The Sun.

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HIS HEART CUT IN TWAIN.

MICHAEL BOLENDER ASSASSINATED IN A CROWDED THOROUGHFARE.

An Italian's Revenge Because his Repeated Applications for Work had Been Denied—Lying in Wait for his Victim Behind an Elevated Railroad Pillar—A Hard Struggle

At about 5¼ o'clock yesterday evening the firemen of Hook and Ladder Company No. 10 noticed a man loitering about on Fulton street, near the engine house. He was dressed in a slovenly manner, and his heavy worsted shirt showed a large portion of his brawny throat. He was about five feet nine inches in height, and evidently possessed of colossal strength, but his face, with its heavy brown moustache and its four days' stubble of beard and whisker had nothing prepossessing about it. All the features were heavy and brutal, and so marked was the ferocity of the countenance that many of the passers-by stopped to gaze upon the man, who kept his hands in his pockets, and seemed to be slightly under the influence of liquor.

As 6 o'clock approached the employees of A. Slauson & Co., confectioners, began to pour out of the manufactory at 32 Dey street. Many of them, on their way home, passed the corner of Fulton and Church streets, and saw the ill-looking man, who now pulled his soft hat over his face, and evidently tried to avoid recognition; but several of the men now passing knew who he was, and avoided him, for he had once worked with them in the confectionery, where he made himself, for the most part, feared and disliked.

Among the last to start from the manufactory were Michael Bolender of 108 Thompson street, foreman of the gumdrop department. He was a German, about 48 years old, and a steady, hard-working man. He had been employed by Mr. Slauson for thirteen years, and had amassed sufficient money to maintain his family in comfort. He had a wife and six children, ranging in age from 18 months to 18 years.

Last autumn, owing to a falling off of business, many of the factory hands had to be discharged, and among them was Frank Portello, the man who was loitering near the engine house last evening. He had applied again and again to Foreman Bolender to be taken back, but his application had not been successful, and when last Monday the foreman reëngaged certain of the old hands, he once more rejected Portello's claim to be reinstated. This aroused Portello to a frenzy, and he vowed to be revenged upon Bolender.

With Bolender, as he walked along Church street toward Fulton, were Edward Niedling and William Roberts, also foremen in Mr. Slauson's manufactory. The three walked abreast, Bolender between his companions, his arms linked in theirs, and a man named Valentine Steitz, also connected with the manufactory, a short distance in the rear. The three in front were in high spirits, and Bolender was amusing himself at the expense of Roberts, who wore a very white coat. Just before starting from the manufactory Bolender had taken a large piece of rock candy from the shelf and placed it in the watch pocket of his vest, intending it as a treat for his youngest child.

As the three men approached the corner where Portello was standing, the latter quietly stepped behind a pillar supporting the elevated railroad, and awaited their approach. Twenty people saw him, but not one dreamed of the purpose on which he was bent. On came the three men, laughing and talking, but none of them saw the figure behind the pillar. They passed Portello, and then the man quickly drew a long butcher's knife, old and well worn, but whetted to the keenness of a razor, from inside his shirt. Two steps took him close behind the men who had just passed him, and rushing over the shoulder of Niedling, who was walking on the outside, struck with such force and accuracy at Bolender's breast that the knife penetrated his clothing exactly over his heart. But the piece of rock candy that Bolender was carrying turned the child thrust aside, and the point glanced for a moment saved his life. It was only for a moment. The foreman started forward and attempted to escape, but Portello, excited to tenfold ferocity by the failure of his first attempt, seized him by the arm and plunged the knife into his left breast. This time there was no mistake. The ten-inch blade penetrated to the hilt, and, as the subsequent examination indicated, clove the heart completely in two.

The murdered man did not fall at once. He rushed at the open door of Slauson & Co.'s establishment, a few feet away, dyeing the sidewalk with his blood as he ran, and, taking a short circular course, he pitched headlong to the pavement on his face. Such was the force of the fall that he slid fully three feet along the ground, and then turned his face upward. He gasped three or four times, and lay still.

The first man to reach his side was Foreman Monroe of the hook and ladder company. He knelt beside him on the ground, and placing his hand upon the wound, endeavored to stop the flow of blood, while the assembled firemen to bring a sponge and some ice water. He poured the water down Bolender's throat and pressed the sponge to the wound; but though the blood flowed on despite all efforts to stanch it, the man was already dead.

Meanwhile the murderer, with the knife in his hand, deliberately started to walk away. The crowd assembled at the corner had stood, apparently stupefied, for nearly two minutes; but this action of Portello's aroused them. Without a word they started to seize him; but in the centre of the street the murderer turned upon them like a flash. He is an Italian, and can speak hardly a word of English, but his action was far more significant than words. With the knife, dyed with the blood of his victim, in his upraised hand, and a fiendish look in his eyes, he presented a figure that nobody there cared to attack, and the crowd quickly melted away.

Portello walked slowly across Fulton street, taking a diagonal course, until he stood before the hat store of Simis & Sons, where he found his way barred by Policeman Lendrigan. He presented his knife at the officer's breast, and with a quick, imperious motion of the disengaged hand, ordered him out of the way. The policeman, however, kept him off with his club while he warily watched for an opportunity to rush in upon him and knock him down. It is impossible to tell whether he would have succeeded in this, or whether the Italian would have inflicted another victim, for while the fencing match between the club and the knife was in progress, Policemen Meany and Muret arrived. Meany knocked the man down with his club, but he still held the knife in his hand, and even on the ground defended himself desperately.

At this moment Deputy Marshal Kolb, who was expecting to make an arrest near Broadway and Fulton street, came to the assistance of the police. He had his club with him, and with a single blow he knocked the knife out of the murderer's hand; but in a second he had it again and was dealing sweeping strokes at his assailants. Then Policeman Londrigan grasped the wrist with one hand while he clubbed him over the fingers with the other, and finally forced him to drop his weapon, but not before his own hand had been severely cut.

Then the crowd that had stood aloof before surrounded the disarmed prisoner and became suddenly clamorous for his life. They were always to carry the body of the murdered man to the police station, but the police took Portello there themselves. He presented a frightful figure as he was led through the street. His head seemed to be literally cut open, and his clothing was saturated with blood. But he sang Italian songs as he walked, and cursed his captors as he entered the police station. He showed no remorse for his deed, but gazed without emotion upon the body of his victim. He said he was glad he had killed him, and wished he could have killed the policeman besides. For himself he vowed he would take his life before long, and he called his jailers to prevent him. His language was very emphatic. English was very limited, but he was understood to say that he was 24 years of age, and a native of Genoa. He had been six years in this country, was married, and had a little boy about 18 months old. He lived on Baxter street. When he spoke of his child his voice softened somewhat, but in a moment he had cleared his throat, and went on in the same reckless way as before. He had quarrelled with Bolender, he said, because the foreman was a worden who deserved to die. He was a confectioner by trade, and unused to hard work, but Bolender had turned him away from the manufactory, and refused to take him back, even when there were plenty of vacancies. Finally he was obliged to hire himself out as a street sweeper, and go down the harbor in the scows. He detested such employment, and when he heard that Bolender was going to engage a number of new hands in the confectionery last Monday, he went to him and asked him for a place. But the foreman told him to go back and work upon the scows, for there was no employment for him in the confectionery. Portello swore to be revenged. He procured the butcher's knife from one of his friends in Baxter street, and loitered about near the manufactory for an hour before he saw Bolender and his companions coming from work. He had been drinking during the day, he said, and had taken both beer and whiskey, but he was not drunk, and knew perfectly well what he was doing when he stabbed his victim. At the time he spoke to the reporter he was certainly not intoxicated, but the effects of the liquor he had taken during the day were plainly perceptible upon his language and bearing.

Mr. Slauson says that during the thirteen years that Bolender worked for him he never knew him to do an unjust action to any of the men under him. He was one of his most valued employees. Portello, he said, had worked on and off for him for four years. He was a supernumary, and was usually discharged, with the rest of the men in the same class, at the new year, and taken on again when business revived. He was a tolerably good workman, but not sufficiently valuable to be employed all the year round. His behavior in the establishment was usually quiet and orderly, and though he was not a favorite, nobody suspected him of being a desperado.

Late last night Coroner Woltman took charge of the case, committed Portello to the City Prison, where he was locked up, and gave a permit for the removal of the body, which was taken to the house at 108 Thompson street. Here last night the family were assembled, and the rear room was crowded with friends and sympathizers. Mrs. Bolender was nursing her youngest child, and her grown-up daughters stood around her. They said that Bolender had never given Portello any cause to quarrel with him, but had discharged him because the necessities of business compelled him to do so. A few days ago Bolender, when he went home to his dinner, as he always did in the middle of the day, told his family that Portello had threatened to take his life because he would not give him employment. He, in reply, had advised him to do so if he dared. But he laughed at the threat, and had no fear of its being put into execution. A year or two ago, one of the daughters said, her father mentioned that he had occasion to reprimand Portello severely. He considered him a lazy fellow, and not a good workman, but he employed him in order that his family might not be reduced to distress, and rarely spoke harshly to him.

Bolender was a large, powerful man, with a strong, determined face, ornamented with a heavy moustache. He wore his age well, and looked fully eight years younger than he really was.

BRIGHTON'S RACES.

A Fine Day on the Track by the Seaside—A Complaint that Caused Delay.

Fine weather, a good track, closely contested races, a large attendance, and spirited betting marked the day on the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds yesterday. Three events were on the card—a dash of three-quarters of a mile, a mile and a quarter run, and a handicap hurdle race in mile heats. The judges of the day were Messrs. William H. Parks, B. F. Bruce, and J. T. Doswell. The first race was called at 3¼ o'clock. It was for a purse, $300; $50 to second horse. The starters were A. Taylor's b. c. Milan, 4 years, 118 lbs.; Daniel O'Connell's ch. g. Mosquito, 2 years, 77 lbs.; P. C. Smith's b. f. Idler, 3 years, 107 lbs.; Wm. Jennings's ch. c. Glenmore, 4 years, 118 lbs.; R. Shea's ch. g. Troublesome, 104 lbs.; Duffy's bl. c. Cedric, 3 years, 99 lbs.; and F. Stearnes, Jr.'s gr. c. Surprise, 3 years, 102 lbs. Pools: Glenmore $120, Milan $86, Cedric $40, Mosquito $42, field $34. At the third trial Cedric jumped into the lead, Milan second, Mosquito third, and the others nearly even. The horses ran sharply down the backstretch, and when they passed the half-mile pole Mosquito was in front leading by half a length, Milan was second and Cedric third. When they turned in the stretch the race became very exciting. Each jockey was using his best efforts to reach the wire first, Milan was the winner by a head in advance of Mosquito, in the fast time of 1:18, over a heavy track. Surprise was third, and the others nowhere." French tickets paid $11·90.

The second race was for a purse of $350; $50 to second horse. The starters were A. Taylor's b. g. Pilot, 4 years, 101 lbs.; Samuel Adler's br. g. Alex Bonham, 4 years, 108 lbs.; Duffy's ch. g. Baton Rouge, 3 years, 96 lbs.; F. Stearnes Jr.'s b. h. Virgilian, 5 years, 117 lbs.; and John Newman's b. h. Shylock, aged, 110 lbs. Pools—Ike Bonham, $100; Pilot, $60; Virgilian, $23; field, $25. There was a tedious delay after the weighing in, as a complaint had been made to the judges that there was some crooked work going on, and Mr. Engeman, the proprietor of the track, went into the stand and ordered the rider of Virgilian to be changed. Mr. Engeman said he would have nothing but honest racing. The rider of Virgilian was sent for and cautioned by the judges that he must go to the front if he could possibly get there, which he promised to do. When the flag fell Virgilian immediately sprang to the front, Shylock was second and Baton Rouge third. The others were bunched in the rear. At the judges' stand Virgilian was a length in advance of Shylock. This advantage was retained down the backstretch. When the horses entered the homestretch they made a spirited picture, as they strained every muscle for first place. At the finish Shylock, by a desperate effort, got in half a length in front of Virgilian, Baton Rouge third. Time, 2:18. French tickets, $21.65.

The last race of the day was for a purse of $700; $100 to second horse. This was the handicap hurdle race in mile heats. H. Gaffney's br. g. Dalgasian, 5 years, 155 lbs.; A. Taylor's b. g. Kadi, aged, 143 lbs.; Bennett & Co.'s ch. g. Dandy, 5 years, 140 lbs.; Engeman's b. c. Zoliac, 4 years, 115 lbs.; James Keeley's b. g. Bay Rum, aged, 132 lbs.; Duffy's b. c. Adair, 4 years, 105 lbs.; D. McClinch's ch. h. Ventilator, aged, 130 lbs.; and Daley Brothers' ch. g. Loiterer, 5 years, 122 lbs., were the starters. Before the first heat Dalgasian sold for $100, Kadi $40, Bay Rum $20, Dandy $24, the field $32. The horses were sent away on an even start with Ventilator left at the post. Dalgasian soon showed in front, and maintained his lead to the finish, winning the heat as he liked by two lengths in 1:55, Bay Rum second, Loiterer third, Adair fourth. All three horses were distanced. In the second heat Dalgasian was the favorite at $50 to $12 over the field. Dalgasian again took the lead. Going down the backstretch Loiterer for an instant showed in front, but after a sharp struggle for a hundred yards Dalgasian got away from the others and won the heat and the race by two lengths in 1:56. Loiterer second, Bay Rum third, Adair a bad fourth. French tickets paid in the first heat, $9.20; second heat, $5.95.

CAPTURED IN THE STREET.

A Lively Chase After Belmont, One of Queens County's Escaped Prisoners.

At 2 o'clock yesterday morning Detective George A. Hess of the Tenth Precinct of this city captured in Houston street Frank Belmont, alias Anderson, one of the four prisoners who escaped from the Queens County Jail in June. Belmont was seen by the detective coming out of a barroom. The detective approached to obtain a better view of the man's face, and Belmont turned his head, and, recognizing the detective immediately ran, closely followed by Hess. Belmont finding his pursuer gaining, drew his pistol and fired two shots without effect. Hess in turn fired three shots without hitting the fugitive. In turning a corner Belmont ran into the arms of a policeman and was captured after a struggle. At noon yesterday Hess surrendered Belmont to Sheriff Rushmore at the Queens County Jail. Belmont told Hess that if he had his knife with him he would cut his (Hess's) heart out. Belmont telegraphed in Hunter's Point for a woman in New Jersey to come to the jail immediately. Sheriff Rushmore, fearing that an attempt would be made to rescue Belmont, had him on the road to Sing Sing before the woman arrived.

Belmont, in describing the escape of himself and the other three prisoners from the jail, said that his mistress made the arrangements, and the night before the day before gave him instructions what to do. His friends from New York cut the iron bar. They worked at it on two consecutive nights. When Belmont got outside the prison yard he entered a coach that was in waiting, and Walters, one of the other prisoners, and he were driven to New Jersey. He visited New York to obtain money that he had deposited with a female friend. He refused to say anything as to the whereabouts of Walters. Of the four prisoners who escaped, only Butterby and Belmont have been captured. Belmont was a member of the notorious "Shorty-Lent" gang, all of whom are now serving terms in prison. He was sentenced for five years for a burglary committed in Woodhaven, L. I., last winter.

Strangled and Shot for $30.

JAMESTOWN, July 24.—At 10 o'clock last night a farmer named James Crosby returned to his home near Conewango Station, fifteen miles from Jamestown. He missed the light that his wife had heretofore left burning for him in the window, and also heard a shrill whistle which came from a grove near by, but paid no attention to it. He entered his house by an unfastened kitchen door, took off his coat and boots, and then called his wife. He had no sooner spoken than he received a heavy blow on the head. He grasped his assailant and fought until he was dragged to the roadway, where he received another blow and was shot through the hand. His assailants then fled. A cry of murder brought neighbors to the scene of the disturbance, and on entering the house they found Mrs. Crosby dead on her bed, and the pillows stained with blood. Finger prints on her neck showed that she had been choked to death to prevent her alarming others in the house. She had been dead about half an hour when found. A little child in a trundle bed near its mother was not awakened. Private papers were overhauled by the robbers, and a revolver and a small amount of money were carried off. Two men were arrested on suspicion, but they have been released.

YELLOW FEVER'S ADVANCE.

SPREADING FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE IN THE INFECTED STREETS.

Nineteen New Cases and Five Deaths—Wide Disagreement Among Doctors of Repute—The City to be Vacated to Check the Disease.

MEMPHIS, July 24.—The situation is unchanged. The number of new cases of yellow fever reported to-day is eighteen. Five deaths have occurred. The weather is cloudy and sultry, with occasional rain. There was a thunder storm this afternoon, which, the physicians say, is good for the general health of the city, but bad for those who are sick with the fever. All danger of a general epidemic is thought to be over, owing to the depopulation of the city.

President Porter of the city Government sent off several hundred poor persons to-day, on board the steamer Ouachita Belle, to up-river places of safety. There cannot be more than 3,000 unacclimated white people here now, and these will be sent off in steamboats, or out to camps within a few days. We have probably 2,000 whites in the city who are acclimated and had the fever. These will remain here, fearing no danger, and will take care of the sick and distressed.

Members of the Howard Association are at work supplying nurses and medical attention, but the association has not yet gone to work officially and publicly. The association is ready to be at work within two hours' notice, owing to the perfection in its organization, created by President Alfred D. Langstaff, who watches everything, and thoroughly understands the situation.

The location of the new cases to-day shows no spread of the fever outside of the infected districts—Bradford street on the northeast, and Clay street on the southeast. In these localities the fever is intensifying, and attacking unacclimated persons. Your correspondent visits these localities almost daily, and he has watched the advance of the disease from house to house across streets, and sometimes a case two or more squares away from the line of sickness; but within a few days persons become sick between the defined line and the outlying cases. The line is extended as picket lines are advanced during war.

Dr. John R. Fryser, one of our oldest physicians, says to-day that he has just returned from a tour in the northeastern district of the city, where he saw a dozen marked cases of fever, but there was not a single case of yellow fever; though among them were several suspicious cases of three or four days' standing. All are plainly cases of intermittent and remittent bilious fever. A few other physicians are of the same opinion, believing that no yellow fever of a typical character exists in the city. The vast majority of the physicians, however, are clearly and strongly of the opposite opinion, believing that the disease is pure yellow fever—unlike the fever of last year, which was marked strongly with malaria. This disagreement of doctors does not affect the public mind or those who may be called non-medical experts, who know fever when they see it, and who know it. Many cases are virulent and obstinate in type, but the majority of the cases are mild and easily controlled.

The new cases reported to-day are as follows: Henry Harris (colored), aged 8 years, 259 De Soto street; Alexander Kalter, aged 40 years, 234 South street; John Kennedy (colored), aged 30 years, and Henrietta Kennedy (colored), aged 25 years, 327 Hernando street; Wm. Turner, aged 20 years, Union street, near hospital; Thomas Bennett, aged 22 years, Madison and Third streets; William Ward, aged 33 years, City Hospital; Edward Kearney, aged 19 years, 6 Manassas street; Fred. Kesmodel, aged 13 years, 62 Clay street; Margaret Ashbrook, aged 33 years, 29 Bradford street; John Smith (colored), aged 19 years, Frazier street, near Gayoso; H. Taylor, aged 30 years, and Wm. Taylor, aged 22 years, South and Hernando streets; Constance Ammon, aged 20 years, 128 Beale street; Mary Ann Peters, aged 12 years, 264 South street; Dennis McClanden, aged 21 years, 39 Hawley street; Michael Daley, aged 38 years, 41 Poplar street; J. G. Wildrig, aged 50 years, 52 Bradford street.

The deaths reported to the Board of Health up to 5 o'clock to-day are: Henrietta Taylor, Hernando and Third streets; Mrs. B. F. Miller, same residence; Mrs. B. F. Miller, 111 Exchange street; John Lockard, three miles out on the Raleigh road, and Miss Bonnie E. Holander, 39 Hawley street. This latter case and the death of Lockard are reported at the same time. The physician held the case up too long on diagnosis, until black vomit and other premonitory symptoms of death developed suddenly.

Two car loads of tents loaned by the general Government for the temporary accommodation of the homeless refugees have arrived here. The tents will be pitched in some convenient locality away from the city, where camps will be organized and properly officered for the reception of moneyless refugees. No relief will be afforded and no free rations issued outside of these camps, to which the destitute refugees will be sent for refuge during the prevalence of yellow fever.

Many rough-looking plantation hands continue to arrive in the city in search of free rations, and advice from plantations twenty miles away report that the negroes are openly saying they will go to Memphis to plunder and enrich themselves. From the present outlook it is doubtful if their will be able-bodied men enough in the city in two weeks to protect property against pilfagers. Very few of those who remained through last year's siege are to be seen in the city now. Although the total number of fever cases reported is only ninety, it is known that other sick have not been included, owing to the mildness of the attack. It is generally believed that all liable to the malady will suffer before the disease subsides. But the indications are that it will be of a less violent type than any heretofore experienced. In several families, where all have been down, none have died.

The Howard Association yesterday placed a few nurses on duty. This morning the street in front of their rooms was crowded by colored people, all anxious to be assigned to duty. They were informed that no more nurses were required, whereupon they dispersed.

The authorities experience great difficulty in finding means of transportation to the site which has been selected for the erection of camps. Superintendent Monsarrat of the Paducah Railroad refuses to furnish cars, fearing that the indignant residents will destroy the track. There is also a disposition among the majority of the colored people against being forced from the city or removed to camps. At a meeting held by negroes last night, resolutions protesting against the scheme were adopted.

Five hundred people quitted the city to-day, of whom 250 took passage in the steamer Ouachita Belle for St. Louis.

The Howard Association has about fifteen nurses on duty.

Five Cases in Mississippi City.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—Despatches received by the National Board of Health to-day announce five cases of yellow fever and one death in Mississippi City. That point is reported as being isolated, and there is no danger of the disease spreading. Two four remaining cases are reported convalescent.

On account of the rigid enforcement of quarantine regulations against Memphis the through registered mail pouches usually forwarded from Cincinnati to Memphis for transmission through the State of Arkansas cannot pass Memphis. In consequence of this Acting Assistant Postmaster-General Morton to-day telegraphed the Postmaster in Cincinnati to cease sending this class of matter to Memphis until the fever subsides or quarantine regulations are less stringent.

Precautions in Texas.

GALVESTON, July 24.—The Health Officer has issued the following proclamation relative to freight and passengers entering the State, to take effect on the 25th inst.:

Shippers must make an affidavit, to accompany shipment, stating that such freight has not been in any place infected with yellow fever since July 1. This affidavit, with an affidavit from the consignee to the same effect, shall be presented before the delivery of the freight. Passengers from points outside the State must be provided with passports, signed and sealed with the seal of the town or county, that the bearer has not been in an infected place since July 1. Passengers coming must demand presentation of the same before the party can enter the State. Passengers are also required to take the usual affidavit before deputy quarantine officers. The mails which have been fumigated at the State line are allowed to enter the State.

Frank R. Lord's Parting Shots.

Mr. Frank R. Lord, whose marvellous pistol shooting was described in THE SUN of Sunday last, sailed for Europe on Saturday. On the evening before his departure he went into Cohn's shooting gallery and fired a few shots that showed that his nerve was unimpaired, and that his hand had not lost its cunning. Putting upon ordinary envelope on which was a three-cent postage stamp, and stepping back twelve paces he said:

"Now I'll mash the nose of the Father of his Country," and fired. He was as good as his word, the ball taking off the nose of the portrait. Mr. Lord then knocked several caps off the top of a bottle without touching the glass, flattened lagging bullets, and went away, apparently convinced that he was in good trim to meet any of the French pistol shots, from Paul de Cassagnac down.

Fireworks!

At Brighton Beach this evening. Grand display. See Long Island Railroad time table. Admission free. Round trip from New York, 50 cents.—*Adv.*

TAKEN OUT OF BROOKLYN.

Another Sick Man from the Unlucky Steamship City of Merida.

On Wednesday afternoon a rumor reached the Brooklyn Board of Health that a second member of the crew of the Havana steamship City of Merida was sick in State street, but when inquiry was made about this man's sickness, it was said to be a slight attack of bilious fever. Yesterday morning the Health Board was told that the case was one of yellow fever; but when an officer was sent to see Dr. Nelson S. Drake, the attending physician, Dr. Drake sent back word that the case was simply one of bilious fever, that the attack was mild, and the patient better, and that he (Dr. Drake) had not thought it necessary to visit the patient yesterday. This was the situation when the Board of Health's room was closed in the afternoon. Sanitary Superintendent Raymond, who lives at 75 State street, concluded late in the afternoon to visit the tenement at No. 60 of the same street, where the patient was sick, and ascertain his history. Sanitary Inspector Griffiths accompanied him. They found the patient in the second story of the tenement. He is about 25 years old, and he said that his name was Bartholomew McKone, and that he had been an assistant fireman in the city of Merida with Dennis Manning, who died of yellow fever on Tuesday at 48 Clumbia place. McKone left the ship when she reachead Pier 3, North River on Thursday last and went to the house of his mother-in-law, where he was usually stopped. He felt as well as usual until Sunday. Then he was taken with a severe headache, which was accompanied by a fever, and by vomiting. He felt sick, but he did not think that anything serious was the matter.

On Monday, as his head continued to ache and his fever to increase, he sent for Dr. Drake, who gave him a liberal dose of cathartics, and ordered the room to be darkened. Dr. Drake visited him on Tuesday, and on Wednesday saw him again, this time with Dr. James Watt. They found McKone so much better that Dr. Drake went away, saying that he would not come again unless he was sent for, and that it was no use to send for him unless McKone grew worse.

Dr. Raymond and Dr. Griffiths at once concluded that McKone's sickness was more than bilious fever. It seemed, they said, to have all the symptoms of yellow fever, and they at once went for Dr. Crane, President of the Health Board. They all agreed that from the concealed condition of the patient's eyes, the saffron hue that was spreading over his skin, the high temperature, and the low pulse, and in view of the antecedents of the patient, his employment in a vessel from an infected port, and his association with the fireman who had died of yellow fever, that they were justified in ordering McKone to be removed to the yellow fever hospital at Quarantine. The physicians could only say that the patient had symptoms of yellow fever, but they were unable to pronounce it a veritable case of that disease. A detail was sent to Health Officer Vanderpoel to send a boat for the patient, and at 9 o'clock last night the Quarantine boat arrived. McKone was carried to the boat and sent down to the yellow fever hospital. The physicians believe that the case will become more pronounced in twenty-four hours. The usual plug fever patient, with a sick room were made. Dr. Drake says that when he was called to see McKone he found his temperature 103 degrees, and his pulse 68. He had been vomiting, but the vomit had no appearance of the black vomit. There were some symptoms of yellow fever, but Dr. Drake thought the crisis was past, and that there was no danger, and as symptoms of bilious fever predominated, he did not deem it necessary to report the case to the Board of Health as of a contagious disease. The most marked symptom of yellow fever he observed in McKone's case was the appearance of a hue upon the face which made it seem as if covered by a veil. This is said to be a characteristic symptom of yellow fever. As McKone's temperature did not rise above 103, and his general condition in general seemed to be improving Dr. Drake did not think it necessary to visit him at all yesterday.

The Health Board authorities say that this is the third example they have had in three days of a sailor sickening.

Health Officer S. O. Vanderpoel yesterday sent to the Brooklyn Health Board his reply to their communication taking him to task for permitting the brig San Miguel, which was from an infected port, to pass up Brooklyn to have repairs made. Mr. Vanderpoel says: "Everything which sanitary precaution suggests comity to the Board of Health called for, or requirements of law exacted were fully carried out. I thought then as I think now, there was not the slightest danger if the precautions were fulfilled, and I notified the Board long before the vessel reached there, that such action as they deemed proper might be taken. They had but to order the vessel from the dock and notify me to that effect. Such action would not have required prolonged consideration nor the voluminous communication made. The imputation that I regarded her dangerous because the hatches were directed to be closed, and that I unnecessarily exposed the population of the two cities is wholly gratuitous. Probably not one vessel in the harbor from a port having transmissable disease is so infected. Precautionary measures are, however, taken with all. Except from the fact that the vessel came from Havana, there was not the slightest reason to suspect her infected. She had not had a trace of sickness during her stay at Havana, nor during her voyage of twelve days hither. She had been thoroughly cleaned and aired, had very little cargo as ballast, had been fumigated twice; still I have never seen a vessel so infected, and she been ever so much infected, would prevent the disease from being imported."

Dr. Vanderpoel adds that the accusation that he had never observed section 27 of the laws of 1863 is not true, and says that he regrets if it appears that the Board of Health has not the knowledge of the papers constantly passing through its hands, and concludes: "If the Board does not when a vessel is from Quarantine the remissness is not with the Health Officer."

Sanitary Superintendent Raymond says that Dr. Vanderpoel told him that he warned the consignee that the Brooklyn health authorities might not allow the San Miguel to land, and Dr. Vanderpoel said that he was sure the New York authorities would not. The law expressly says: "No vessel or cargo shall be permitted to proceed to New York without the approval of the Mayor or Board of Health of those cities respectively."

Dr. Vanderpoel denies that he violated this section. The permit to the Captain of the San Miguel reads: "The brig San Miguel has permission to proceed to the city for repairs." There was nothing, Dr. Raymond said, to prevent the Captain of the San Miguel from landing at some other point than the foot of Bridge street.

COOK'S LATEST CONFESSION.

Now Admitting that Buzzell Hired him for $100 to Shoot Miss Hanson.

BOSTON, July 24.—Charles W. Cook, whose testimony hanged Buzzell as an accessory to the murder of Susan Hanson after he had been acquitted as a principal, has made another confession. It will be remembered that Cook swore on the second trial of Buzzell that Buzzell first hired him to shoot Miss Hanson, and then when, on the last moment, his (Cook's) courage failed, Buzzell threatened to shoot him unless he fired. Then he shot Miss Hanson as she sat in a room of her house with her mother and brother. After Buzzell's conviction and sentence to be hanged, Cook made an affidavit that his confession was perjury, and had been extorted from him by two Boston detectives. In the strength of this last confession, strenuous efforts were made to save Buzzell's life, without avail. Now that he is hanged, Cook has sent for his counsel to tell him this time the truth about the murder. He says that Buzzell did hire him for $100 to shoot Miss Hanson, and that the money was never paid, but that Buzzell was not with him on the night of the murder, and that he did not see him till daylight next morning. This accounts for Buzzell's refusal to deny that he had something to do with the murder while always insisting that he did not kill Miss Hanson.

Prof. Ruger's Burial.

Prof. Manheim Ruger, who led the singing in the Eleventh Street Methodist Episcopal Church for years and taught in the Sunday school, was buried yesterday from the church. The floral offerings, including a lyre of white rosebuds, said to be the gift of the singers, and a cushion of tuberoses and white rosebuds, said to be the tribute of the Professor's Sunday-school class, were beautiful and costly. Addresses were delivered by Mother Mucklebone, the ex-pastor, Brother Smith, the new pastor, and men of the congregation. Prof. Ruger attached himself to the Eleventh Street Church when it was struggling for existence.

The Cigarmakers' Strike.

Mr. Bloano of the Cigarmakers' Union asks THE SUN to correct the report that the strike at Kimball & Gaullieur is ended, and that some of the oldest and best hands have returned. He says the strike is not ended, and that the men are just as determined now as they were on the first day. He adds that none of the old hands have returned, nor do they intend to return till Messrs Kimball & Gaullieur accede to the men's demands.

SPEED ON SARATOGA TRACK.

A BRILLIANT CONTEST FOR THE COVETED CUP FOR ALL AGES.

Bramble Winning It—Wallenstein Kicked by Carrie Watson—Egypt Taking the First Race, Jericho the Third, and Nipper Fourth

SARATOGA, July 24.—Bright sunshine and a refreshing breeze ushered in the third day of the regular meeting, the important event of which was the fifteenth renewal of the great race for the Saratoga cup for all ages. Last year the famous Parole clutched the prize by a lead of five lengths, running the two miles and a quarter in 4:08¾. This year the Brooklyn horse Bramble was a strong favorite in the race, and Oden Bowie's Belle of Maryland, had many gallant backers. The boys from Baltimore were practising on "My Maryland" in the club house this morning, preparatory to singing it if Belle's tresses shook in front at the finish.

The Travers testimonial, won by Col. J. W. Hunt Reynolds's Kentucky colt Falsetto, is still on exhibition in the office of Congress Hall. A large delegation of Kentuckians are guests of the house. Last evening Col. Hunt, Gov. Wash. Booth, and Col. Frank Hall stepped over to the Grand Union. Napier Lothian, leader of the Grand Union orchestra, played, in honor of the Kentuckian's victory, "Old Kentucky Home," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," and other Southern melodies. The boys said they felt like starting for home. This morning Adolph Bernstein played "Way Down in Dixie," with his full Congress Hall orchestra.

The New York delegation showed in full force on the quarterstretch to-day. A short, good-natured man, with a fresh complexion, although he is an invalid, frequently starts the choice with a thousand dollars. On Tuesday he did so a score of times in the Flash Stakes. He invariably named George L. Lorillard's entries. The man was George himself.

The sport opened with a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for a $300 purse, $50 to second horse; entrance free, with maiden allowances. James McCullough's ch. c. George McCullough, 3 years, 104 lbs.; T. W. Doswell's ch. g. Sunlight, 4 years, 112; C. Reed's b. m. Bonnie Wood, 4 years, 110; E. Yard's b. m. Bennett, 4 years, 104; O. O. West's ch. f. Mollie McGinley, 3 years, 92; P. Lorillard's ch. c. Wallenstein, 2 years, 80; Barnes & West's ch. f. Carrie Watson, 4 years, 101, and G. B. Morris's ch. h. Egypt, aged, 119, started.

Carrie Watson cut up badly before a start was effected, kicking the valuable colt Wallenstein twice dangerously. Carrie finally bounded from the course into the grass, and was kept out of the race. The horses at length rushed away in good shape. A few strides showed Bennett in the lead, Egypt second, Bonnie Wood third, with Wallenstein fourth, all in compact shape. Egypt clung to Bennett as they raced down the shute into the main track at the half-mile, and Wallenstein ran like a racehorse round the turn, passing Bonnie Wood, Bennett and finally Egypt. Coming up the stretch, Wallenstein ran head and head in the last furlong, and it had the look of a dead heat to within the very shadow of the stand. Here the $500 old plug Egypt flew in a hundred flights straightened his tough mainsy, stuck his nose ahead, and winning by a neck. Bonnie Wood came in third, only a neck behind Wallenstein, Bennett, McCullough, Sunlight, and Mollie McGinley following as named. Time, 1:20¾. This was fast over a heavy track.

Donohue, on Bonnie Wood, claimed that he was fouled at the three-quarter pole, but the claim was not allowed. Wallenstein would doubtless have won the race if Carrie Watson had not kicked him. One of the kicks was so severe that it damaged the saddle, and came near breaking Purcell's leg. The saddle shielded the colt from being seriously injured. Purcell rode Wallenstein in a masterly manner.

The struggle for the Saratoga Cup in a race of two and a quarter miles followed. The stakes were $1,000, all cases, added to a sweepstakes of $50 each; $250 to second and $100 to third horse. Out of twenty-one nominations these started: G. L. Lorillard's ch. m. Loulanier, 4 years, 103 pounds; the same gentleman's ch. c. Wilful, 3 years, 100; Dwyer Brothers' b. h. Bramble, 5 years, 118; Puryear & Co.'s ch. h. Danicheff, 118; and Oden Bowie's ch. m. Belle, 4 years, 113.

The five came up the stretch at the dropping of the flag on their long race in snug order, Bramble being a little in front, but was soon eased down to his place in the rear. The saddle allowed Fisher on Wilful, to pass him after Wilful had bid good by to Danicheff, who had started second in the race. Wilful rushed past the stand at the first quarter a length ahead of Bramble second, Danicheff lapping Bramble, Belle a length behind Bramble, and Loulanier bringing up the rear. On rounding the turn Wilful was three lengths from Bramble, Danicheff third, Belle fourth, and Loulanier last, all strung out three or four lengths apart. Wilful kept a lead of from two to three lengths around to the stand again, where Bramble was two lengths behind him, Danicheff running third, two lengths in front of Belle, Loulanier still bringing up the rear. At the next half mile Bramble began to show his staying qualities, and speed by gradually putting out the daylight between Wilful. On beginning the last half mile Bramble had reversed matters by placing two lengths between himself and Wilful. A great shout arose from the half quarter stretch and grand stand, the horse was now a sure winner, and the large amount of money invested by New York and Brooklyn sports on Bramble was safe. Bramble kept on increasing the gap until he came in a winner on a canter eight lengths from Wilful, second, Loulanier running in third, four lengths in front of Danicheff, while the Maryland Belle, bespattered with mud, and looking anything but a belle, tottered in a hundred yards in the rear. Time, 4:11¾. Singing "My Maryland" was omitted.

The next event was a dash of one mile for a $100 purse; $50 to second, and the entrance money divided between the second and third horses. The contestants were: D. J. Crouse's ch. c. Jericho, 5 years, 102 pounds; Odin Bowie's ch. g. Skylark, 3 years, 96; and E. J. Baldwin's California b. m. Blossom, 4 years, 110. Jericho sprang away in the lead, Skylark second. At the turn Jericho showed the way with a clear tail, while the California Blossom was blooming in second place, five lengths from Skylark. Blossom crept within a half length of Jericho at the quarter, but the colt did not seem to like the mare's company, and so began to draw away, until at half mile he was a half dozen yards in the lead. Skylark then swooped around into the lower turn, bidding good-by to Blossom, but unable to catch Jericho, who kept on his way rejoicing, plodding his way up the stretch, and nodding his head to the judges as stately winner by four lengths from Skylark, while Blossom withered eight lengths behind. Time, 1:49.

The races ended with a run of one mile and a quarter for a $300 purse; entrance, $10; the winner to be sold by auction, under the rules. G. W. Stewart's b. f. Claudia, 3 years, 97 lbs.; Larry Hart's ch. m. Clemmie G., 107 lbs.; Puryear & Co.'s ch. m. Nannie H., 5 years, 102 lbs.; and E. Yard's ch. h. Nipper, 6 years, 104 lbs., appeared at the post.

The four came rushing up the stretch in a bunch, Nipper's blue colors looming at the fore, Nannie H., Claudia, and Clemmie G.