obliged to empty your purse at the suggestion of a clerk in some tackle-shop. If he sees you are new at the business he will keep showing you gaudy trash and catch-penny patents that 'you positively can't get along without,' until a farm wagon could barely contain your outfit. What you really need are a good rod, reel, line, leaders, hooks, sinkers and a comfortable basket in which to carry your lunch and bait and to bring back your catch. Your first trip will show you that not one fisherman in five you meet really knows his hobby. Some poor chaps lug great, heavy, two-pound—yes, three-pound—rods because they think they need something strong. Wielding such a club all day is exhausting. If you are wise you will buy a light rod, every whit as strong if carefully used and far better for casting. Split bamboo rods are pretty, but a good one costs a lot of money and a poor one is useless. Lancewood is most sensible. Four dollars will buy you a thoroughly well-made two-joint eight-and-a-half-foot rod of this material. Brass is as good as anything else for the metal fittings. The salt water corrodes and rots away either nickel or silver, and if oiled the brass will wear many seasons. Buy a rod with guides fastened on by metal rings and have no silk wrappings to fray and bother.

"For a reel, buy a big, free-running quadruple multiplier, which will haul home your line in a hurry and not leave your inrunning bass with a big loop of slack. A click or drag is not necessary. It adds to the cost, and really with an old leather glove you can thumb your line and tire the fish quite as easily. Two dollars ought to cover this part of your equipment and secure you a substantial brass one carrying not less than 200 yards of line.

"The line should be of hard-laid braided linen, size F. If rinsed out in fresh water after each day's usage and carefully dried it will last two or three seasons. It will cost a trifle more than the twisted line, but will be worth many dollars more in time and temper saved. It does not kink or snarl, runs lightly and is pliable. A reel'ul of this will cost you only a dollar.

"Heavy twisted treble-strand gut leaders are valuable aids in alluring the keen-eyed bass, and these will cost for the three-foot lengths about 15 cents each. They are lost now and then on snags, and one ought to carry at least three. Treble gut is best, too, for the snells of the hooks. The most killing make are the sprout or lake hooks, sizes Nos. 3-0 and 4-0. Some old-timers prefer snells of wire gimp as better resisting sharp rocks and the teeth of the bass.

"A sinker of lead is used and helps not only to keep the bait near the bottom, but to give momentum to the cast. The egg-shaped ones are most popular and are least apt to catch in the weeds or rocks. The proper place to hang the sinkers is at the lower end of the leader, and the hooks are tied on about a foot apart at the upper end of the leader. Thus arranged they drift along just off the bottom and in plain sight.

BAITS TO BE USED.

"Baits are many. Striped bass are fond of lobster, shedder crab, mossbunker, killies and sand worms. These last named are the fetching food for this locality. They are of two sorts, red and white, the white bringing a much higher price. All along the river front they are sold at one cent each for reds and two for whites. In moist sand in a tin box they will live happily for two or three days. They are hardy and tough and live a long time on the hook. Only remember to keep them damp while in the box. The hook in baiting must be well covered, for you are angling for a wary and suspicious fish. One end of the worm is left to dangle alluringly from the hook point.

"Now for when and where and how to fish. Go only on the young flood tide for school bass. After the rising tide is two hours in, the biting will practically stop. Select a spot where the water runs fast and the bottom is rocky. Ten to sixteen feet is about the depth to fish in, and if not fishing from a boat your cast must carry the bait well out from shore. At first you will find it hard to send out fifty feet of line, but a little practice will enable you to cast out a hundred or more feet without trouble.

"One of the greatest troubles is in striking. The bass is a quick, savage biter, and the impulse on the very first nibble is to give a mighty yank. This only tears the hook out of the jaw, or rips loose the bait, leaving the bass with the prize. Let the fish run for a bit and then give a slow, gradual, steady pull. You will feel an answering tug that will tell the story, and then the fight will be on. Keeping the bass away from snags and piers and anchored craft is the great art, and if a steady pressure is kept on the reel he will tire himself out with his mad rushes. In these days at Inwood, at Fort Washington, in the cove at Spuyten Duyvil, and off the old sugarhouse ruins on the West Side, one can nearly always obtain fair fishing. The eddies of Hell Gate, in the East River, and the Astoria shore are good spots, too, but less accessible. Striped bass are admittedly erratic, and when they bite they attack everything ravenously. They are in schools, too, so that when one angler catches bass all his confreres on the same wharf or point catch them.

"Late in August the great big ocean bass will begin to run. Then, in the surf at Barnegat, at Sandy Hook and at Newport and Block Island and a score of other famous haunts the old hands will be kept busy handling the fifty and sixty pounders. They are alone or in pairs then, but landing one is a good day's work. They are seldom caught in quiet bays or rivers and seem to haunt the breakers and the windy shores. Six to eight hours' toil will barely kill one of these monsters if you hook him on a light rod. Our savage striped bass is a king, I tell you, among salt-water game fish."

NICOLAUS-GOULD CASE AGAIN.

JUSTICE LIPPINCOTT, OF JERSEY CITY, SAYS THE PROCEEDINGS WILL BE HELD NEXT TUESDAY IN OPEN COURT.

Justice Lippincott, of the Supreme Court, yesterday announced to the reporters in the Hudson County Court the following in reference to the suit brought by Zella Nicolaus Ruhman against George J. Gould, to recover $40,000:

I perceive that some criticism has been made because the motion in the Ruhman case was made in Chambers, as if there were facts to conceal from the public. The only facts submitted to the Court were the affidavits in the case, which I have ordered placed on the public files in the courtroom. It was an entire matter of indifference to the Court whether the case came up in Chambers or in open court. There were no facts to reveal and none to conceal. There was no consideration to hold the hearing in Court Chambers, and there was no formal argument, but the parties submitted briefs on matters of law. Concerning a public decision, in view of what I have said, the Court on Tuesday morning next, at 9:45, will be in attendance in court to hear any argument of the parties concerning the law involved.

The only new point in the statement made by the Judge is the fact that the hearing will be in open court.

HOP AT A NYACK HOTEL.

A brilliant spring hop was held at the Prospect House, Nyack, last night, the Nyack Rowing Association taking part. The hotel was brightly illuminated, and there was a large display of fireworks. Among the city guests were Mr. and Mrs. John H. Washburn, Mr. and Mrs. George D. Russell, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rees, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Farrell, the Misses Russell, William H. Hume, Miss Hume, Frederick F. Hume and John Walton.

SON OF THE PURSER OF THE ST. LOUIS DEAD.

When the St. Louis reached port yesterday morning Purser Kensey learned of his son's death from typhoid fever. The young man, who was twenty-two years of age, had been in the employ of the Mutual Life Insurance Company, and was ill when the St. Louis left the city on her last trip across the Atlantic. No anxiety, however, was felt at that time regarding the ultimate outcome of the disease, but it developed a fatal turn, and the young man died on Friday.

DEATH IN A CYCLONE'S PATH

Continued from First Page.

an hour. Then it passed away, and the warm sun shone from the clear sky upon the streets covered with white, hard lumps of ice mingled with foliage that had been cut down by their swift fall.

HILLSDALE HOUSES BLOWN DOWN.

In Hillsdale hailstones larger than hen's eggs fell for nearly half an hour, until the ground was nearly completely covered. Fruit trees were stripped of their fruit, and corn and other crops are ruined. The farmers will lose thousands of dollars from the effect of the storm. Window lights were knocked out, buildings were blown down and trees uprooted by the wind. Lightning struck a large maple tree in the yard of C. Y. Wilson, and felled it to the ground as if it had been matchwood. The tree stood in front of an outbuilding in the yard, where Mr. Wilson had taken refuge from the storm, and fell directly in front of the door, making him a prisoner. He was found after the shower by his wife, who was badly frightened, thinking he had been killed by the lightning.

LIGHTNING IN HARLEM.

HEAVY DAMAGE BY HAIL AND RAIN—HOTEL GUESTS SAID TO HAVE BEEN HURT.

The storm clouds darkened the upper part of the city for a quarter of an hour before the rain began to fall, and in what appeared to be a premature twilight big drops of rain began to fall, followed by hail of a surprisingly large size. It was said that on the upper West Side and on Washington Heights the hailstones were as large as hickory nuts.

The wind blew a pane from a large window at St. Luke's Hospital, on Morningside Heights. A piece of the glass struck David Blake, of No. 244 East Seventy-first-st., a carpenter, at work on the building. He was taken to Manhattan Hospital in an ambulance, suffering from a severe scalp wound.

A number of the windows on the south side of Jordan L. Mott's house, at Fifth-ave. and One-hundred-and-thirtieth-st., were broken by the hail, and the rain swept through, soaking the heavy carpets inside.

Conrad's big hothouse in Fordham suffered from the hail. Glass and flowers to the extent of $2,000 were ruined.

Louis Pinkel's greenhouse, at One-hundred-and-twenty-ninth-st. and Lenox-ave., suffered more than $1,000 damage to glass and plants.

Charles Ammermann's conservatory, in St. Nicholas-ave., near One-hundred-and-nineteenth-st., was damaged to the extent of $3,000.

The large plate-glass window in Millington's furnishing goods store, at No. 108 West One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., was wrecked by the hail.

The Hotel Winthrop dining-room, at Seventh-ave. and One-hundred-and-twenty-fifth-st., was drenched with rain on account of the breaking of the immense skylights above it. Several guests are said to have been struck with falling glass, but this was denied at the office.

Along Lenox and Seventh aves. the driveways were strewn with leaves, twigs and small branches of trees, seemingly cut off as clean as could have been possible by the use of a knife. The Harlem River was lashed into foam. The full force of the wind seemed to strike the surface of the water, and people who, either from business or pleasure, were rowing on the stream hastened to get under cover. It was reported that two rowboats were capsized in the Upper Harlem, and that the occupants safely reached the shore. No names could be learned.

There was a fast and furious fall of rain for a short time, but the fall, as a whole, was not heavy. There were one or two sharp flashes of lightning. One of these struck the flagpole of the machine-shop in the yards of the Manhattan Elevated road, at One-hundred-and-forty-fifth-st. and Seventh-ave., and split it from top to bottom.

During the storm a team of horses attached to a bottler's wagon, ran away at Seventh-ave. and One-hundred-and-thirty-second-st. They set a fast pace down the avenue, but Policeman Harrold, of the Kingsbridge station, on a horse made almost unmanageable by the stinging blows of hailstones, managed to stop the team.

A large beech tree at One-hundred-and-twenty-sixth-st. and Lenox-ave. was stripped of its most imposing branch, and almost denuded of leaves. In that neighborhood there were hundreds of dead sparrows lying on the sidewalk and roadway after the violence of the storm had subsided.

DEATH AND DAMAGE IN UNION COURSE.

A WOMAN KILLED—A BOY FATALLY INJURED—FIRE FOLLOWED THE STORM.

One woman was killed, about twenty more or less injured, one of them dying, and about $100,000 damage to property is the sum total of the damage by the cyclone in Union Course and Woodhaven, Long Island. According to those who witnessed its approach there were two storms, one approaching from the southeast and the other from the northwest. They seemed to meet at Cypress Hills, and as the storm coming from the north seemed to possess the greater force, the path of destruction was in the direction of the southwest.

Its force was simply terrific. Houses were unroofed as though they were made of paper. Trees were torn up by their roots, timbers were carried away by the wind and both villages were in ruins when the cyclone had finished its brief but terrible work.

The dead woman is Mrs. Jennie Patriquan, sixteen years old. She lived in Union Course with her husband and mother, and had been married only six months. She would have become a mother in a short time. As the storm approached she went out in the front yard to call her mother, who was talking to a neighbor on the other side of the road. The cyclone had begun its work, and great masses of timber and trees were flying through the air as she turned to re-enter the house. Just as she reached the front porch a rafter, which had been torn from the roof of the schoolhouse, struck her in the back of the head, breaking her neck and tearing away a portion of her jaw. She was carried into the house and died in a few moments.

The boy, who, at a late hour last night was reported dying, is Tony Kolb, eleven years old. He was running from the home of his parents when the storm approached. Flying debris struck him, knocking him down in the road. When picked up it was found that his right arm and his left leg were broken, and that he had received severe internal injuries.

The dwellings of Henry Wells and William Smith, on Shaw-ave., Union Course, were lifted from their foundations, turned completely around and dropped wrecks.

The hotel of Henry Smith, at Union Course Station, was badly wrecked. The windows were blown out and the roof carried away. The big horsesheds were demolished.

Union Course Schoolhouse, a brick building, was blown down. The wagon and blacksmith shop of Fritz Schifar, on the Rockaway road, was completely demolished and twenty wagons in the shop were ruined.

Two three-story frame dwellings owned by John Schiffler, and a two-story house and store combined, owned by John Simonson, on the Rockaway road were levelled.

POOR PEOPLE MADE HOMELESS.

Twenty-six dwelling-houses were completely wrecked. They were mostly occupied by poor people.

The house of William Hine was damaged and a stove was upset. The house caught fire from the stove and burned down. The loss on furniture and building is complete.

The roof was torn from the Catholic school in Third-st., Woodhaven. The roof of Smith's Hotel was found a mile from the site of the hotel. The real estate office of Henry Bennett, at Union Course, was wrecked, and the Woodhaven fire department set to work as soon as the storm had ceased to tear down some of the buildings which are in a dangerous condition.

The 1,500 employes in the agateware factory of Lalance & Grosjean, in Woodhaven, supposed that the roaring noise which accompanied the storm had been caused by the explosion of the oil tank alongside the factory, and hurried out of the building.

As a rule, all the people in Union Course and Woodhaven own the houses in which they live, and they hastened to learn the extent of the damage to their properties. In almost every case it was found that the houses had been unroofed. Some of the roofs had been carried thousands of feet away, and sheets of tin were wrapped around trees so tightly that they had to be cut off with axes to save any portion of them.

The principal loser by the storm at Union Course is Jacob Schauefele. Three houses owned by him were destroyed, and his blacksmith shop, which contained about twenty wagons awaiting repairs, was totally wrecked.

Serious damage was caused in the Jewish cemetery at South Woodhaven. The roof of a house in the Rockaway road was lifted from the house, carried a mile through the air, and hurled down in the cemetery. A number of tombstones and monuments were wrecked by it.

The Jamaica road from Cypress Hills and Union Course was blocked for several hours by fallen trees, which were uprooted. Many barns were unroofed. Just before the cyclone struck hailstones as large as hickory nuts fell. There was no rain.

In all there were six houses, averaging in value about three thousand dollars each, totally destroyed, and twenty others were damaged to the extent of $1,500 each. The schoolhouse, which had been erected but a short time before at a cost of $20,000, is so badly damaged that it will have to be rebuilt.

A few moments after the storm had passed out to sea those of the injured victims who were able to do so ran to the drugstore kept by Dr. McFarlane, in Woodhaven. The drugstore was turned into a hospital and other physicians were sent for. Dr. McCullough came from Ozone Park, Dr. Burroughs from East New-York, and doctors arrived later in the evening from other places.

After leaving Woodhaven and Union Course the storm crossed Jamaica Bay and could be seen going to sea. At Hammell's Station a house was struck by lightning and the chimney torn off. The electric disturbance was great, and about the telephones and telegraph instruments sparks flew for some minutes.

WIND AND HAIL IN NEW-ENGLAND.

Worcester, Mass., July 13.—The sky became very black at 2:30 p. m. to-day, and it was so dark lights were needed in stores and offices. A few minutes afterward a storm of wind, rain and hail broke over the city. The hailstones were about the size of peas, and fell in great abundance for five minutes. The storm was accompanied by thunder and lightning, but no damage has been reported.

Hartford, Conn., July 13.—At 3:10 o'clock this afternoon a violent rainstorm with hail burst over this city. Quantities of hail fell, the stones being from one quarter to half an inch in diameter. The storm only lasted ten minutes, but wrought great destruction.

Hartford, July 13.—A destructive hailstorm, accompanied by wind, swept through the tobacco sections here this afternoon, between 3 and 4 o'clock, extending over a tract about twelve miles wide. Windsor Locks, Suffield, East Hartford, Glastonbury, Manchester and Wethersfield were the towns that suffered worst. In Suffield the tobacco crop is riddled and practically ruined. At Woods Station, just north of Windsor Locks Harvey Fuller, who had sought refuge in a shed, was struck by lightning and severely injured. In Glastonbury the hail fell two inches deep on the fields, and where it fell from the roofs of barns and houses it was eighteen inches deep. The tobacco crop in that town and in the south part of East Hartford is totally ruined. Leaves are stripped from the trees and the whole section is devastated. In this city the hail was heavy and in the southwestern section garden crops were destroyed. The loss cannot be estimated, as the wires are down in many places and telephoning is impossible. It will certainly reach over $200,000.

SEVERE HAILSTORM AT ASBURY PARK.

Asbury Park, N. J., July 13 (Special).—The oldest inhabitants do not remember such a phenomenon as was seen here this afternoon. Hailstones fell for forty-five minutes as large as walnuts. Windows were broken by the score. Birds in great numbers lie about dead, knocked from the trees in which they sought shelter. In Ocean Grove the water poured through the streets, deluging lawns and gullying the thoroughfares. So great was the downpour that Wesley Lake overflowed its banks.

PROSPECTS OF A TAILORS' STRIKE.

Herman Robinson, secretary of the United Brotherhood of Tailors, said yesterday that the reports of a probable strike of 8,000 tailors and garment workers in September were true. A determined effort will be made by the Brotherhood to break up the sweatshops. There are 100 of these shops in the city, and the Brotherhood is getting the half-starved operatives to join its ranks. No member of the