HARVARD SCORES A VICTORY

THE CRIMSON COLORS ABOVE THE BLUE AND WHITE OF COLUMBIA.

The First Half of the Race Hotly Contested; then Harvard Taking the Lead and Retaining it to the Finish—Time, 21m. 15s.

NEW LONDON, June 27.—Harvard scored a victory to-day over the blue and white colors of Columbia, which will nerve her crew for the great contest on Friday. Yale will certainly not have the walk over that has been predicted, and the race between the crimson and blue will be hotly contested. To-day's victory was gallantly won from gallant adversaries, one of whom fainted dead away as his boat passed the finish. Harvard's old historic form of rowing, of a purely natural and American type, was, as usual, strictly preserved. Her crews never did "English" their stroke as have those of other colleges, but have, with one or two exceptions only, kept strictly to their old traditions. Their oblique movement from the hips, with the elastic, easy spring, was in strong contrast to the movement of Columbia's oarsmen. The catch of the water was also neater, the stroke was better pulled through, and the recovery in every way more stylish and natural. No college crew or single sculler can ever row with arms and legs alone, unless built of cast iron, and, barring brute force, can never win with such a stroke. Both crews had an easy feather, and finished their stroke well. Columbia's slight drag or pause told against her with Harvard's recovery, which can so easily be graduated. There was very little difference between the two crews as regards the time of the race, Columbia actually averaging more strokes to the minute than Harvard, though Harvard of old was noted for spurting, and keeping the spurt up. The attendance of spectators outside of collegians was not large, for the inhabitants did not encourage the race, even as a side show to the Harvard-Yale contest. The morning broke cloudy and lowering, with a fog blowing in from the southeast, which might have been cut with a knife. However, when the time arrived for the crews to pull out to the starting point it turned out a day to delight an oarsman's heart. A faint breeze from the northeast set in, which struck the shells on the port quarter, and, with the ebb tide, helped them along considerably. There was no sun, and all the conditions for a race were favorable. At 11:31 Columbia's boat was in the water and Harvard launched her shell about ten minutes later. Columbia was the first to appear at the starting point, and rowed in their regular striped shirts, but the Harvard crew, after coming out in white shirts, stripped naked to the waist at the starting point. Columbia had the west side of the river and Harvard the east side. The start was, however, close to the western shore for both crews, and there was little or no choice in position.

The race was rowed on the young ebb, and the word "Go" was given at about 11:50 A. M. Columbia caught the water first and slipped into a lead at once, with a stroke of 42. Harvard caught the water with a stroke of 40 to the minute. Columbia kept her lead for nearly an eighth of a mile, when Harvard began gradually to draw up abreast, and inch by inch, slowly but surely, sent her bow up up even. Then in the same style, and rowing in excellent form, the crew of the crimson colors forged slowly ahead, until at the half mile Harvard had a short but pronounced lead. The first mile was made by Harvard in five minutes. Columbia not a length astern. It was rattling work up to the next half mile, Columbia pulling forty, and Harvard a trifle less. After the first mile both crews steered over to the eastern shore, and Columbia began to gain, and soon drew up abreast again, and then with a spurt went ahead. It was now a stroke of about thirty-eight for both crews, and at the one and a half mile flag Columbia had a length and clear water, the diagonal steering favoring her at least that much viewed from a dead-on-end position considerably astern. Off the Naval dock Columbia still retained the lead, but Harvard was again gradually crawling up, and each crew was evidently lowering its stroke. This, however, only lasted for a minute, and then Columbia again took up a stroke of 38, while 36 seemed to suffice for Harvard, her crew having apparently quickened up in the case of necessity. Running up to the beginning of the fourth and last mile, and, in fact, all through the dangerous third mile, there was a slow, but gradually increasing lead on the part of Harvard, which the blue and white colors strove desperately but ineffectually to overcome. Columbia occasionally spurted, but Harvard kept up an easy stroke of thirty-six, and at the end of the third mile had drawn into a lead of nearly four lengths, and this without any very strong effort. At this point the difference in the stroke of the two crews was even more perceptible than on the first mile, Harvard's superior style and form showing out in bright relief to the plucky, yet ragged stroke of Columbia.

"Yale may beat those boys next Friday, but they can't beat their style," said an enthusiastic wearer of the crimson. Indeed, the crew is far better than it was generally supposed to be. Yale, of course, the odds are in favor of Yale's veterans.

The last mile was a plucky contest, waged with desperation by Columbia's oarsmen. Some excellent rowing, with considerable spurting, enabled them to materially decrease Harvard's lead as the two crews dashed up to the last half-mile flag. Entering the last half Columbia was pulling a stroke of 39, while Harvard still stuck to 36 to the mile. Slowly but gallantly Harvard began to send her bow up ahead it was evident now that the wearers of the blue and white colors had lost the day. Still keeping up the contest, the Columbia boys made a final effort on the last quarter, and for a minute again decreased Harvard's lead. The latter, however, still pulling in excellent form, and without the efforts so apparent in the Columbia crew, kept a decided lead, and slipped across the finish over three lengths in advance. Harvard's time for the mile and the first mile was 5 minutes. At the end of the second Columbia led in 10 minutes and 40 seconds. Harvard led in 16 minutes at the end of the third mile, and won the race in 21 minutes, 45 seconds. Columbia's time was 21 minutes, 58 seconds.

The referee was Mr. Frank G. Brown of the Nassau Boat Club. There was little or no enthusiasm except on the part of the select knot of Harvard men after the race was over. In fact, there was much despondency on the part of the Columbia men present, as Eldridge, an accomplished member of their crew, fainted away as the boat passed the finish, and remained unconscious for some time, causing his many friends great uneasiness. Two other men in the crew seemed to be considerably pumped, but the Harvard crew showed up in excellent shape considering the pounding of a four mile race, and will be all right with a little rest for the contest on Friday. The crews were:

HARVARD.	Weight.	Age.
Edward D. Brandegee, Captain (bow)	169	22
Frederick L. Sawyer	170	22
Edward T. Cabot	179	19
Charles P. Hammond	181	21
Gerard Fowler	177	27
Seymour I. Hodgens	182	27
William Chalfant	178	21
Charles P. Curtis (stroke)	152	20
Julius Bucknam (coxswain)	97	
COLUMBIA.	Weight.	Age.
W. A. Moore (bow)	167	20
Charles Eldridge	160	24
D. Beckhart	164	21
J. T. Lynch	164	21
J. H. Montgomery	177	21
A. H. Van Sinderen	173	21
R. R. Maier	163	20
J. H. Jones (stroke)	152	20
J. Benjamin (coxswain)	88	20

The race is said to have been rowed here contrary to the desires of the citizens, who did not wish to have any event that would detract from the importance of the annual race between Yale and Harvard. The result will, however, as it turns out, enhance the importance of the coming contest, and add much to the excitement.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Metropolitan Concert Hall.

Rudolf Bial's series of summer concerts at the Metropolitan Concert Hall are among the most entertaining of the kind ever given in the city. Mr. Bial's long experience as leader at the famous Kroll's Garten in Berlin has enabled him to sound the taste of a miscellaneous audience, and his programmes are most ingeniously arranged. Mr. Bial's orchestra is selected from that of the Philharmonic Society, and no summer concerts have so nearly approached the brilliant series given by Theodore Thomas at the old Central Park Garden as these. Indeed, many faces familiar at the Central Park Garden are seen among Mr. Bial's audiences.

Fight Between Whites and Blacks.

RICHMOND, June 27.—An affray occurred on Saturday night at Columbia, Fluvanna County, Va., between whites and blacks, in which one of the latter was fatally injured and others seriously hurt. The fight took place in a tavern, all hands being more or less under the influence of liquor. Bill Hackney, the negro who was most injured, was struck on the head with a pick handle, severely beaten, and thrown out of a window to the ground beneath, a distance of fifteen feet.

The Sleeping Hungarian.

ALLENTOWN, Pa., June 27.—John Gyumber, the sleeping Hungarian at the poorhouse, spoke several times last night, after a silence of 125 days. He said he belonged to the Slavonic race and could speak Hungarian. His mind is still wandering, but his condition slowly improves.

Troy's Police Controversy.

TROY, June 27.—Judge John Codman of Columbia County has been appointed by the Governor a commissioner to take evidence on the charges preferred against Mayor Murphy. Several of the suits in the police controversy will be argued to-morrow in Albany.

St. Joseph's Salve.

The greatest healing agent and pain conqueror in the world. Try it. Sold everywhere.—*Adv.*

HOPS AND POLECATS.

The Hon. J. Stanley Browne's Remarkable Bill for the Protection of Otsego.

ALBANY, June 27.—Although the Assembly did not meet until 11½ this morning, not more than twenty-five of the 128 members were in their seats when the clergyman said the Lord's Prayer (old version). Assemblyman Niles of New York made another attempt to introduce Henry Bergh's Anti-Pigeon-Shooting bill. He asked unanimous consent. Col. Murphy demanded the reading of the title. The Clerk began to read: "An act to prohibit the shooting—"

"I object!" shouted Col. Murphy. Old Salt, and a dozen others.

"Then I move to lay all other business on the table," said Mr. Niles, "in order that I may introduce this bill."

"A count!" "A count!" yelled Old Salt, Col. Murphy, Arthur, Dickinson Williams, and others.

The count was taken, and eleven members stood up with Mr. Niles. "The motion is lost," said the Speaker. "And the score is still a mighty poor one," said Old Salt.

"It is plain that there are not enough members present to do any business," said the Bald Eagle. "I move that the House take a recess until five minutes of 12 o'clock." It was done, and the members and visitors lit their cigars and lounged about the chamber, smoking and cracking jokes to kill the time. At the noon time the members came straggling in, and when at five minutes before noon the Speaker's gavel fell and the roll was called seventy-nine answered to their names. The Senators were kept waiting at the bar for the finishing of the call, and the joint ballot was had.

Before the rear of the retiring procession of Senators was out of the chamber, after the adjournment of the joint convention, Mr. J. Stanley Browne of Schenevus, Otsego County, who had left his seat at the rear of the chamber and taken that of Mr. Newman of Brooklyn directly in front of the Speaker's desk, was discovered shaking a paper above his head and shouting "Mr. Speaker!"

The Republican members came trooping down the aisles, and formed a ring around Mr. Browne. They seemed to think that a Democratic mine was about to be sprung. The fact that Mr. Browne had taken such a prominent position and his manner was so earnest encouraged this suspicion.

"The gentleman from Otsego," said Speaker Sharpe.

"I ask unanimous consent to introduce a bill and to make a statement in regard to it," continued Mr. Browne.

"I call for the reading of the titele of the bill," broke in Col. Murphy.

Mr. Brown—The title is: "An act for the protection of polecats, otherwise knew as skunks."

Old Salt (holding up both hands)—My God! New let me go fishing.

Mr. Brown, by unanimous consent, explained the bill. He said its object was to protect the hop growers of the State. A large grub was destroying the hops and ruining the farmers engaged in that industry. The skunk was the natural enemy of that grub. They came out of their holes at night and went to the hop yards and ate these grubs by the millions. Every skunk who thus visited hop yards was worth $50 to the farmer whose yard he visited. The farmers of Otsego County are largely engaged in the raising of hops. Unless something is done to protect these skunks," said Mr. Browne, "I don't know what will become of the people in my part of the State. On their behalf I ask that this bill may be ordered to its third reading."

"If the people of Otsego County can be saved by a few skunks," said Dr. Polar Hayes, "then I am in favor of passing the bill at once."

"I object," roared Old Salt.

"Oh, no, Gov'nor, please don't object," said Mr. Browne, appealing to Old Salt, and a score of others joined in the appeal.

"Yes, I will," doggedly responded Old Salt, shaking his long gray beard and locks. "It's all——d nonsense."

"Then I move to lay all orders of business on the table, for the purpose of allowing me to introduce this bill," said Mr. Browne.

"Mr. Speaker!" shouted Old Salt, grabbing his straw hat and cane from under his desk, and pirating out into the aisle, "I move that this House do now adjourn."

"No, no, no!" came from all parts of the chamber.

The Speaker put Alvord's motion. There were a few faint "ayes" in response, and a whirlwind of "noes." Old Salt put his hat and cane back under his desk and sank into his seat crushed. The idea that a motion to adjourn could be beaten in the present demoralized condition of affairs was evidently something that he had not thought possible. "You're all a cussed lot of fools," he blurted out.

The reading of the bill was then called for. It was as follows:

AN ACT for the protection of polecats, otherwise known as skunks.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

SECTION 1. No person shall at any time or place within this state kill any polecat, otherwise known as skunk, nor shall any person sell or expose for sale or have in his possession any skin of such animal. Any person violating this section shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and in addition thereto shall be liable to a penalty of $50 for each offence.

When the reading had been finished Mr. Browne said, "In order to protect the gentleman from Westchester, who has had some experience——"

"Oh, no. I haven't been near the gentleman," broke in the Bald Eagle.

The House went into convulsions of laughter as Husted sank into his seat. Even Old Salt began to look pleasant again, but soured up as soon as Mr. Browne asked unanimous consent to amend the bill by exempting all the counties in the State but those most interested in hop growing, and again asked unanimous consent to send the bill to its third reading.

"I object," he shouted. This time Old Salt's objection was fatal, a single one being all that was necessary. The bill was sent to the Committee on Agriculture, and the House adjourned until to-morrow. This was all the business done.

LANDLADY RICHARD MISSING.

Her Husband, Children, and Boarders Deserted—Trouble with a Boarder.

John Richard, a worthy Frenchman of Woodhaven, is in trouble. His wife, whom he married twenty-nine years ago, has left him and her children, and he is desolate. He spoke of his bereavement yesterday in a voice broken with emotion and French. "She was a smarter woman than I was a man," he said, with evident pride. "On Saturday, while I was at work, she went away, and told the girl she would be back perhaps in an hour."

Where she had gone Mr. Richard did not pretend to know, nor why she had gone. She was 42 years old, and eleven years the junior of her husband, and managed all their business affairs. They had at home three children, all boys, and a son and a daughter are married. Mr. Richard works in a neighboring factory, and ten Long Island railroad men boarded in his neat slate-colored cottage. They have left him now from necessity, because there is no landlady, and yesterday Mr. Richard was found with his tears around him at their supper, which he himself had prepared after his day's work. He was asked if the published story that his wife had eloped with one of her boarders, a boy of 18 years, was true.

"I do not believe she is so low as that yet," he exclaimed, his eyes filling up. "Conn Mulverhill, who was about 25, boarded here for a long time, and owed me a good deal of money for board from last summer. He was getting but $40 a month from the railroad company, and so I took him back. I didn't like the way he acted about the house, and he and I had some words last week. Afterward he seemed to feel bad, and asked me if he had better leave the house. I don't suspect him."

Mulverhill left Woodhaven on Thursday and went to Hunter's Point. It was on Saturday that Mrs. Richard left her home. There is no evidence that she joined Mulverhill. Mrs. Richard, the husband says, took with her the deed of their house and lot, which, like all of their business papers, was in her name, and he is afraid the house may be sold. Her dresses, also, are all gone. "I have no time to follow her," he said; "I must work my ten hours a day. But I hope she will come back."

An Aged Woman Missing.

NEWBURGH, June 27.—Mrs. Rachael Mott, about 60 years of age, has been missing from her home in Cornwall since Tuesday last. She left home at about 9 o'clock in the morning, and was not missed by her sister until two hours afterward. Then her absence was supposed to be only temporary. The neighbors have searched the country for miles around without finding her. She was traced to a blacksmith shop at the entrance of the Newburgh Almshouse, where she stopped to make inquiries about the road. There all trace of her has lost. Mrs. Mott is small in stature and quite aged. She owns a small house and lot, but lately has expressed anxiety about the probability of coming to want. She said to her sister at different times that she believed she would start on a tramp some day, and that she could go no further and thus reach the end of her trouble. A year or so ago she made an application to enter St. Luke's Home and Hospital in this city, but she was not admitted.

Sunday Night Tragedies in Philadelphia.

PHILADELPHIA, June 27.—George Hiller, a barber, shot Walter Fink, a boatman, through the heart last night, killing him instantly. The shooting was done in front of a church at Fourth and Wharton streets. Hiller was jealous of the attentions which Fink paid to a young woman whom Hiller claimed to have married. She denies that Hiller is her husband, but there can be no doubt that they are married. About an hour after the Fink tragedy another jealous husband shot both his wife and her paramour. James Gourley, who has been living apart from his wife, Dora, for some time, entered her house through a window at 11 o'clock last night and found her in a room with Daniel Dougherty. Without saying a word he began to shoot at both of them. Dougherty was shot twice in the shoulder but not mortally wounded. Mrs. Gourley received a bullet in the left breast which the doctors have not yet been able to extract. Gourley was arrested.

To restore nerve and brain waste, nothing equals Hop Bitters. Believe this.—*Adv.*

LASSOING IN NEW YORK.

An Escaped Texas Steer Hunted to his Death in the City Streets.

A wild Texan steer, with a yellowish hide and horns nearly three feet in length, sauntered out of the cattle yards at Forty-fifth street and First avenue at about 10 o'clock yesterday morning. To what particular butcher of the many thereabouts he belonged could not be ascertained, for when, an hour afterward, he was ready for delivery to his owner, he had gored a horse, knocked down a man, his hide was riddled with bullets, and his throat was cut, which means that, his carcass being worthless and his career having opened a prospect of round damages, all butchers denied him.

He took his way down First avenue, at first walking and then trotting. Attention was attracted to him gradually, being mostly bestowed by the small boys, who are numerous and unscrupulous in that neighborhood, and the more attention he got the more his pace became accelerated. At Thirty-fifth street he was going at a run, and a mob that constantly grew larger was at his sides and in his rear, hooting, assailing him with missiles, and enraging him.

The steer charged straight down the avenue as far as Thirteenth street. He snorted in terror and rage as he plunged along, holding his nose so close to the ground that he blew the dust sideways in little clouds, and shaking his long horns constantly in a threatening, semicircular sweep. It was police drill day in anticipation of the annual parade. Only one policeman was in First avenue from the Eighteenth Precinct, and he did not see the bull. At Thirteenth street the animal turned eastward and ran as far as Fourth avenue. By this manœuvre he freed himself in a measure from the mob, and his pace was not quite so hot as he went northward, he was, moreover, well nigh exhausted. His sides were in a foam, and the hot breath from his nostrils turned into a visible steam as it struck the cool air. At Twenty-first street he turned out of Fourth avenue to the right, passed part way along the north side of Gramercy Park, and veered into Lexington avenue, along which he continued his way at a trot.

A policeman had yet met the beast, and no person had been discharged at him. Moreover, nobody had come in his path to receive injury from trampling or goring. At Thirty-first street, however, the steer met Dr. Smith, who lives in the neighborhood. The Doctor was returning from a professional call, and was crossing the avenue somewhat absent-mindedly just at the moment of the arrival of the bull. He became aware of the animal when the latter was about ten feet away, and in the suddenness of his surprise, in order to make the bull steer off, resorted to the somewhat inadequate measure of shaking his umbrella at him. The bull did not make any detour, and striking the Doctor on the hip, threw him over against the curbstone. The Doctor fell heavily, but his injuries were slight, being no more than a bruise where the bull struck him and a slight contusion on the back of the head and neck.

The steer, after meeting Dr. Smith, turned into Thirty-first street, and, trotting to Fourth avenue, swung into that thoroughfare heading for the city. At the point Charles Worden, a vender, lying at 231 East Thirty-seventh street, was standing with his horse and cart. As the steer came into view a lithe, earnest man, carrying a lasso or slip noose in his hand, leaped into Worden's cart and besought him to go after the animal. He added that $25 was the reward for his capture, and Worden at once whipped up in pursuit. At Thirtieth street the cart overtook the steer, and the lasso dexterously fell about his horns. It was thrown with great skill, and fell accurately over the head and neck of the escaped animal. The bull was brought up with a jerk. Cart and steer swung just around the corner into Thirtieth street.

Filled with fresh terror, the steer plunged and bellowed, and charging upon Worden's horse, ripped a deep gash in one of his hind legs from the fetlock well into the flank. Worden looked around in dismay for the lithe stranger, but the latter had disappeared. The lasso was taken off from the cart, and hundreds of men and boys surrounded the cart and the captured steer, and their vociferations made a tremendous uproar. Policeman Patrick Finley and another policeman of the Thirty-fifth street station made their way through the crowd to the curbing, and at a distance of ten feet opened upon the steer with their heavy revolvers. A dozen shots were sent into the breast and forty attendant lookers of the excitement stood frenzied behind. At the first he bellowed and plowed the ground in terrible fashion, but at the last he stood trembling, and stretched his head far upward as though seeking for air. At this moment A. Mauze, a butcher of the neighborhood, approached him and drew a knife three times across his throat. The steer fell as one, and died in a few moments.

MISS UDELL'S ACCUSERS.

A Secret Hearing of Charges Against a Brooklyn Public School Teacher.

The special committee of the Brooklyn Board of Education, comprising Messrs. A. B. Richardson, Samuel A. Avila, Geo. R. Alexander, W. Denysse, and E. W. Fischer, last night met in secret session to hear the charges which the local committee of Public School No. 32, comprising Messrs. Lowell, Williams, and Beard, have made against Miss Ophelia G. Udell. The local committee suspended her on March 27 for alleged insubordination, disobedience of rules, and exhibitions of temper. The committee excluded reporters, and prohibited Mr. John Y. Culver, Chairman of the Teachers' Committee, from attending, although he formally insisted upon his right to do so both as a member of the Board and as Chairman of the committee to which such charges are ordinarily referred. Miss Udell, a young lady of experience in teaching, was present attended by her counsel, Mr. Frank Gray.

The committee examined several witnesses. In the course of the inquiry it appeared that at the time she was accused of absenting herself Miss Udell's father, who subsequently died, was seriously ill, and that she made the principal, Major S. M. Sprole, acquainted with these facts, and invited him to attend the funeral. The inquiry also developed the fact that Major Sprole was for some time an inmate of an asylum for insanity in this city, but he was recently managing his school, imposing unusual tasks upon teachers, such as doing yard duty at recesses, and that in Miss Udell's case he refused to accept her excuses when she was sick. The school yard of No. 32 is flagged, and across the flagging red lines are painted. It is averred that it is Mr. Sprole's custom to put the children through a drill in this yard, and that when he appeared at the window and whistled the children were expected to be ready to instantly take their positions in line to toe the mark.

The local committee was admitted to the session of the special committee last night to prosecute Miss Udell. The zeal with which they pursue the case has caused much bitter feeling, and there was a scene in the meeting between Mr. John Y. Culver and Mr. Jno. T. Williams in the Secretary's office. Mr. Williams accusing Mr. Culver of causing all the difficulties of the Board to be published to the public, and Mr. Culver insisting that he was acting only a gentleman's part in defending the reputation of a young woman who had been unjustly assailed and mercilessly persecuted.

Through the influence of Mr. S. V. Lowell, an eccentric member of the Board, the pay of Miss Udell has been stopped this month. The National City Bank, to avoid litigation, concluded to heed the protest which Mr. Lowell and others filed. It is understood that Miss Udell will seek a mandamus from the courts to compel the payment of the money to which the financial officers of the Board say that she is entitled.

BASE BALL.

The Philadelphia Athletic Team Chicaged in New York by the Metropolitans.

The Philadelphia Athletic base ball team, which last week played two good games with the Bostons, and easily defeated the New York nine, visited this city yesterday, and were very handsomely "Chicaged" by the Metropolitans, who played a fine fielding game. The two teams play here again to-day, and then the Metropolitans go to Philadelphia for two days. The score of yesterday's contest was:

ATHLETIC.	r.	b.	p.o.	a.	e.	METROPOLITAN.	r.	b.	p.o.	a.	e.
Birdsall, l.f.	0	0	0	0	0	Brady, 2d b.	2	2	2	3	0
Wheeler, r.f.	0	0	1	0	0	Mansell, c.f.	1	1	3	0	0
Lull, c.	0	2	1	0	0	Gray, s.s.	1	1	0	1	1
Fresh, c.	0	0	4	0	0	Esterbrook, 1st b.	0	2	10	0	0
Fulmer, 2d b.	0	2	6	5	4	Muldoon, 3d b.	1	1	2	3	0
Stricker, s.s.	0	0	2	4	0	Hance, c.	0	0	1	0	0
Rating, 3d b.	0	0	3	0	0	Morgan, r.f.	4	1	2	0	0
Hense, 1st b.	0	0	7	0	1	Kennedy, l.f.	0	1	2	0	0
Gardner, p.	0	0	2	0	1	Daly, p.	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	0	4	24	6	6	Totals	9	8	27	8	1

RUNS SCORED EACH INNINGS.

Athletic	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Metropolitan	1	0	0	0	3	1	0	1	—9

First base by errors—Athletic, 1; Metropolitan, 3.
Earned runs—Athletic, 0; Metropolitan, 0.

At Chicago yesterday one of the poorest games of the season was played, the Providence nine being defeated by the Chicagos for the eighth time by the score of 19 to 12. The Bostons made their sixth score from the Cleveland by 10 to 0, and at Detroit the home team "Chicaged" their visitors from Troy by 8 to 0.

The new Albany team is proving itself a strong one. After a close contest with the Worcesters last week they defeated the Atlantics on Saturday by 6 to 4. The team is made up of Trott and Weidman, catcher and pitcher; Brown, Brady, and Farrell on the bases, Smiles at short stop, and the three brothers Mansell in the outfield.

Rain prevented the Buffalo and Worcester game yesterday. It will be played to-day.

The Atlantics play the New York Cooperatives in Brooklyn to-day.

It is reported that W. H. Voltz is under contract to manage a base ball team two years, beginning next season.

Cleveland will, it is said, drop out of the League and be replaced by Toledo.

TO-DAY'S CRICKET GAME.

The return match between the first eleven of the Staten Island and Manhattan Cricket Clubs takes place at Prospect Park to-day.

Base Ball at Polo Grounds To-day.

Metropolitans vs. Athletics, at 4 P. M.—*Adv.*

THE COMET SLOWING UP.

Its Apparent Motion Diminishing—Will it Split into Two Pieces?

But for the assurance that the comet is receding from the earth at the top of its speed nervous persons might be disturbed by the alarming descriptions that the astronomers who have taken the stranger in hand give of the tremendous activity in and about the nucleus. If the calculations of the comet's distance from the earth are to be depended upon, and various estimates place it at between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 miles, then the nucleus must be at least 1,000 miles in diameter. Some observations would indicate that it is nearer 2,000 miles or nearly as big as the moon. Around the nucleus is the coma, which, upon the same basis of calculation, must be several thousand miles broad, especially on the front or sunward side. Still further out comes the nebulous envelope, the backward extension of which constitutes the tail. All these portions seem to the naked eye to be blended together in the bright dot called the head. It is principally in the coma and the envelope that the changes spoken of are observed. These portions of the comet are, according to all of the observers, in a state of tremendous agitation, changing form and position from hour to hour. Within the coma appeared in its turn spurs of spikes projecting from the nucleus. Another observer saw it extended in two directions like the wings of a bird. Yet again it appeared as a ring surrounding the nucleus. The outer envelope seems to wax and wane in an equally mysterious way.

Estimates of the length of the tail vary greatly according to the situation of the observer. In the city, where the eye is confused with the glare of many lights, and the air is dimmed by smoke, few persons can see the tail to a greater distance than 10 or 15 degrees from the head. At some of the observatories situated in the country, however, the tail is reported to be visible to a distance of 40 degrees, which would give an actual length of some 20,000,000 miles.

The comet's apparent speed is diminishing. It is yet approaching the north star, but much more slowly than at first, and it will remain visible for some weeks yet. Prof. Ross of the Dudley observatory, Albany, reports that on Sunday night he could see two branches of the tail, one perfectly straight and some 40 degrees long, and the other shorter, fainter, and curved westward. Mr. Parkhurst relates that he has detected a bright dot or condensation near the nucleus, which suggests the probability that this comet may be about to split in two, as did Biela's comet many years ago. Dr. Peters, the veteran asteroid hunter, says he can see the shadow of the nucleus projected like a dark beam into the tail. Prof. Draper is pushing his photographic work. Prof. Young is firing the spectroscope, and other astronomers all over the United States and Europe are as busy as bees trying to solve the question that for hundreds of years has been their toughest riddle—what are comets made of?

The identity of the comet has not yet been determined, but the weight of opinion seems to be that it is neither the comet of 1807 nor that of 1812. There seems, however, to be no longer any doubt that it is the same comet that Dr. Gould saw in South America a month ago.

The clouds last night hid the comet from view in this city.

ALBANY, June 27.—From the Dudley Observatory, at 1½ o'clock this morning, the sight presented by the comet is said to have been one never to be forgotten. The comet stretched out across the heavens nearly 40°, and the tail spread into two well-defined branches, enveloping the north star in a cloud of milky light. The centered nucleus was just about 2½° east of the north star, and shooting up toward the zenith. The other branch shot up on the west for at least 85°, being about 5° southwest of the pole star. In the 13-inch equatorial the general appearance of the head was that of a broad fan of ostrich plumes, the handle being directed away from the sun. This handle is represented by the nucleus, which is seven seconds in diameter.

BAPTIST MINISTERS BALLOTING.

A Defeated Candidate forms an Unpleasant Opinion of the Rev. Dr. Everts.

The Baptist Ministers' Conference elected officers yesterday, and the ministers went into the election with unusual feeling. The Rev. D. C. Potter of the Sixth Street Baptist Church in this city has been the clerk for seven years, and a week ago the ministers passed a resolution complimenting him. He was a candidate for re-election, but the Rev. A. S. Gumbart of Jersey City was nominated in opposition, and elected by a majority of four votes.

The Rev. Dr. W. W. Everts of the Baptist church on Jersey City Heights, in which the Rev. Mr. Vosburgh formerly preached, had, it is said, used his influence in various ways against the Rev. Mr. Potter. After the Rev. Dr. Hedden had concluded the proceedings of the conference with a fervent prayer Mr. Potter called Dr. Everts to the clerk's desk and in terse and compact English gave him to understand that he was a politician, and added other even less complimentary terms. The Rev. Dr. Everts said in the most astonished way, "Well if you think that way, why I——" and backed away from the desk.

The essayist of the morning was the Rev. Dr. J. F. Euler of this city. His topic was "Permanence in the Pastorate," and he held that long pastorates are better than short ones, and that a minister to remain long in one no-not must have adaptability, endurance, flexibility, and tact. The Rev. J. Q. Adams said that he had preached in a good many places, and stayed as long as he could in each place. [Laughter.]

Brother Brinkerhoff of Staten Island said that he had just been invited to leave his pastorate, but wasn't going to leave, and he had told the brethren so. [Laughter.]

The Rev. Dr. Hedden said that he believed in a preacher having backbone, but that he never went around showing his backbone. [Laughter.] Sometimes ministers' backbones, he added, are as stiff as iampoots.

THE TELEPHONE SUIT.

A Decision in Favor of the American Bell Telephone Company.

BOSTON, June 27.—In the United States Circuit Court today Jamie Lowell rendered a decree for the complainants in the suit of the American Bell Telephone Company et al. agt. Albert Spencer et al. This was a bill in equity alleging infringement of two patents granted to Alexander Graham Bell. The plaintiffs claim that the defendants are using a method and apparatus for transmitting vocal sounds which resemble those of the plaintiff in producing electrical undulations, copied from the vibrations of a diaphragm and sending them along a wire to a similar receiver at the other end. The court decides that the specific method of producing the electrical undulations is different. It is made on the principle of the telephone, which has been very much improved since the date of Bell's patent. The Judge says: "If the Bell patents were for a mere or material or mechanical improvement on or change of an old device, or combination of old devices to produce a somewhat better result in a known art, then no doubt a person who substituted a similar element or device at the date of the patent might escape the charge of infringement. But Bell discovered a new art, that of transmitting speech by electricity, and has a right to hold the broadest claim for it which can be permitted in any case—not to the abstract idea of transmitting speech by telegraph without any regard to means, but to all means and processes which he has both invented and claimed."

BOMBARDING A SALOON.

A Desperate Fight at the Opening of a New Barroom in Union Hill.

August Bott, a young German, opened a lager beer saloon on the corner of Hudson avenue and Columbia street, Union Hill, on Saturday night. A large number of Bott's friends were present. At 11 o'clock, while they were drinking beer and eating sandwiches, a gang of young ruffians from New Durham entered the saloon. The proprietor attempted to eject them, and they turned upon him and beat him severely. Some of the guests went to Bott's assistance, and a general fight ensued, in which the windows, chairs, and almost every other object in the saloon were broken. The ruffians were finally ejected from the premises. They immediately, in a few minutes, broke down the door, and hurled large paving stones and beer kegs through the windows. Frederick Mandler, a cigar maker, was struck on the head by a flying missile and received a dangerous wound. Bott and Albert Schalaz, a carpenter, were also injured.

Yesterday morning Bott went before Recorder Schleicherr and caused warrants to be issued for the arrest of George and John Nienschleier and two negroes named Kenzie, who were in the crowd.

Missing Deputy Collector Silas Boone.

Silas I. Boone, the defaulting Deputy Revenue Collector of Brooklyn who escaped by hoodwinking one of John Sherman's agents, left his family at 280 Fourteenth street, Brooklyn, where he owned a house which was in his wife's name. A suit is now pending against Mrs. Agnes T. Boone by William H. Edwards to foreclose a mortgage upon the house. Unusual efforts have recently been made to find Mr. Boone, in order to serve him with a subpœna in the foreclosure suit, and affidavits were submitted yesterday to show that these efforts had failed, and that Mrs. Boone, who still resides in Brooklyn, says that she is unable to tell where her husband is or even if he is living. The whereabouts of his whereabouts since he fled about a year ago. Justice Cullen yesterday granted leave to the plaintiff to serve the summons by publication.

The Death of a Retired Banker.

Henry Dwight, a wealthy resident of this city, who had been living in retirement since about the year 1857, died yesterday morning. He was the son of the Rev. Henry Dwight of Geneva, and was born in that place in 1819. For several years he was cashier of the Bank of Geneva. He afterward came to this city and became well known as a banker. He was prominently identified with the Chicago and Alton Railway, and a town on that road bears his name. The funeral will be in the Madison Square Church at 10 o'clock this forenoon.

A Lamplighter's Fatal Fall.

Michael English, aged 57, a lamplighter living in Eighth street, Jersey City, while cleaning a lamp at Seventh and Henderson streets yesterday, was seized with a fit and fell from his ladder to the sidewalk. He suffered injuries that caused his death.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, bedbugs. 15c.—*Adv.*

THE GREAT POST OFFICE FRAUDS

A Fair Specimen—The Star Route from Vinita to Las Vegas.

From the New York Times June 27.

We give this morning a detailed account of the Star route from Vinita, Indian Territory, to Las Vegas, New Mexico. It is not only a very striking and extensive fraud, but also contains many of the worst features that pervade most of the other frauds. We ask our readers to examine with some care this very direct, connected, and clear statement of the case. We are persuaded, if they will do so, that they will rise from the reading with a definite idea of the extent of the rascality which had obtained so strong a footing in the Post Office Department, and of the enormous advantage to the country from having a man of honesty and capacity at the head of that department.

This now notorious route was, at the time that Brady took hold of it, a very modest affair. It was very long, and it did not serve many people anxious for letters, but it did not cost much. It was originally let for some $6,300 a year, at which rate, for the two years and nine months it was operated, it would have yielded the contractor $17,406. By increasing the number of trips and by decreasing the time allowed, Brady secured for the contractor during the term that his contract was allowed to go on, more than a quarter of a million of dollars, or, in exact figures, $260,000. In other words, for every dollar which the Government originally agreed to pay it actually did pay $15. And we beg our readers to notice that this is not an affair which concerns only the remote citizens of the Indian Territory, of New Mexico, and of the "Pan Handle" of Texas. On the contrary, it does not concern these at all. They have not received a dollar's advantage from the money stolen from the Government, for the original service was more than ample for the supply of all their wants. On the other hand, as they are very few in numbers, they have contributed almost nothing to the Treasury. The people who are really interested are those of the whole country, from whose pockets the plunder was really taken. From this standpoint the fraud is a national concern. It is still more so when we remember that it is the national Government, the Republican party controlling the Government, and the nation, of which that party is the majority, that must bear the disgrace of the transaction.

The route, we have said, was unnecessary. It was calculated at 734 miles in length. Three hundred and fifty miles of the route (it cannot be called a road) was through an uninhabited country. Along the remainder were scattered a few small offices, all of which were, or could be, better served by other shorter and better routes. Yet its establishment, and afterward the increase of service on it, were advocated by United States Senators, by Representatives in Congress, by army officers, by prominent merchants in St. Louis and elsewhere, but principally by the contractors. Some of these gentlemen could hardly have known what they were doing. They must have been cheated into giving their influence by the men who were cheating the Government. But it is hard to draw the line, with them, where culpable negligence ends and dishonest complicity begins. Many of them must have been guilty of the latter. The officers of the department certainly were, for, before the decree went out giving the contractors a higher allowance of plunder, the department had received and placed on file official letters from various points on the route, showing that there was not the shadow of an excuse for increased service or greater pay. As early as January, 1