PADDLING IN THE PRISONS.

CRUEL PUNISHMENT AS DESCRIBED BY ONE WHO OUGHT TO KNOW.

Stories which may be Greatly Exaggerated or Wholly False—Convicts Said to Have Been Made Raving Maniacs—Alleged Atrocious Flogging by Inhuman Keepers.

An ex-convict of Clinton Prison gave a reporter for THE SUN, yesterday, an account of the punishment by "paddling." "The paddle used at Clinton," he said, "is in some respects different from those they have at Sing Sing, where I passed the first year of my imprisonment. The latter is all wood, and the broad flat part with which a prisoner is struck is perforated with holes, which break and tear the skin. At Clinton the striking part of the instrument is of leather, and though there are no holes in it, when it is skilfully used it causes terrible pain, and is really as formidable as the Sing Sing paddle. The entire paddle is about as long as an ordinary broom. The handle is thin, and the leather striking part is shaped something like the end of a canoe paddle. The block on which the prisoner has to bend when undergoing punishment is about three feet high. The feet are placed in stocks on the ground, and the body is drawn over the block, the hands being secured in rings on the other side. Thus fastened the man cannot writhe or move an inch, and he can express the horrible suffering the flogging causes him only by his shrieks. No other prisoner is ever allowed into the guard room to see a man paddled, and the doors and windows are always carefully closed to deaden the sound of his cries as far as possible; but despite all the precautions taken, in nine cases out of ten the screams of the tortured man are heard all over the prison.

"You ask if the paddle is as bad as the old 'cat.' Well, every man who has ever been paddled would far rather undergo the severest flogging that could be administered with a raw cowhide, a cat, or a horsewhip, than be punished in the Clinton prison style. Scores of men who have been paddled have endeavored to describe the punishment to me, and they all agreed as to the horrible severity of the treatment. The warden and keepers dislike to see aman man manifesting nerve and courage while undergoing punishment, and if he clenches his teeth, as some do, and makes no sound, the blows come harder and more numerous. You may get some notion of the severity of paddling when I tell you that before the punishment is administered, the physician is called to examine the man, and if his heart or lungs are in any way affected, the flogging is omitted. Then, in addition to the horrible physical pain of paddling, there is the demoralization caused by such treatment.

"When a man is being flogged the physician usually kneels on the ground by his side and feels his pulse. If the pulse weakens he orders the punishment stopped at once. The usual number of blows given is about fifteen or twenty; for not many men can bear more without danger; but in some exceptional cases this is largely exceeded. Thirty strokes are not uncommon, and I once knew a man who got twenty-five. Keepers who have been paddling say that the first two or three strokes impart a terrible lividness to the flesh. Then the skin cracks, as it sometimes does in very cold weather. Very soon the blood begins to ooze out and trickle down the prisoner's legs to the floor; but the punishment is not stopped, and a man is often horribly wounded before he is unbonded. Then a bucket of water is used, and the other prisoners are allowed to see him until his wounds are healed.

"The man who wields the paddle at Clinton is Hugh Fitz Patrick. He is about thirty-five years of age, and a German. In appearance and style he looks like a prize ox, and certainly he seems to enjoy his work. In the summer of 1877 some of the men, having been given bad meat at dinner, carried parts of it out in their hands, to throw it away. As they were going along the hallway one of them threw a piece of meat into the hall, and John Clabby, a boy, who was walking behind him, followed his example, and flung down the piece he was carrying. At that moment the kitchen keeper stepped out of his room, and the piece of meat struck him. He saw Clabby throw it, and at once ordered him, I think Clabby was the youngest and smallest boy who was ever sent to State prison. He was only fifteen years of age, and his weight was about 110 pounds, but he was dragged into the guard room, flushed like a full-grown man over the block, and that giant, Fitzpatrick, paddled the little fellow nearly to death. I don't know how many blows he got, but he was laid up for several days after the flogging. When he was able to come out of his cell I asked him about the paddling, and he told me that when he felt the first blow he thought it was not the paddle. It was so heavy, and gave him such a shock, that he though it was a rafter that had tumbled down upon him from the roof. He was greatly frightened, and cried out that the building was falling; but Fitzpatrick only laughed, and plied his paddle more vigorously than before.

"The warden of Clinton Prison was Henry Scripture. Certainly a most inappropriate name. His nature theory was that convict was only good to be flogged or knocked down. Under his management the punishment of paddling became shamefully common. Sometimes it was administered to a prisoner because he was caught talking in work hours, but usually the first offence of this kind was punished by putting the man's head into an iron cage, which he was compelled to wear at all times—even in bed. You may suppose that it was not possible to obtain much sleep with the head confined in such an apparatus. I often seen men wearing them whose faces plainly showed that they were utterly exhausted for want of rest. If this treatment was found not to have the desired effect, and the men were again caught talking, the paddle was brought into play, and this punishment, I need hardly say, was generally successful.

"I remember that in the winter of 1876 two men working in the mines were caught talking. Their heads were put into the iron cages, and they were kept there for a short time, but one of them in some way contrived to get a key which opened both the cages, and they took them off. They were wild, harum-scarum fellows, and they thought it a good joke to put the two cages on the head of Deacy, the keeper of the mine, and make him walk across the yard in view of the prisoners. They waited until that keeper came to them; then they rushed at him and endeavored to force the two cages on his head, but he struggled vigorously and shouted for assistance. Another keeper went to the rescue with a drawn revolver, and the two convicts released Deacy, whose head was slightly cut in the scuffle. The two men were taken into the guard room at once, lashed to the block, and given fifty blows each with the paddle. They were then taken to their cells, and chained by the feet to the floor. The next day they were again taken into the guard room and given forty strokes each. After that they were again chained to the floors of their cells, and were absolutely kept in that position for several months, having nothing to lie on except straw mattresses.

"On April 17, 1877, five men attempted to escape from Clinton Prison. They secured a keeper, and were climbing over the fence, but assistance arrived, and they were overpowered and taken back. Among them was Mathew O'Neil, who was serving a ten-year term. As he was going quietly, as were the others, to the dark cell, Keeper Haggerty pushed him roughly. O'Neil said, 'I don't want to be thrown in like a dog; I am going peacefully enough.' Keeper Haggerty had in his hand a very heavy cane mounted with brass. He struck O'Neil so severely on the head with it that the stick was smashed. Then Haggerty, who was greatly excited, began dancing around O'Neil, hitting him with his fists and with the broken stick. O'Neil remonstrated, and Alexander H. Shaw, another keeper, approached, presented his revolver at O'Neil's head and fired. O'Neil dodged, and the bullet went into the fleshy part of his arm. He was dragged to the guard room and flung upon the floor. The physician was sent for and examined the wound, and when he passed for water the keepers laughed at him. He then begged that his hat might be taken off, but he was told that he was certain to die of his wound at all events, and that loss trouble he gave the better. At last Dr. Fisher, a western man, was visiting the prison, went for Dr. Ferguson. The latter was indignant when he heard how O'Neil had been treated. He said that the shooting was entirely unjustifiable, and threatened to have the keepers charged. O'Neil was sent to the hospital, and there, for several weeks, he was delirious. His arm was never entirely cured, and was for life.

"Amber of the five men who tried to escape was James Rheal, 22 years of age, and possessed enormous strength. He was somewhat more defiant than the others, and the Warden decided to have him paddled. He was expected to make some resistance, and on the evening of April 19, 1877, all the keepers available were ordered to assemble in the guard room. There were forty-five of them present, and the room was packed when Rheal was brought in. He had not been told that he was to be paddled in this way, but the moment he saw the array of keepers he knew what was in store for him. Turning to the Warden he said: 'Are you going to paddle me?'

"'Yes,' said the Warden, very shortly. 'Strip, sir, and get on the block.'

"'I am not going to make any resistance, for there are enough men here to eat me; but this is not lawful, and you have no business to do it, and, so help me God, I will kill the man who paddles me.'

"He was soon lashed to the block, and the punishment was begun. As each blow fell he bit his tongue and made no sound. At the end of the first ten blows the Warden bent down and, looking into the prisoner's face, said:

"'Do you feel strong enough now to kill anybody, my man?' and these words and action he repeated several times while the punishment was in progress.

"After eighty-five blows had been dealt the physician said that the man's strength was failing, and the flogging must be stopped. The lashings were accordingly thrown off, and the prisoner's face was found to be as pale as death, and bathed in perspiration. He was unable to walk alone, and had to be assisted to his cell. There he was chained to the floor.

"Michael Lawless was another of the men who tried to escape. They were going to paddle him too, but the physician said his lungs were affected and he could not bear it. So he was chained to the floor of his cell and kept there until he became a lunatic. Then he was sent to an asylum. Michael Hicks's fate was precisely similar. He also was not in a condition to bear paddling, and he was chained to the floor of his cell, with a like result. He, too, was sent to an asylum a raving lunatic.

"In the spring of 1877 an ignorant colored convict had been up stairs to see the doctor. When he came down he waited for the gang to which he was attached to go past, not knowing that they had already gone out. A keeper asked him what he was doing there, and he said he was waiting for his gang. The keeper pushed him toward the guard room, telling him to wait there; but the prisoner, who feared that they were going to paddle him, resisted. He was dragged violently into the room, lashed to the block, and given fifteen blows without any opportunity being afforded him to make an explanation. When his object in waiting in the passageway was afterward explained, one of the keepers laughed and said, 'If the fool had told us that at first, he would have escaped being paddled!'

"The authorities at Sing Sing and Clinton know well enough that they have no right to paddle the prisoners. This is shown by the entries they make in the prison books when such punishment is administered. At Sing Sing they say, 'Placed in the stocks for so many minutes,' the number of minutes signifying really the number of blows; and at Clinton they say, 'Put in the pullies for so many minutes.'

PEPPERING A RIVER THIEF.

How Capt. Somers let Fly a Barrel at One of the Dreaded "Border Gang."

Thomas Maguire, a private watchman, was engaged recently to look after the schooner Wm. H. Van Name, Capt. Somers, lying at Pier 52, East River, awaiting orders. He was standing near the pier, in South street, at about 12½, yesterday morning, when he heard the report of a gun. The sound came from the Van Name, and he ran toward her. As he neared her he saw two men step from her deck to the pier. He heard one say to the other: "Patsy, are you shot?" but he could not catch the reply. The two men saw him, and one said: "Is that you, Tom?" He answered, and recognized the men. They were, he says, John Calden and "Bum" Moran, members of the dreaded "Border Gang." Moran said to Calden: "If I had known he was here I'd have let the schooner alone." Moran and Calden walked up Corlears slip, and Maguire hurried aboard of the Van Name. He entered the cabin, and found Capt. Somers much excited.

"Did I shoot any one?" asked Capt. Somers, who had a double-barrelled shotgun in his hand. "I fired at some river thieves a few minutes ago." Maguire told Capt. Somers that he had not seen any wounded person, and that he supposed that the Captain's shot was ineffectual. Capt. Somers laid aside his gun, lit a lantern, and led the way to the deck. As the two groped about the deck, holding the lantern low, they came suddenly upon a broad patch of blood.

"I saw a man's face at the window," Capt. Somers said, "and I supposed that he was the leader of a gang of river thieves. I was roused out of a sound sleep by heavy footsteps upon the deck near the cabin, and I heard some one try to pry open the doors of the cabin. They were fastened very strongly, though, and one of the gang then looked in the window, I supposed, to find out whether any one was in the cabin before the doors were handled more roughly. I got out of my bunk when I saw the face, took up my double barrel, and put in a heavy charge of bird shot in each barrel before I turned in—and took good aim at the window. I cocked the right barrel as softly as I could and waited. I heard a shuffling of feet outside of the window, and then the face appeared. A hand held a dark lantern close to the face, and a ray of light was shot into the cabin. My eyes met the eyes of the man who was looking in, and he started back. I fired. I heard the scrambling outside and then the footsteps of several men. They seemed to be running toward the outer rail of the schooner. Then I heard the splash of oars dropped into the water and the sound of rowing."

Just then Officers McSherry and Looney of the Delancey street police went aboard of the Van Name. They heard the shotgun of Watchman Maguire and Capt. Somers, and reported at the desk in the Delancey street station. Capt. Copeland detailed them to find the thieves. They told Capt. Copeland that they found a trail of blood upon the wharf, beginning at the side of the Van Name, and becoming indistinct in the mud of the street. Copeland concluded that either Calden or Moran might be the wounded thief, and directed the officers to look particularly for them. The officers found Calden in a saloon in his home, at 43 Scammel street, and arrested him. They then renewed the search for Moran. They learned that he was wounded by Capt. Somers's shot. Though bleeding profusely, he contrived to appear unconcerned when he met Watchman Maguire upon the pier. He walked with the aid of some of the members of the gang to his home at 482 Cherry street. He sent for a physician, and his wounds were dressed. The physician suggested, however, that he be taken to a hospital. The wounded man said that in his home, and he was taken in an ambulance to St. Francis's Hospital. There it was found that he was wounded in the legs and other parts of his body, and his wounds were regarded as very serious.

Calden and Moran were arraigned in the Essex Market Police Court, but Justice Bixby remanded them to the station, to give Capt. Copeland an opportunity of completing the evidence against them.

"There is not a worse gang in the city," Officer McSherry said to a man the Border Gang. In fact, I believe it is the worst. They infest Corlears Hook night and day, ready for any crime from boarding a vessel to robbing an intoxicated man wandering homeward. They carry pistols and knives, and are always ready to use them. We do all in our power to drive them away. We use our clubs unmercifully upon them, but they're back again as soon as we turn away. Punishment according to the law doesn't seem to have any more effect than our clubs, for as soon as they get out of State prison they return to their old business. They are absolutely reckless. Why, a schooner put into Pier 52, the other day, and, while the Captain was forward, seeing that she was made fast, one of the gang slipped down into the cabin and began packing up all the valuables that he could find. The Captain wanted something in the cabin, and, when he got to the bottom of the cabin stairway, he found himself face to face with the thief. The thief tried to dodge past him, and then made a motion as though he intended to draw a pistol; but the Captain caught hold of him and held him until an officer arrived."

Moran probably saved his face from Capt. Somers's shot by springing to his feet.

SPORTS IN JONES'S WOOD.

Excitement Running at a High Fever, but Happily All Ending Well.

The tenth annual picnic and games of the Clan-na-Gael was the event in Jones's Wood yesterday. The Irish and American flags floated from the flagstaffs, and the pavilion was handsomely decorated. Callahan's Band supplied the music. The sports were opened with putting the heavy stone, weight 54 pounds, open to all amateurs. The prize was won by James Daley; distance thrown, 29 feet 8 inches. Putting the light stone, 16 pounds, was also won by Daley; distance, 44 feet. Thomas Lynch was the winner of the three standing jumps, covering 35 feet 8 inches. The hop, step, and jump was won by C. W. Johnson; distance, 33 feet 10 inches. Johnson was also winner in the standing high jump, clearing the bar at 4 feet 9 inches. In the running broad jump, H. M. Wager was the winner; distance, 18 feet. Patrick Hammersley won the half-mile race in 3 minutes 3½ seconds. The 220 yards race for boys under 15 years was won by J. Dempsey.

The most exciting race of the day was the three-mile walk. Five were eight entries. The prize was won by J. H. Conna, whose actual time was 26 minutes 7½ seconds, with an allowance of one minute.

The tug of war closed the games. This was between teams of eleven each from New York and Brooklyn. best two in three pulls to be winners. At this stage of the sports the excitement was intense, and men, women, and children rushed to the centre of the ground, and completely surrounded the contestants. Shouts for Brooklyn and New York rent the air, and for a time it seemed as though the contestants might be torn from their places. But in less than two minutes New York pulled Brooklyn over the mark. This was repeated on the second trial, and the New Yorkers were declared the winners.

Dancing was continued until a late hour.

Indictment Quashed.

Justice E. B. Long of White Plains was indicted by the Grand Jury in April last for maltreasance, in several vagrancy cases. In the Court of Sessions on Wednesday last Justice Long said he was prepared to show that the charges made were legal and proper. District Attorney Baker said that he was not prepared to show to the contrary, and he asked the Court to quash the indictment, which was done.

Has it been Wound Up Again?

A man walked along West Forty-second street last night whistling "My Grandfather's Clock."

Court Calendar for To-Day.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS.—Nos. 10, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 88, 90, 98, 123, 124, 126, 163, 167, 192, 193, 203.

THE RACES AT SARATOGA.

GOOD RUNNING AND DROLL HOPPING ON THE FIFTH REGULAR DAY.

Mr. G. L. Lorillard's Sensation and Grenada First and Second for the Saratoga Stakes for Two-Year-Olds—Una also a Winner.

SARATOGA, July 29.—A bright sun shone on the fifth regular day's races. The same large, elegantly attired crowd that have attended each fine day's races filled the grand stand, and the same keen, eager sportsmen walked the quarter-stretch.

Among the daily visitors to the race course are seven Governors, one would-be Governor, eleven ex-Governors, nineteen Senators, and forty-nine generals, two hundred and fifty majors, and three hundred colonels, two of the latter from Kentucky.

One singular fact was that not a single dollar was bet in the pools on the first race.

The first race over the course to-day was a brush of one mile, for a purse of $300, between Dwyer Brothers' bay horse Bramble, 4 years, by Bonnie Scotland, dam Ivy Leaf, carrying 118 lbs., and E. Yard's chestnut gelding Bennett, 4 years, by Harry Bassett, dam Bet Arlington. Running Bennett against the Brooklyn horse was another proof that "hope springs eternal in the human breast." It was $80 to $5 with the bookmakers that Bramble would win. Bramble was away in the lead the instant the flag fell, sailing around the mile from six to eight lengths in advance, galloping in the easiest of winners by six lengths in 1:49. The French fives paid twenty cents on the investment, the smallest dividend ever declared.

The next event was a farce of one mile and a half, for a $500 purse, of which $50 went to second horse, between Oden Bowie's chestnut mare Belle, 4 years, by Dickens, dam My Maryland, carrying 113 pounds, and J. T. Williams's brown gelding Checkmate, 4 years, by Planet, dam Full Cry. This race, like the first, was a jug-handle affair in the pools, Checkmate selling at $245 to $25 on Belle. It turned out a very comical affair, both jockeys, Hayward on Belle, and Murphy on Checkmate, playing a waiting game. The pair started off galloping like two old mules. Checkmate was a length or so in front as they came up the stretch. At the stand on the half mile Belle led a length, the pair going on an easy jog, to the laughter of all on the stretch and in the stand. Not until they had hopped a mile in the small time of 2:29¼ did the pair show any life. Then Belle chirped out a little, passing Checkmate in the lower turn, gaining a lead of two lengths. Checkmate was given his head, and a tight little brush ensued for the last quarter of a mile, Checkmate again taking the lead, with Belle's head in his shadow. Belle made a good run for the finish, many hoping that she would win after the fooling, but Checkmate was winner, by Belle's head, in 2:30¾. French, $5.30—a rise of 10 cents on the first dividend.

Then followed the event of the day so far as the stakes were concerned—the annual scramble for the Saratoga Stakes, by two-year-olds, three-quarters of a mile; $100 entrance, half forfeit, with $700 added; $200 out of the stakes to go to second horse. Out of forty nominations, only these answered the summons from the bell: W. M. Connor's ch. f. Gildelia by Bonnie Scotland, dam Lady Rhoda; A. Belmont's b. c. Beata, by the Ill-Used—Beatrice; G. L. Lorillard's b. c. Grenada, by King Alfonso—Mattie Gross; the same gentleman's b. c. Sensation, by Leamington—Susan Beane; E. V. Snediker's ch. f. Girofle-Belle, by Leamington—Batan; and J. E. Carter & Co.'s ch. f. By-and-By, by Leamington—Ivy Leaf. The colts carried 110 pounds, and the fillies 107. G. L. Lorillard's entries were great favorites in the betting, selling at $200; By-and-By, $25; and the others in the field at $5. The sound was away first in a bunch after several rushing breakaways, Beata showing at the front, Gildelia second, Sensation third, By-and-By fourth, Grenada fifth, and Girofle last. They ran well bunched down the shute to the half-mile pole in a cloud of dust which completely hid the horses, and then they were lost to view for a moment or two. Here Beata was seen to be still in the lead, Sensation having forged through to second place, with Grenada passing Gildelia for third position. Rushing up the stretch, Sensation cut out the work, Grenada hopping all running home a great second, leaving the grand stand, G. L. Lorillard's colors came first and second, Sensation was a half length in front of Grenada, with Beata third, two lengths from Gildelia, Girofleo fifth, and By-and-By last. Time, 1:18. French, $5.10 to win on G. L. Lorillard's pair paid $5.50. The profits on the three winning tickets combined were only $1, something unheard of before in horse racing.

A better performance was expected of By-and-By, as his Tennessee filly had won the ladies' stakes in Nashville and two juvenile stakes in Chicago, including the ladies' stakes. No man on the American turf has ever brought out better youngsters than Mr. George L. Lorillard. Last year his Harold won this race over a very fast field, by a head.

Then followed a struggle of one mile and an eighth for a purse of $300, the winner to be sold at auction under the rules for $2,000. It entered to be sold at $1,500, allowed 7 lbs.; if for $1,400, 12 lbs.; if for $1,300, 17 lbs.; if for $1,200, 20 lbs. Horses beaten at this meeting and not having won a race this year allowed 3 lbs. additional. The following appeared at the post: Puryear & Co.'s b. c. Bulwark, 3 years, by Bonnie Scotland—Evadne, 95 lbs.; Dwyer Bros.' b. g. Charlemagne, 4 years, by Harry Bassett—Aurora Raby, 109; J. W. Bell's ch. g. Franklin, 4 years, by Lexington—Canary Bird, 103; O. O. West's b. g. Enterprise, 3 years, by Enquirer—Sallie Morgan, 87, and G. L. Lorillard's ch. f. Una, 3 years, by War Dance—Georgie Wood, 90 lbs. Charlie Gorham was a strong favorite from his recent great performances, selling at $625: Franklin, $430; Una, $310; Bulwark, $80; and Enterprise, $75. The first three were backed heavily by their owners. This was a field of flyaways. They flashed away at the dropping of the flag in splendid order, with no daylight between them. George Lorillard's colors were first to loom in front, and they remained there to the finish. Enterprise first tackled Una, running second half lapped for nearly half a mile, when he fell back, and Franklin took up the work, lapping Una. Coming up the stretch, under the whip, Franklin failed to respond satisfactorily, while Charlie Gorham, the favorite, was half a dozen lengths behind, third. It was a close struggle to the wire between Una and Franklin, Una finally rushing past the post a winner in 1:59¼ by half a length from Franklin, who was five from Bulwark, Gorham coming in fourth, and Enterprise last. French tickets paid $14.20.

Una was bought in by her owner after the race at $1,500.

Racing in Cleveland.

CLEVELAND, July 29.—The weather was pleasant, and the track was in good condition for the first day of the Cleveland Club races. The first race, 2:30 class, for a divided purse of $1,500, was won by Etta Jones in three straight heats. Time, 2:22½, 2:22¼, and 2:22. The second race, 2:20 class, for a divided purse of $2,000, was won by Driver. Time, 2:23¼, 2:21¾, 2:20½, 2:21½.

The Five-Hundred-Mile Pigeon Race.

The birds, six in number, for the greatest distance ever flown in this country, five hundred miles, air line, were released at Columbus, Ohio, by Mr. Stansell of the United States Signal Service Office, at 5½ A. M. on Sunday. At 11½ A. M. on Monday the winning bird, Mr. C. W. Demmerest's checkered cock Ross, arrived at his coop at Williamsburgh. At 2:30 P. M. the same day Mr. J. Van Opstal's little blue checkered hen Swiftness reached his coop at New York. Did this win second prize? Of course the birds must have rested some where the whole of Sunday night. Ross and Swiftness may be seen this forenoon and part of the afternoon at the office of the New York *Sportsman*, 14 Warren street. Mr. Demmerest and Mr. Van Opstal having sent them there to give the public an opportunity to see what the real Antwerp carrier pigeon is like.

Milk at Three Cents a Quart.

Three weeks ago a gentleman called on Dr. White of the Board of Health, and said two of his children were ill and one had already died of cholera infantum, and that the family physician has suggested that impure milk had bred the disease. The inmates took milk from the wife of Catherine O'Connor, at Second avenue. Dr. White ascertained that while Mrs. O'Connor sold milk at three cents a quart, Christian Gans, her landlord, sold it at four cents a quart. Dr. White's analysis of the milk sold by Mrs. O'Connor revealed half water, and unclean water at that. The milk sold by Gans was not only half water, but was even skimmed. He will be tried and Mrs. O'Connor arrested. The two were committed, yesterday, to the Yorkville Police Court.

Contents of The Weekly Sun.

THE WEEKLY SUN, published this morning, contains:

The Progress of the Pestilence—New Orleans Fleeced—Unfavorable Weather in Nebraska—Deaths of Heroes—Tragedy in Sing Sing—A Disorderly Convict Shot Dead by a Keeper; Conviction of Col. Tom Ranson—Incidents of the Trial; Decisive Defeat of Cetewayo—The Zulu War almost Ended; The Last of the Mountain Chiefs; Chicago's Latest Tragedy—The Melancholy Story of Three Sisters; His Heart Still in Twain—Shocking Murder in the Streets of New York in Broad Daylight; Disastrous Floods in Pennsylvania; A Frenchman's Tramp across the Continent; Indian Atrocities in the North-west; Murder of Mrs. Miles; John Kendall on English Rule in India; Murder of a Mormon in Georgia; Lust and Death in New York—A Healthy City; Mrs. Bursey's Request to Jeff Davis and the Soft Artist; Tom Hyer's Last Sign in Life; Fight, Russia; Many Troubles—A Terrible Picture of National Misfortune; Cedar Hill Farm—The Good Work that a City Banker is Doing in New Jersey; The Last Ever Mine; Wonderful Pistol Shooting by a New Yorker; Poetry—The Course of Courtship; The Slaver's Song; Stories—Vaudrean, the Vampire; Latest Telegraphic News; Business Notes on Science, and Industry; Ladies' Department; Many Columns of Editorial Articles and Agricultural Matter; Financial Intelligence and Markets.

THE WEEKLY SUN contains a complete epitome of the news of the week from all parts of the United States and the American continent. Copies in wrappers ready for mailing to the old country may be had at the desk of our publication office. Price four cents. For sale by all newsdealers in city and country.

A college professor once said that "he who expects to rate high in his class must not expectorate on the floor." Much of the hawking and spitting was, no doubt, caused by catarrh, which the professor knew could be nearly cured by the use of a few bottles of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.—*Adv.*

*Cocoaine kills dandruff, allays irritation, and promotes a vigorous growth of the hair.—*Adv.*

BRIGHTON'S RACES.

A Rider has his Collar Bone Broken—Some Fine Struggles for the Victory.

The third summer racing meeting on the Brighton Beach Fair Grounds was begun yesterday. There was a large attendance. The racing was begun at 4 o'clock. The judges of the day were Wm. M. Parks, S. S. Bruce and George Oakley. The opening race was for a purse of $300; $50 to second horse; distance, one mile. The racers were: Br. c. Glen Ogle, 3 years, 88 lbs.; ch. g. Loiterer, 5 years, 100 lbs.; ch. g. Baton Rouge, 3 years, 78 lbs.; and ch. g. Albert, 4 years, 94 lbs. The betting men made Baton Rouge a strong favorite in the pools. He sold for $260, Glen Ogle for $70, Albert $53, Loiterer $18. Albert had the lead around the turn, being four lengths in advance of Loiterer, with Baton Rouge third and Glen Ogle out of the race. Down the backstretch the leaders were clustered. At the half-mile pole Baton Rouge was a length ahead of Albert. Baton Rouge increased his lead three lengths at the head of the stretch, and came home a winner at a canter by four lengths, Albert was second, being two lengths ahead of Loiterer, Glen Ogle last. The mile was made in 1:48¾. French tickets on Baton Rouge paid $8.55. After the race Baton Rouge was purchased by Thos. H. Ferris for $505.

The second race was for a purse of $250, $50 to second horse; distance, three-quarters of a mile. Six horses came to the post, namely: Blk. g. Cedric, 3 years, 86 lbs.; b. g. Stormaway, 5 years, 101 lbs.; ch. c. Farley, 3 years, 89 lbs.; ch. g. Troutsesome, 5 years, 100 lbs.; ch. g. Clyde Hampton, 3 years, 89 lbs.; and ch. g. Kingston, 3 years, 94 lbs. In the pools Cedric sold for $180; Kingston, $184; Troutsesome, $72; field, $115. A capital start was effected with Clyde Hampton slightly in front, Kingston second, and Cedric third. They dashed down the backstretch, where Kingston took the lead, and seemed to have the race all his own way. He ran strongly throughout. All the way up the homestretch it was nip-and-tuck among Kingston, Cedric, and Clyde Hampton. Kingston won by half a length from Cedric, in 1:19. French tickets on Kingston paid $21.65.

The next race was a sweepstakes of $15 each, with $100 added; the second horse to receive $70 out of the stakes; distance two miles. There came to the post H. Gaffney's b. g. Dailgasinn, 6 years, 118 lbs.; F. Stearns's ch. c. Tom Scarlet, 3 years, 95 lbs. In the pools Dailgasinn was a great favorite, selling at $200, to Tom Scarlet's $40. When the flag dropped Dailgasinn was first away, and they ran the first mile with Dailgasinn three lengths in front. Dailgasinn won by four lengths in 3:49¼. French tickets paid $6.40.

The day's enjoyment was concluded with a handicap-hurdle-race for a purse of $450; $100 to second horse; mile heats. The starters were: b. g. Bay Rum, aged, 130 lbs.; b. g. Ben Mace, 5 years, 120 lbs.; b. g. Kadi, aged, 137 lbs.; ch. h. Ventilator, aged, 127 lbs., and br. h. Carver Jr., 4 years, 117 lbs. In the first heat the pools stood: Kadi, $200; Bay Rum, $90; Carver, Jr., $74; Ventilator, $60; Ben Mace, $12. The start was a good one, Ben Mace getting over the flight first, with Ventilator second, Carver, Jr., third. The horses ran in good shape, Ben Mace was an easy winner by two lengths, in 1:53½. Ventilator second, Bay Rum third, Carver, Jr., fourth. Kadi, the favorite, was distanced. French tickets paid $15.75. In the second heat the pools were: Ben Mace, $125; field, $205. After three attempts the horses were sent on their way with Ben Mace leading. The race lay between Ben Mace and Bay Rum. They ran side by side, jumping over the hurdles like antelopes. At the finish the old horse, Bay Rum, came in a winner by two length, in 1:52½; Ben Mace second, Ventilator third, Carver, Jr., fourth. French tickets on Bay Rum paid $24.10. Before the third heat Ventilator and Carver, Jr., were sent to the stable, according to rule. The pool sold: Bay Rum, $100; field, $50. In the second heat Bay Rum was first away, but before he had gone a quarter of a mile Bay Rum passed him and led by a length. The horses, after getting fairly into the stretch, were together again. It was hard work between them, and just before reaching the last hurdle it was plain to all that Bay Rum was weakening. As he jumped over the hurdle he stumbled and fell upon Gaffney, his rider. When Gaffney was picked up it was found that his right collar bone was broken. He was taken from the track by his friends. Bay Rum won by two lengths, in 1:58½. Ben Mace was mounted after the mishap by a colored rider named Hadly, and obtained second place. French tickets paid $6.35.

BLOODHOUNDS ON THE TRACK.

An Effort to Hunt Down the Murderer or Murderers of an Aged Couple.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

An aged couple, Martin Defoor and his wife, were found murdered in bed in their home, six miles in the country, on the Jonesville road, near Walker's Bridge. The grandchild of the aged couple, lives just across the road. Her son, Martin Walker, about twenty-five years of age, was the first person to enter the house yesterday morning. He found the back door open and the iron bar used as a lock on the door lying in the yard a few feet from the back steps. This bar is about a foot in length and an inch in diameter. The back door above had been opened from the inside. Two bags, containing about $18 in silver were lying in the second burned drawer in the room where the murder was committed. The drawer had been pulled out and searched. A chest near the fireplace in the same room had been ransacked. A small kitchen lamp was burning on the bed, very near the pillow, in a room adjoining the back of the house used as a spare room. An axe, recognized as the property of Martin Walker, and which he had left at about dark at his woodpile on the previous evening, was found covered with ashes in the fireplace of the room used as a dining and cook room. This axe was bloody. Nothing was missing from the house except Mr. Defoor's pocketbook, containing a number of notes of value, and the old man's boots.

In a small room up stairs, a room rarely visited by the old couple, was found one hand evidently been lying on the bed. It was rumpled as if by a human form, and the counterpane bore the impress of a muddy bare foot. Around a small workshop fifty feet from the dwelling were very large tracks, evidently made by some person barefoot in the rain. A resident of the neighborhood said that on the night of the murder, at about 8 o'clock, he saw a light in the shop. A sledge-hammer was missing from the shop, and was found behind the dwelling in the field. Tracks similar to those near the shop were found leading from the back gate of Mr. Defoor's yard to the woodpile, at which Martin Walker left his axe, and then back to the yard. These tracks were not traceable up to the back door of the house because of the hardness of the soil in the yard. The tracks of the old man's boots were found about four hundred yards from the house, in the woods near the remnants of a watermelon feast. The boots were perfectly dry.

Just where the boots were found Messrs. Kries and Redd put their bloodhounds on the trail, from the house. The two distinct classes of tracks were made—one the impress of a medium-sized boot, the other barefoot tracks like those around the woodshed.

ATLANTA, Ga., July 29.—Yesterday the officers with bloodhounds got on the track of a negro named Asa Morgan, and they run him forty hours, doubling on a track of nine miles, and found him in a haystack. He fought like a tiger, and was badly bitten by the dogs. After his capture he confessed that he and another negro and a white man were guilty of the murder. He held the light while the white man chopped the old couple in their necks with an axe, killing both instantly. The negro says that a large sum of money was secured, but none was given to him. He had none when arrested. He gave the names of the other two murderers, and the officers are after them. Morgan is in jail.

Fatally Stabbed over a Game of Cards.

CINCINNATI, July 29.—While W. R. Henderson of Greenfield, Ohio, and Hanford Horne were engaged in a game of cards in a saloon in Washington, Ohio, this afternoon, a dispute arose concerning the manner in which a play was made. Henderson stabbed Horne through the heart killing him instantly.

MERE MENTION.

Fireworks at Manhattan Beach to-night.

The new tabernacle on the Merrick camp meeting grounds is to be dedicated on Thursday.

Judge Potter denies a motion to reduce the bail of Mrs. Schoenmaker, the alleged disinherited mother.

The sources of the police in Hoboken have been increased 12½ cents an hour. Another hour's work at night has been given them. This will give them six hours' work for eight, and at 17½ cents an hour, or $1.40 a night.

Edward O'Brien, who assaulted his boarding house keeper, Mrs. Annie Duffy, at 12 Abingdon square on Monday evening, was committed in the Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday. Mrs. Duffy's injuries are serious.

The body of an unknown man was found in the river yesterday near the Rotterdam Steamship Company's wharf at the foot of Pavonia avenue, Jersey City. It is supposed to be that of a man who disappeared from the wharf about ten days ago.

The first peach trade of the season arrived from Delaware on Sunday morning, and the fruit was sold to small purchasers at $1 a basket and $4 a crate. Much of the fruit is hard and unripe. Marketmen say that the crop this season will be good.

A resolution was passed by the Police Commissioners yesterday transferring forty-three policemen now doing duty in the Detect Clearing Bureau to regular police service, supplying their places with men who are to be paid $800 a year instead of $1,200.

The Steam Heating Power Company, similar to Spinola's steam heating company, has filed articles of incorporation. Its capital is $3,000,000, and the trustees are Bailey D. Claire, Wallace Andrews, Ashbel W. Hubbard, and James W. Rawes.

Patrolman Wilson found James Ward declaiming in front of the Park Theatre on Monday evening. He placed Mennette to an interested crowd of bootblacks and stopped dramatically to and from Brown the walk. He was drunk. He was fined in Jefferson Market Police Court.

Mr. James S. Drake, master mechanic of the New York Elevated Railroad, who has resigned to take a like post on the New Jersey Central Railroad, was presented on Monday with a heavy gold watch and chain, the gift of the employees in the mechanical department of the New York Elevated Railroad.

John Frazier, another second-hand book, entitled Fishcooks of the Metal Trade, yesterday from Richard Burnton's stand, at 492 Fourth avenue, and was captured by Officer John Kiely. The book was stamped as belonging to the Department of Public Instruction of the City of New York, and Justice Bixby adjourned the hearing until to-day, so that Burnton may tell how it came into his hands.

THE ISTHMUS WATER WAY.

ADMIRAL AMMEN'S REPORT OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

Charging that Personal Interests were Unduly Regarded—An Opinion that Mr. De Lesseps's Scheme will Soon be Abandoned.

WASHINGTON, July 29.—The following is an abstract of the principal points in the reports of Admiral Ammen and A. G. Menocal on the recent International Congress in Paris, to consider the question of an interoceanic ship canal. Admiral Ammen says: "From the first sitting it was apparent that there were two parties of what we would call 'speculators'—the one represented by Mr. Blanchet, who had an unconfirmed grant from the Nicaraguan Government; and Lieut. Wyse of the French navy, who had a grant from the Colombian Government, embracing with a reservation the right to construct a ship canal over any part of her territory, the reservation applying, as I understand, to the already conceded right of the Panama Railroad. The presumed grant to Lieut. Wyse was published in the New York *Herald* nearly one year ago. Lieut. Wyse has the powerful support of M. de Lesseps. I need hardly add that through the geographical societies of Paris and the method of appointing 'delegates' to the Congress, the latter is quite able to have any desired majority on a vote relating to the respective merits of the Nicaragua and Panama routes."

It was apparent as the routes were presented and discussed that the able engineers generally ranged themselves on the side of the Nicaragua route. On the 27th the final full meeting of the Congress took place to hear the report of the Technical Committee, and vote on the resolution in favor of the Panama route. The hall was densely crowded, and there were enthusiastic manifestations of approval whenever a vote of "Yes" was given, which, Admiral Ammen says, would hardly have been the case had the audience regarded the selection as depending wholly on natural conditions or physical causes. The vote resulted—yeas, 75; nays, 8; abstaining from a vote, 16; making a total of 99 out of the 135 delegates on the list. Admiral Amm