FISHING AT PRINCE'S BAY.

THE HAPS AND MISHAPS OF MR. TIMOTHY FLYNN'S FISHING PARTY.

Old Bill Sandbags at Home—Judge Morgan and Judge Clancy as Fishermen—Catching a Fourth Ward Politician—The Blue-Bottle Fly—A Jew Discovered—Flynn's Last Cast.

Old Bill Sandbags sat in his armchair on Tuesday morning, gazing over the ruffled waters of Prince's Bay. Mr. Sandbags keeps a house for fishermen near the Quarantine graveyard. He heard the sound of wheels, the flash of a large diamond announced the arrival of Mr. Timothy Flynn, the noted New York bass and eel expert. Mr. Flynn was out for a day's fishing. He carried a basket freighted with bait. The bait was shedder crabs at $1.50 per dozen, a small bottle of lemon juice, and a large flask of Bumgardner. Mr. Flynn descended from the wagon, and jointed a fishing rod a little longer than a billiard cue. He was attired altogether like a true amateur fisherman. He wore a sparkling solitaire, a snowy neckties, a jaunty straw hat with a broad black ribbon, Oxford ties made of French kid, and tanned overalls. After eating an egg and sipping a cup of Mr. Sandbag's best Mocha, Mr. Flynn called for a boat, and got ready for business. He was accompanied by Mr. Albert E. Cochran of the Excelsior Fishing Club, and an envoy extraordinary from THE SUN. The expert wanted to chum for bluefish. Successful chumming, however, required a barrel of mossbunkers, and the "baunkers," as Sandbags calls them, were not to be had. Mr. Flynn then fell back upon straight rod-and-reel fishing for weakfish.

The boat was shoved from the beach into the hazy atmosphere of the bay. Mr. Sandbags placed her under command of a Staten Island skipper. He proved himself a skilful skipper, for he took advantage of a lively white-ash breeze, and anchored the boat on the edge of the deep hole beneath the red bluff, near Prince's Bay light. It lacked two hours of high water. The skipper predicted good sport. Mr. Flynn peeled a shedder, cut it in pieces, baited his hook, and dropped it overboard. There was a fair tide. Eighty feet of line ran from his reel, and the bait struck bottom at an angle of about forty-five degrees. Mr. Cochran and the envoy extraordinary followed suit. The skipper slapped a huge bait on a hand-line, and heaved it at an oyster stake as though the bait was a brickbat. He then squatted on the gunwale of the boat, and opened his repertoire.

JUDGE MORGAN AS A FISHERMAN.

"The bluefish are in the bay, gentlemen," said he. "If we only had the baunkers. There's a baunker-boat now, tacking toward the Jersey shore, but she looks light. We can't catch her anyhow. I've got to get baunkers to-night if I have to pull over to Sandy Hook after them. John Blakely and Judge Morgan are coming down in the morning, and the Judge will give me six months sure if I don't have the baunkers."

"What kind of a fisherman is the Judge?" asked the envoy.

"Top of the heap," said the skipper. "He can make the finest cast of any man that ever came to Prince's Bay, but he's a monstrous unlucky fisherman. I've seen him stand in a boat on the flats yonder, throw clean over the lighthouse, and yank in a blowfish from opposite Amboy."

"Oh, he isn't a marker to Mike Geary," said Mr. Flynn. "I've seen Mike throw over the same lighthouse and yank a bottle of whiskey out of Billy Conner's old Manahatta Club House in Tottenville. Mike's a great thrower. I saw him win a gold watch at a raffle one night on two sixes and a seven."

The skipper looked hard at Timothy and rubbed his chin. Suddenly the bait struck and nearly fell overboard. He began to work his arms like the driving-bars of a locomotive. A big weakfish broke water, sent a shower of salt spray over Mr. Flynn's snowy shirt front, and was landed in the boat. The skipper tossed the fish into Timothy's basket, baited his hook, and heaved another brickbat at the oyster stake. Again he crouched upon the gunwale.

"This is the tide for 'em, gentlemen," said he. "They're here. Bill Sandbags took forty-seven at this same spot on the same tide night before last."

A FOURTH WARD POLITICIAN.

Here Mr. Flynn threw up his rod like a well sweep. "He's there," shouted the skipper. "It's a big weaker." Flynn manned his reel, and the struggle began. The fish was unwilling to come, and Timothy's tendons became taut. Streams of perspiration poured over his white necktie, and there was an ominous flash from his solitaire. The fish made strong play, but was finally dragged into the boat. Mr. Flynn was not pleased. He looked at the prize like a Corkonian at a Fair Down. It was a fish resembling a Fourth Ward politician—all mouth and no brains. "Some call 'em toad fish, and some call 'em Methodist preachers," the skipper remarked, "but I call 'em nuisances."

Flynn looked into the monster's mouth. It was shaped like the entrance to the Hoosac tunnel. "He's swallowed the hook clean out of sight," he said. "How shall I get it out?"

The skipper provided a knife, and began carving like a Bellevue medical student at a post mortem. He found the hook and returned it. After clubbing the fish with an energy that vividly reminded the party of Police Captain Williams, he threw it overboard.

The envoy then struck a sand porgie, alias scup, alias sailor's choice, alias salt water sunfish, and broke the tip of a single-jointed bamboo rod. It belonged to Mr. Gaffney of the Excelsior Fishing Club. It had been put together five years ago, and had never been unjointed. Flynn watched the envoy's trouble with evident interest. "If Gaffney sticks to business like the joints of his rod," said he, "he ought to get rich."

"That's so," responded the skipper, "but if he's got as weak a spot as his rod, he'll go broke some day."

The envoy then used a drop line, and took in a fine weak fish. A minute afterward Flynn struck a second strong-putter. It ran around the boat like an Irishman at a country fair. Timothy bent his legs and played the fish with the utmost care. Fully two minutes elapsed before it dropped into the boat. Mr. Flynn was again disgusted. The prize was a dog fish, with a snout like a Congo negro and a hide like sandpaper. Mr. Flynn was still more disgusted a second or two afterward. He broke his rod at the second joint while playing a ruthless toad fish. With charming courtesy the envoy offered him Gaffney's rod. The offer was curtly declined.

A STRANGE COINCIDENCE.

Meantime the hazy atmosphere had disappeared. There sat the skipper, not three bottle fly was sunstruck. Warned by the fate of the fly, Cochran planted a wet handkerchief in his hat, and Flynn wet his stomach with whiskey and lemon juice. A strange coincidence happened. Each man had a tremendous bite. The lines ran out of the boat six feet. The four fishermen struck vigorously, but failed to hook a fish. A second time this occurred. Flynn looked at the shore, and observed a singular phenomenon. Prince's Bay lighthouse was moving. He called the skipper's attention to "the alarming fact. "The boat's drifting," said the bluff old tar, "and that accounts for the big bites." It was true. Each time the boat arose on a swell the lines ran out, and the fishermen thrilled with joy as they felt the false bites. The skipper surveyed his line, and quickly found safety in the shore. Mr. Flynn then threw out the drift line, and hooked a whiper. He made a desperate effort to pull it in, but was disconcerted by the skipper, who yelled "Avast there, my hearties! We're foul of the anchor rope." After Flynn had down. He seemed to lose all interest in fishing. A moment afterward he jumped to his feet, and cried in tones of horror. "My heavens! There he is!" he said, pointing to the occupants of a boat moored to an oyster stake.

"Who?" asked the skipper. "I don't see anybody but a fellow at the boat."

"Why, man," shouted Tim, "have you been asleep? Don't you see that fellow at the boat?"

The skipper began to grow pale. "What is it, Mr. Flynn?" he groaned.

"Don't your blood boil at the sight?" Timothy continued. "How can you sit still? Don't you see he's a low fishing on our ground?"

The skipper began to shake like a man with a chill. "Is it a Tammany sachem, or a respectable Hebrew, or a member of the Gem in Houston street, or a boat behaving himself like a gentleman, feeding shoulder strikes at $2 a dozen and dog fish? They always behave themselves, the Tammany sachems, or the Hebrews. They are allowed to fish in Prince's Bay. They are respectable people, and they'll spoil the fishing if you let them. Let them out one white-law and that was Jehoshaphat by their patriarchs."

A SUMMARY MARTIAL LAW.

At this point the skipper weighed anchor, and in a few minutes he had been a Jew fisherman pulling a boat full of Christians down by one La Forge, and was worth a cool $100,000. La Forge was one of the fishermen and he was a Christian.

"I demand satisfaction for the damage," the skipper said. "Why do you come to me?" Flynn asked somewhat sarcastically, "haven't I?" La Forge said in a low tone. Supposing I should tell the men in the boat. Most of them are Christians, a whole dozen together, and I'm a Jew. Gentlemen, do you've broken my skipper's heart. Do you want pay for it?"

"Why, no," said the fisherman said. "We don't expect me to be responsible for an accident, do you? If an Albany steamboat ran down one of your rowboats, would you wait until you caught one of the passengers ashore, and then sue him for damages?"

"I don't make the comparison, did I?" yelled La Forge. "All I want is what is square between man and man."

"Well, what was your car doing in the water anyway," said the fisherman. "Don't you know the water is the same as a public highway? I hope I may be shot if I don't believe you could be held for damages to the bow of the boat."

"The oar was a bran new one, and I'm going to be paid for it," La Forge rejoined. "It was worth seventy-five cents."

"Well, you're a cursed fool," replied the fisherman. "Why don't you talk in a soothing manner if you want pay for the oar? I could buy a wagon load of such oars for twenty-five cents a pair."

The dispute became warlike. The fisherman called the man of wealth a chuckle-headed Zulu, and the man of wealth threatened an appeal to the Staten Island magistrate. At last two arbitrators were chosen. One thought the fisherman ought to pay the man of wealth ten cents damages, and the other thought the man of wealth ought to pay that sum to the fisherman. They failed to agree, and the case will go to the Marine Court of Staten Island for adjudication. La Forge says he will carry it up to the United States Supreme Court unless he receives satisfaction. It it goes that far, he will probably get satisfaction, for he is said to be a relative of Justice Joseph Bradley.

JUDGE CLANCY AS A FISHERMAN.

After dinner Bill Sandbags awoke the skipper, who rowed Mr. Flynn's party out to the flats. "Put on light sinkers, gentlemen," he advised, "and cast out right along the edge of the eel grass. You'll catch some big weak fish. This is Judge Clancy's great fishing spot."

"What kind of a fisherman is Judge Clancy?" the envoy inquired.

"Well, he's one of your New York city fishermen," he responded. "He can catch less fish and take more home than any man I ever saw."

Flynn and Cochran had thrown out along the edge of the eelgrass. They quickly hooked two fish. One was a striped bass, and the other an eel. The bass came in all right. The eel, however, resembled an animated gas pipe. He made a furious fight. Cochran got him in the boat, but it was not so easy to get him into the basket. The man might as well have tried to pick up a lump of quicksilver. He chased the eel from the bow to the stern, and was covered with slime from head to foot. He tried to rope him with a towel, planted his feet upon him, and frantically clutched him with both hands, but in vain. When he had him he didn't have him. On the verge of apoplexy, Cochran gave up the job. The eel lay at his feet with a sinister smile over an hour. Finding that Cochran did not renew his efforts, it finally crept into the basket of its own accord, and wound itself up in a new fish line. The line was valued at $2.50 before the eel got into the basket. It quickly lost its value afterward. Cochran tried to give it away, but could find no takers. Even the skipper refused it.

A BAVARIAN'S LUCK.

Other boats anchored near us, and skirmished along the eelgrass. The envoy was much amused at one Bryan McSwyny, a Bavarian shoemaker. It was the first time the Bavarian had ever wet a line. He stood up, and cast out a drop line. The wind had freshened, and there was a rolling sea. McSwyny remained standing a moment, and evidently saw something in the boat that he particularly desired. He went for it head first, and had hardly got to his feet before he began to look for it with the back of his head. He again regained his feet, but suddenly sat down upon a pile of shedder bait as though he had been struck by a sand club. He reappeared with the Austrian colors in his rear, and grasped the gunwale to save himself from going overboard. Ten seconds afterward he got a bite. A wild hurrah was followed by the most extraordinary gyrations. The Bavarian drew in an oyster with the most consummate skill. His hook had caught in the shell, and as the oyster was loaded with seaweed, it gave him very fair play.

Mr. Flynn and his party were enjoying a fair run of luck. They had taken in several fine weakfish. There was a lull. The skipper offered to bet Mr. Flynn a half dollar that he could name the man that would catch the next fish. The bet was taken, with a proviso. "Eels, toadfish, and porgies are not to count," said Timothy. "It must be a weakfish, a bass, a bluefish, or some good eating fish."

TIM FLYNN'S LAST CAST.

"All right," said the skipper. He named Cochran, baited his hook, and made a long cast. Flynn and the envoy were fishing like men. Five minutes passed. Cochran got a bite, and drew in a blackfish alias tautog, about six inches long. There was a general laugh. It was a fish that had not been ruled out. The billiard expert had lost. He made a second bet, expressly ruling out blackfish. The party fished in silence ten minutes. Then the envoy caught a two-pound blackfish, and there was another laugh. Flynn's own ruling had turned up against him. Cochran caught a small flounder, and the expert was again a loser. A third bet was taken, despite the protest of the envoy, who said he wanted a fair show. Cochran then caught a real weakfish, and Flynn was out a dollar and a half. He made a fourth bet. Determined to get square he made a tremendous cast, and caught the largest fish that had been taken. The following diagram may serve as an explanation:

The party returned to the city by the 7 o'clock train with baskets well filled. No one was more pleased than the Bavarian shoemaker. He lugged twenty-two toadfish home under the impression that they were kingfish. Mr. Flynn had told him so, and as he came from Kerry the innocent shoemaker believed him.

AN OVER ZEALOUS SUITOR.

Sent to Blackwell's Island for Six Months on Account of his Ardor.

Walli Free, a German widow, and Joseph Greenwarz worked together in a silk trimming factory, at the corner of Broadway and Houston street. She is a comely young woman, and Greenwarz determined to make her his wife. He asked her to marry him, and she refused. He proposed again and again, and was always rejected. Then he became desperate and showed her a pistol, and threatened to shoot her.

On July 4 he came to her rooms at 417 West Thirty-sixth street, and tried to break in the door, saying he would kill her. On various occasions since that time he has followed her about, until she was afraid to go to her work. At last she swore out a warrant, and Policeman Murray brought Greenwarz to the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday. He is singular looking. His head is very large at the top, and tapers down to a point at the chin. His hair is cropped close, and his general appearance is wild.

Mrs. Free told Justice Murray of Greenwarz's prosecutions, and her sister corroborated her story. Greenwarz said: "My boss told me that Walli was a good housekeeper, and that I couldn't do better than marry her. I thought so myself. I called on her at her house, bought her little presents, and took her out for walks. When I left her in the hallway she put her arms about my neck and kissed me."

While Greenwarz was speaking Mrs. Free fidgeted about uneasily on the stand and made frequent emphatic denials of his story. At the point about kissing she blushed indignantly and burst into tears.

Greenwarz continued: "I asked her to marry me, and she agreed. I hired a room and bought the furniture. I got out a marriage license, bought a ring, and the marriage was fixed for Aug. 20. Now she wont do it. I think she likes a married man better than she does me. I didn't know she was a widow. I thought she was a girl."

"Well, supposing she don't want to marry you now—what will you do?" inquired the Justice.

"I suppose I will have to get another girl."

Mrs. Free denied Greenwarz's statements emphatically, and said he must be insane. She had never accompanied him anywhere, and had never promised to marry him. She was afraid of her life if he was allowed to go free.

Greenwarz's manner convinced Justice Murray that his brain was not quite sound, and that in an insane freak he might do the woman harm. He was sent to Blackwell's Island for six months.

Customs Officers Alert.

An accordeon which a sailor was playing before a party of his companions on Pier 44, East River, an umbrella and six bottles of gin found in the steamer Main, two kegs of gin of nine gallons each when the officers of the bark Columbus desired to sell, and a cask of lard from the schooner A. Bowlby are among the custom House seizures of the past few days. Yesterday Officer Vanderbilt, of the Seventh precinct, seized a silver watch sent in an Europe through the Post office to Mrs. Elliot F. Sheppard, a daughter of the late Commodore Vanderbilt. Henry Seely, a velvet importer, appeared before the collector to claim a trunk containing $1,000 worth of goods that had been seized from him in the steamer Baltic. After hearing the officers' story, it was decided to refer the case to court.

Is Dr. Bellows Eligible?

BOSTON, July 23.—It is reported that the Committee on Elections, to whom was referred the election of the Rev. Dr. Henry W. Bellows of New York as one of the Board of Overseers of Harvard College, will unanimously report that Dr. Bellows is ineligible. The matter will then be submitted to the full bench of the Supreme Court in an agreed statement of facts.

Every Man His Own Fire Company.

LONDON, July 23.—A St. Petersburg despatch says that in consequence of the prevalence of incendiarism the authorities of Kharkoff have divided the town into 324 fire districts. Every householder is bound to keep a special night watchman and to have thirty buckets of water always ready.

TOM BUFORD CONVICTED.

SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT FOR KILLING JUDGE ELLIOTT.

A Member of a Famous Family Found Guilty of Murder—The Eloquent Speeches of Two Generals, Five Colonels, and One ex-Judge.

OWENTON, Ky., July 23.—The jury in the case of Col. Tom Buford, on trial for the murder of Judge Elliott, after being out eighteen hours, brought in a verdict of guilty of murder in the first degree. Kentucky law permits the jury to decide whether a convicted murderer shall go to the gallows or to prison, and in this case punishment was fixed at imprisonment in a penitentiary for life.

LOUISVILLE, July 22.—The speeches in the trial of Col. Tom Buford, at Owenton, were as remarkable as any of the previous proceedings. There were eight of them, not counting the openings on both sides, and all except one were by Kentucky lawyers. Two speakers were Generals, and all the rest were Colonels, except one, who was an ex-Judge. The speaking occupied four days, from early in the morning until late at night; but oratory still has charms in Kentucky, and the jurors did not show that they got wearied, while the court room was constantly crowded with eager listeners. The point at issue was whether Buford was sane when, in a street of Frankfort, he deliberately killed Judge Elliott with a shotgun. There was no dispute as to Buford's intention. Elliott rendered a decision against him in an important lawsuit, and he spoke to several persons of his revengeful purpose. After thirty-seven witnesses had sworn that the prisoner was insane on the subject of the lawsuit, and twenty-eight had sworn that he was not, the lawyers got to work with the arguments.

Gen. W. C. P. Breckinridge of Lexington is the most admired public speaker in the State. He was employed for the prosecution, and to his address to the jury much interest and consequence were attached. He has gray hairs and a very impressive dignity, and his utterances were forced by their manner, as well as matter, into the minds of his auditors; but he was facetious at times, as when he said of Col. Settle, who had made a whole-day speech for the prisoner: "My young brother speaks of himself as the twilight, of Col. Prall probably as the starlight, of Col. Thompson as the moon, and of the distinguished gentleman from New York (ex-Judge Curtis) as the broad day. It we are to judge from the length of the twilight he is the forerunner that the night and following day will be such that you gentlemen will reach home to be only in time to cut your tobacco. Then, too, the usual course of nature is that the things visible at the beginning of twilight are totally invisible when it has concluded." Col. Settle had boldly put forward Col. Buford's standing as to family for the favorable consideration of the jury, picturing him as the best possible personification of a Kentucky gentleman; and ex-Judge Curtis had, in opening for the defence, spoken of him as "no common criminal," but a man who had brought his good blood back to nobility in Scotland. Col. Breckinridge did not hesitate to ridicule such pretensions. His main effort, however, was to tear to pieces the plea of insanity.

"Many things that are taken for insanity," he said, "are merely the exaggerations of the spirit of the time. Duellists there were, but they were only such until the law throttled the custom. In the years that are past, with money plentiful in our State, and the scions of noble families unrestrained, crime became frequent, and there never had insanity became so common a cause for all trivial crimes. I look to you to make the day on which you give your verdict a day which shall end this custom as a custom."

Col. Prall's speech for Buford was a highly impassioned presentation of the prisoner as the lunatic victim of his birth, and driven into active insanity by what he deemed the unjust reverses of a lawsuit.

"Before God and my country," he said, in conclusion, "I declare to you that the execution of such a man under your verdict is little would be a judicial murder, no less horrible, and atrocious than would have been the murder of Judge Elliott if committed by a sane man. And his commitment to that den of iniquity, that earthly pandemonium, the Kentucky penitentiary, would be murder only a little slower, but no less atrocious."

Col. Thompson and ex-Judge Curtis of New York were the other orators for the prisoner. The latter, being from outside Kentucky, was critically regarded by the audience; but his style of flowery rhetoric was to answer the requirements. One of his arguments was that Christ did not hang the man who was possessed of the devil of insanity, but freed him of his malady. Gen. Rodman and Col. Munfort spoke for the prosecution.

"Gentlemen of the jury, I am no paid advocate," was one of Gen. Rodman's effective points. "I am speaking here for the dead friend of my youth, and if he be conscious of what I now do, it is a consolation to me in my labors to know that he recognizes and blesses the work."

Twelve years ago the Buford boys were not only one of the most conspicuous families in Kentucky socially, but one of the wealthiest; now they are understood to be bankrupt. Bosque Bonita, the famous stock farm of Gen. Abe Buford, was recently sold under the foreclosure of a mortgage, and little property is left to any of the name. They have held their own in other respects, however, and it would be something strange for one of them to mount a scaffold or occupy a cell in a penitentiary. Murders by this family have been so common and rarely followed by punishment, and Tom Buford's case is regarded by some people as a test whether there shall be a change in that respect. That is why hardly a case since that of Beauchamp, in 1821, has excited equal interest.

The Beauchamp case, however, had the element of romance. J. O. Beauchamp, a young lawyer, fell in love with Miss Ann Cooke, the beautiful daughter of a neighbor; but, try as he could, he for a long time did not succeed in getting her to seriously consider his suit. She had strongly set her face against, from society, and it was with difficulty that he could get a word into her presence. At length she told him that Col. Sharpe, formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Kentucky, had ruined her, which was the reason why she could not receive a new lover; but she said she would marry him if he would swear to kill Sharpe. Beauchamp sought out Col. Sharpe, and challenged him to fight with knives, but Sharpe fled, and Miss Cooke married Beauchamp. Subsequently, when Sharpe was a candidate for the Legislature, his conduct toward Miss Cooke was used against him in the canvass, and he retorted that not he, but a negro, was the father of her child. When Beauchamp heard of this he rode all the way to Frankfort, one hundred miles away, went to Sharpe's house in the night, with his face hidden by a mask, called him out, and stabbed him to death. In the struggle, Beauchamp's mask was torn off, and his face was seen by Mrs. Sharpe. Trial and conviction followed. Mrs. Beauchamp clung closely to her husband. They resolved upon suicide, and took laudanum, that they had managed to conceal, but the poison did not kill. Their next attempt was with a knife. Beauchamp stabbed his wife to the heart in his cell, saying he had inspired him to do so; but his own wound was not immediately fatal, and he was carried dying to the gallows. As all the parties to this tragedy were rich and influential, it has been kept in the minds of Kentuckians.

A parallel to Beauchamp's place in Kentucky's social history is that which tells of a young New Orleans man who came to Louisville about 1835 to marry a noted belle. He disputed with his tailor in the Galt House about a bill, and killed him with a dirk knife. His trial was a great event, and it resulted in his acquittal, but only after weeks of hard work by eminent lawyers. Sergeant S. Prentiss and Ben Hardin were among the great lawyers engaged. The case of Matt Ward is still more celebrated. He was a brother of Miss Sallie Ward, the famous beauty; and his family was more prominent, socially, in Kentucky. Although exceptionally quiet in temper for a Ward, Matt armed himself with a revolver when he was told that a schoolmaster had whipped his brother, went to the schoolhouse, got into an altercation, and shot the master dead. He then fled to his father's house, and Matt escaped by a back way; but when he was brought to trial a verdict of acquittal was secured for him on the ground of self-defence. Afterward he married a daughter of Capt. Kev, whose sister was Mrs. Howell, the second wife of Count Pierre Zierowski, and went to live on an Arkansas plantation. During the war a party of Confederates saw him climbing over a fence, and as he wore a blue blouse, mistook him for a Union soldier. The error was fatally, for full a dozen bullets were shot through his body.

Last year Capt. Dent Whips, one of the most popular men in this city, shot his unarmed partner, whose wife and child were witnesses of the deed. A defence was made on the ground of self-defence, and acquittal followed. Whips, unlike that his partner, during the quarrel, put his hand back near a hip pocket. That there was no pistol in that pocket did not prevent the jury from rendering a verdict of acquittal. Probably they would have cleared the six men who, in an Arkansas barroom, seeing a Northern man put his hand into his pistol pocket, so the story goes, instantly fired six balls into his body; yet he had only reached for tobacco.

Chloroformed and Robbed in the Street.

As William Schmidt of West New York was returning to his home early yesterday morning, near the Grove Church Cemetery, on the Bergenwood road, some men strang upon him from the side of the road and dealt him a blow on the head that felled him to the ground. Another of the men pressed a handkerchief saturated with chloroform on Schmidt's nose and mouth until he became insensible. They then rifled the prostrate man's pockets, finding only a few dollars and his watch. They stripped him of his coat and vest and ran away. Mr. Schmidt was found lying on the ground, and was taken to his home. At noon yesterday he was in a serious condition.

SARATOGA'S SUMMER RACES.

A Victory for Contessa, the English three-year-old—Zoo Zoo Wins the One-Mile.

SARATOGA, July 23.—The first extra day's races were run over a course covered with slush and mud. A heavy rain had fallen all night, and a drizzling mist blew through the grand stand, which was only partially filled at midday. The bright faces of little groups of ladies were the only enlivening points of the scene at the time announced for beginning the races. The boys from New York gathered under the tent at the pool stand, bidding with dismal voices, while the races went on swimmingly. Excellent time was made in the races, all the horses running gamely through the batter.

The extra programme began with a run of one mile for a purse of $300, with the usual allowances of weight for maidens and non-winners. The bell called E. J. Baldwin's (California) ch. f. Jennie B., J. W. Bell's ch. g. Franklin, Puryear & Co.'s ch. h. Clifton, P. Lorillard's b. m. Zoo Zoo, Nelson & Co.'s Lancewood, and C. Reed's b. m. Bonnie Wood to the post. Betting—Zoo Zoo, $150; Bonnie Wood, $80; Jennie B., Franklin, and Lancewood, $60 each; and Clifton, $25.

Jennie B. started off in the lead, keeping it to near the quarter pole, when Bonnie Wood, who had run second, took first place. Zoo Zoo next passed Clifton and lapped Bonnie Wood, when a beautiful neck and neck race between these two game racers lasted to near the post. Coming up the stretch at the finish Franklin, who with Jennie B. ran well up with the leaders, passed Bonnie Wood and ranged in line with Zoo Zoo. As they dashed past the judges' stand Zoo Zoo's nose was all that appeared in front of Franklin. Bonnie Wood came third, Jennie B. fourth, Lancewood fifth, and Clifton last. Time, 1:48.

French tickets on Zoo Zoo paid $15.60.

Then came a sweepstakes, for all ages, of $20 each, with $500 added; $100 to second horse; one mile and five furlongs. The entries for this struggle were L. Hart's b. f. Bonnie Carrie, G. L. Lorillard's ch. f. Una, J. T. Williams's br. g. Checkmate, and G. B. Morris's b. h. Mintzer.

Checkmate was a strong favorite in the betting, selling at $300; Una, $150; Mintzer, $65; and Bonnie Carrie, $35.

At the dropping of the flag the four were splashing away on nearly even terms, Una leading the group in a few strides, lapped by Bonnie Carrie, Mintzer third, and Checkmate last. Una and Bonnie Carrie ran lapped into and up the stretch the first time around, with Checkmate and Mintzer trying conclusions neck and neck, six lengths behind the leaders. At the stand Una was only a neck in front of Bonnie Carrie, while Checkmate came third, ten lengths from Bonnie Carrie, and one in front of Mintzer. At the next half Una and Bonnie Carrie were neck and neck, with Una's shoulders clear. Checkmate had worked up to within a length of Bonnie Carrie, while Mintzer was plashing through only a length in the rear. The two leaders were tiring, the pace through the mud being too much for the fillies. Around the lower turn and into the home-stretch the gelding and horse began to assert their powers by gradually ploughing to the front. As they spattered toward the judges' stand, Mintzer and Checkmate passed the fillies, Mintzer and Checkmate running nearly neck and neck to the post. Mintzer extending himself under the lash within the last few yards, winning barely by a neck from Checkmate, who was also feeling the lash. Una came third, four lengths behind Checkmate. The Kentucky last fell heavily on Checkmate, he having won the mile and a quarter race handily the day before.

French tickets were cashed in at $29.60.

The third event was a sash of three-quarters of a mile for a purse of $300 for maiden three-year olds; colts to carry 117 pounds; fillies, 115; fillies not never having won a second money, allowed five pounds. Nelson & Co.'s ch. c. Coreile, C. W. Medinger's b. c. Dan McClinch, and C. Reed's b. f. Contessa appeared for the start. Great interest was felt in this race to see how Charles Reed's English three-year-old filly would stand up after her first race on American soil. The betting stood: Contess, $325; Coreile, $200; and Dan McClinch, $175.

The day fell on a flying start, Coreile plunging away in the lead down the shute into the lower turn, where he was three lengths from Contessa, and Dan McClinch battering along half a dozen lengths in the rear. Rounding the turn up the stretch Coreile had placed four lengths of daylight between the English filly. An old sport shouted, "Where's your English horse now?" She soon showed him by splashing past and lapping Coreile, both under the lash. Contessa had placed a slight streak of daylight behind her as she raced in a winner in 1:21¾. Coreile came second, twelve lengths from Dan McClinch. French tickets paid $10.30.

Contessa is a beautiful black filly, 3 years, by D'Estourmel, dam Electra.

The sport ended with a race of one mile and a quarter for a purse of $350; entrance $15. The winner to be sold by auction under the rules. At the summons from the bell Dwyer Brothers' b. g. Gorham, J. Brisock Jr.'s b. m. Nannie H., Simson, Puryear & Co.'s ch. m. Nannie H., and T. W. Doswell's ch. h. Powhatan, appeared to run for the purse. Betting: Simson, $200; Gorham, $155; Powhatan, $50; Nannie H., $45.

The four came up in a line across the track as the flag fell, Gorham shooting slightly in front. At the quarter opposite the stand Chas. Gorham had taken the lead by a length from Nannie H., Simson third, with Powhatan last. In the next quarter Powhatan engineered into second position, but soon relinquished it to Nannie H., who came along in a strong lead. He dashed through the slush gamely, the others being unable to lap him. Running up the stretch he forged ahead, bounding past the post a winner by six lengths. Nannie H., second, one length from Simson, with Powhatan trailing in six lengths in the rear. Time, 2:16¾. French tickets paid $17.

Dwyer Brothers, who had entered Gorham in the race to be sold at $600, had him in afterward at $900.

The event to-morrow is the race for the Saratoga cup.

POLICEMEN ACCUSED

Of Making Unnecessary Arrests, of Taking Bribes, and of Indecorous Language.

F. C. Taylor, manager of the Howard House in Chatham street, deposed yesterday before Commissioner MacLean, that on the 28th of June Policeman Flanagan of the Oak street station had arrested him unjustifiably, and that Sergeant Ryan had imprisoned him over night without cause, after reprimanding Flanagan for making the arrest. Three drunken men, he said, had entered the Howard House and refused to quit it when he ordered them out. In putting them out a scuffle ensued, which resulted in one of the men falling and getting a bloody nose. Shortly after Flanagan arrested Taylor on complaint of the man with the bloody nose, who made a charge of assault against him. In court the next morning the magistrate refused to hold Taylor on this charge. Flanagan and Ryan justified the arrest and imprisonment of Taylor on the ground that a charge of assault had been made against him by the man who was seen bleeding and with his face bruised. Taylor said he was knocked out and his lips and tongue were cut.

Another closely contested game of base ball was played for the metropolitan championship, on the Union grounds, in Brooklyn, yesterday, between the New York and Montgomery Clubs. The fine playing of the day before had attracted many admirers of the game. The fielding of both clubs was good, and it was only by hard pinying that the Montgomery nine defeated their opponents by a score of 5 to 4.

A MINISTER'S LUCK.

A South Washington Divine Buys a Lottery Ticket and Wins the Big Prize—Edward H. May's Method of Building a Church—He Tried and Failed, and then Won $15,000—An Interesting Chapter of Piety and Fortune.

In the last drawing of the Kentucky State Lottery, which occurred on July 15, the capital prize of $15,000 was drawn by ticket No. 78,718, held by a Washingtonian. Edward H. May is the lucky man, and resides at 522 Eleventh street southwest. He is over fifty years of age, and with his wife occupies a small house near the river. Mr. May has passed through many vicissitudes. A native of Virginia, he is a member of the senior branch of the well-known May family, lately made conspicuous by the Bennett duelling affair. At the beginning of the war Mr. May was appointed a chaplain in the Confederate army, and subsequently came to Washington, where he was compelled to seek a livelihood by working at his trade of carpentering. With varying success he struggled on, winning the esteem and good wishes of all his neighbors, but at no time doing more than making both ends meet. Recollections of the secular office he held in the army often forced themselves upon him, and finally, his soul becoming fully awakened to the spirit of religious inclination, he determined to recinter the ministry. Captious friends called him a religious monomaniac; but unmindful of their criticisms, he pursued the even tenor of his way in the service of the Episcopal Church. Small as was his house, and despite its poor surroundings, Mr. May, when work was scarce, turned his workshop, which was in the basement of his dwelling, into a chapel, and erected an altar, from which he preached the Gospel regularly to those who by this time had made him the leader of quite a little flock. He requested to be made a minister, and the Bishop of this diocese granted the wish to the extent of putting him on probation for one year. From the very start his only aim was to be ordained an Episcopal clergyman and to build a church upon his own responsibility, which he could consecrate to the salvation of sinners. There was nothing to prevent his ordination. To build a church at his own expense, however, baffled the ingenuity of the impoverished preacher. But it happened that he read the advertisement of the Kentucky State Lottery. At once the light of new hope dawned upon him. He determined to invest one dollar in a ticket and take the chance of drawing a fortune. He did so.

FIRST EXPERIMENTS IN THE LOTTERY.

The first investment brought him nothing, nor did the second, third, nor many others. Still his presentiment that he would be able to build a church only by this way became so strong that he continued month after month to buy tickets and to pray for good luck. Finally fortune began to smile upon him. He drew a $5 prize, but this only increased his conviction that he was fated to win, and instead of taking the money on his prize, he went $1 better, requesting Messrs. Williamson & Co., the New York agents of the lottery, to send on six tickets for the next drawing.

DRAWS THE CAPITAL PRIZE.

The drawing took place on last Tuesday, and the announcement was flashed over the wires that ticket No. 78,718 had drawn the capital prize of $15,000. Immediately Messrs. Williamson & Co. telegraphed to Mr. Edward H. May that his was the winning ticket.

Mr. May was dumbfounded at this marvellous intelligence. He read and re-read the despatch until his eyes grew tired, but somehow could not persuade himself to believe that his fondest hope had at last been realized. He thought that some friend familiar with his weakness was attempting to perpetrate a joke upon him. Full of perplexity and doubt, he concluded that his only course was to proceed to New York and demand the money of those from whom he had purchased the ticket. He took the train for New York last Thursday night, and on Friday morning bright and early he presented himself at the office of Williamson & Co., 599 Broadway, and inquired for the manager. The latter soon made his appearance, and upon Mr. May making himself known, cordially congratulated him upon his remarkable good luck.

"Yes, sir, you have won the capital prize, Mr. May, and if you have the ticket with you I shall be happy to pay you the money."

Mr. May, trembling with emotion, drew an envelope from his inside coat pocket. He opened it and produced therefrom the lucky number, 78,718. The manager examined it carefully, to ascertain its genuineness, and then said:

"It is all right, Mr. May. And now, sir, how will you have your money? Will you take it in cash, or do you prefer a certified check on our bank? As you are going back to Washington, I should think that a certified check might be more desirable. It is not safe to carry such a large sum of money as $15,000 about one's person."

Mr. May concurred in this view, and requested a certified check. This was handed him, as soon as the bank's certification could be obtained, and Mr. May returned to Washington, bringing with him a certified check for fifteen thousand dollars on the First National Bank of Jersey City, payable to his order. He presented this at the Citizens' Bank of this city, yesterday, and promptly obtained the cash.

For three nights this lucky man had not slept, and now that the excitement was over he retraced his steps homeward, certain that it was not a dream, and blessing the Kentucky State lottery for the good it would enable him to do. His wife stood ready to receive him. As he entered he sank exhausted into a chair, while from his hands fell a bundle containing a silk dress, the present to his wife, bought with the first money of the new fortune.

WHAT MR. MAY SAYS.

Mr. May was called upon by a reporter this morning to ascertain if the rumor that he had drawn this prize was really true.

"Yes: it is true," he replied. "I have drawn the big prize; and I see no harm in it, either. I feel as though I have been moved by the Divine spirit, and if I thought there was any wrong about the matter, or that my action would offend Jehovah, I would not take a cent of the money. On the contrary, there is nothing wrong about buying a lottery ticket. A man simply pays a dollar for the chance of bettering his condition, and if he loses, that is the end of it, and if he wins there is no dishonesty. It is not as bad as for coal merchants or Wall street brokers to buy coal or stocks at low figures an I hold them back for a rise in the market. Lottery business is not gambling, and it might do a great deal of good. I don't know what my church friends will say, but I can't help it. I mean to rely upon the spirit of the Lord, and if they refuse to ordain me because I have won a lottery prize, very well; I can go on doing as I have done before, and preach the Gospel on my own hook." Mr. May has already selected the site for the church he intends to build. It will be situated diagonally opposite his house, near the river that.—*Washington Star, May 22.—Adv.*

MERE MENTION.

Mr. B. Dooley Carle, manager of Messrs. Sullivan and Gilbert, will leave Paris for the Alexandra.

Miss Rose Mott is ill for the second week of her engagement at Niblo's Garden, and Miss Annie Graham comedy. She has never yet changed her make-up.

The telegraph war in Newark is over. The American Union Telegraph Company are erecting poles without opposition, and the Western Union Company have withdrawn their injunction against the Newark Company, which is now in