The Sun.

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FACES SET TOWARD THE SEA.

TRAINS AND BOATS TO ALL THE BEACHES HEAVILY LOADED.

Strong Winds that Made the Air Cooler than the Water, and an Evening that was Fairly Chilly—The Homeward Rush—Busy Gamblers and Indulgent Police at Fort Lee.

A seaward but stiff and refreshing breeze blew continuously over the crowded Coney Island beach yesterday, and the day was what the hotel keepers termed a "big Sunday." Although the water was very cool, bathing was unusually popular. Many men and women, emerging from the water after a first plunge, shivered perceptibly from contact with the cool breeze. The two iron piers sent forth streams of visitors at the landing of every boat, and nearly all the trains were crowded. It was estimated that 75,000 people strolled along the beach and disported in the surf. The trips on the night boats, especially those running after 9 o'clock, were rather unpleasant, except for those who remained out of the air. The wind was so strong and cool that the upper decks of all the steamers were nearly deserted.

Long Beach accommodated its usual number of pleasure seekers, and the breeze that swept along the sands was invigorating. There was some complaint that accommodations on the cars were not sufficient, for in the afternoon trains ladies had to stand in the smoking car and on the platforms after connections were made at Jamaica with trains from Brooklyn.

No doubt the largest crowd that has visited Rockaway any day this summer thronged the Beach yesterday. The steamboats, going and returning, were loaded to the extreme limit of safety, and the trains starting from the upper end of the Beach for Brooklyn and Hunter's Point in the evening frequently omitted to make stops at the smaller stations, having already as many passengers as they could carry. They ran at shorter intervals than usual, and people rode sitting on the steps of the cars. The doors of the big hotel were all open, and a brisk business was done in the restaurant. The clerk said that more than five hundred dinners were served yesterday, and that a hundred and fifty guests had taken rooms. New seats had been placed on the veranda, and the great space, a quarter of a mile long, had lost its dreary appearance, and looked less like a gigantic bowling alley, deserted and left a prey to the elements, than formerly.

The bar, which is apart from the main building, was not very well patronized, and much of the lager beer laid in for Sunday drinking was unconsumed. At no time was the heat at all oppressive. Indeed, as evening approached it became a little chilly, and the number of bathers decreased rapidly. The wind was off shore, and though the swell was high, it broke upon the beach without surf or foam. In the morning this state of affairs induced a great number of swimmers to venture further out than was prudent with safety, and later when the tide began to ebb more than one bather found some difficulty in getting ashore. No accidents were reported. White cotton bathing costumes are the newest fashion for men at Rockaway. The first appearance of the others in them had attracted universal attention, and possibly admiration. The smaller hotels did enough business to compensate them for many a dull day this season, and most of them were surprised to find that the opening of the big hotel, instead of drawing their trade away, benefited them materially by attracting many persons to the Beach who desired to see the hotel but not to eat a $1.50 dinner.

Long Branch contained more people than it had had on any day earlier in the season. The late arrivals Saturday night who came to the Branch spread the Sabbath morn with their cots put up in parlors and corridors. During the day four great boat loads of pleasure seekers were landed on the iron pier. The cool breeze of the morning seemed to have tempted the unusual exodus, and no one could have been disappointed in the weather at the Beach yesterday. When these four boat loads of people got ready to return they taxed the capacity of the Plymouth Rock and the City of Richmond. The steamboat inspectors decided that the latter had her full complement of passengers, so there was a great crowd about her gangplank. This incident intensified the rush to board the Plymouth Rock an hour later. Fully 3,000 persons pushed and pulled and hauled each other in their efforts to be first aboard of her. One half-intoxicated fellow got into the water before the rush was fairly made.

The steamers went full to Glen Island, where it was delightfully cool and pleasant in the shade. Hundreds bathed and hundreds more watched them. "There's nothing but beer here," said a man despairingly after hunting for a bottle of wine in the refreshment room. In fact, the New Rochelle authorities keep a sharp watch, and the bar is losing several hundred dollars every Sunday. The return boats left without respect to the time table. The only information obtainable in advance was that the boats would leave "as fast as they are loaded." The fashion in which they were "loaded" would have astonished a Third avenue car conductor. The 6 P. M. boat did not leave until 6:43 P. M., and the others were started on the same principle, and were so packed that not once jammed into a seat the occupant had to stay there. Many were obliged to sit down on the decks.

This year the bluff at Fort Lee has been a little paradise for gamblers. It is the only summer resort adjoining the city where they have been allowed to carry on their games of chance unmolested. Draw poker and other games of cards are played on tables in the open air. Dice are thrown and wheels of fortune revolve. Some of the paraphernalia is of an expensive character. Some is decidedly crude. On Sundays the Gamblers are busiest. An arrow swings over a dial numbered from 1 to 6. Silver and bills bet by the gambler's customers are set on the numbers, the arrow is revolved, and stops over the number on which the least money is bet. Against a tree hangs a dial with figures of pedestrians painted on it. Six pools are sold at ten cents each, one on each pedestrian. The dial finger revolves, the winner gets fifty cents, and the game ten.

A large circular disk inlaid in a walnut table attracts much attention and takes in much money. It is divided into quarters which are covered with silk velvet. These are red, blue, green, and yellow. The revolving arrow is silver plated.

"Turn for yourselves, gentlemen," the man who runs it calls out. "It's the fairest game on the ground."

A mild-looking lad with a big watch chain and glasses timidly advances and puts two trade dollars on the green quarter.

"A good color," says the gamester. "Now turn the arrow."

The youth gives it a trial. The arrow makes the circle in a twinkling, and starts on its second journey.

It begins to slow up, and at a snail's pace approaches the green, passes it, and stops over the yellow. On one side of this table lies a heap of silver coin. Under the coin is a button that has the appearance of a quarter dollar. By pressing the button the arrow can be stopped.

Some boys throw iron rings at a board studded with nails. They get six throws for ten cents. If they ring a nail they get five cents. The rings strike the nails and rebound. The nails lean slightly away from the players.

All yesterday morning and until 3 o'clock in the afternoon the gambling continued unmolested and in full blast. At one time there were in operation five games of "sweat," two wheels of fortune, two swinging ball games, two dial games, the pedestrian game, three ball boards, the dial with the colored quarters, two tables with the 1 to 6 game, three package men, and a dozen other games of chance, where cigars and the like were offered as prizes. All these games were carried on in a space of less than an acre. At 3 o'clock the games stopped for a while, in consequence of the apprehension of two policemen in citizens' dress, who directed the gamblers to stop playing. They made no attempt to arrest anyone. As soon as they turned their backs most of the games went on. When the policemen again appeared the gamblers concluded to be throwing stones on account. A quarrel arose between the runner of a "sweat" game and the wheel-of-fortune man. The latter, having been stopped by the police, called their attention to the sweat game. The gambler intended to crush the wheel-of-fortune man's head, and picked up a stone for the purpose. At 6 o'clock the police went home, leaving the gamblers in possession of the field.

Found Dead on the Track.

At 6 o'clock yesterday morning the mangled body of a man was found in the freight yard of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in Jersey City. A knot, hat and coat which had evidently been worn by the deceased were found, and has not far away. The body was from 35 to 40 years of age, Jersey City Heights, where it was supposed to be, is the last as that of Robert Hayes, aged 37, who resided in Jackson street, Paterson.

Hayes left his home in Paterson on Friday night, and was met in Paterson and in Jersey City by his friends, who stated that he was drunk. Hayes was employed in Ashley & Bailey's silk mill in Paterson, and was in the habit of cashing his wages on Saturday. When this paper went to press last evening no further news of Hayes's whereabouts had been received, but it was thought that he was going to Philadelphia, and had left the train, which had reached some place in that city.

It is thought that Hayes, not being acquainted about the depot, wandered into the freight yard, and, falling on the track, fell asleep, and yesterday lay down on the track and was asleep.

CHURCHGOERS ASTONISHED.

Fifty-four Thousand Copies of a Remarkable Pamphlet Distributed Among Them.

One week ago yesterday an attempt was made by persons then unknown to have several thousand copies of a pamphlet entitled "Food for Thinking Christians: Why Evil was Permitted, and Kindred Topics," distributed at the doors of all the large churches in Newark. Men in carriages left packages containing 100 copies or more at the churches, with the request that they be given out to the people. At some churches they were distributed, but in most instances the sextons showed them to the ministers, and were told by the latter to keep them, which they did. At the Park Presbyterian Church the pamphlets were left on the stoop, and were then taken to the Second Precinct police station. No clergyman could find out from whom the pamphlets came.

Yesterday morning messenger boys appeared at all the churches where the books had been left, and said they were directed to obtain them and give them out to the people. The Rev. H. Goodwin of the House of Prayer (Episcopal) sent back word by the messenger that he would not give them up until ownership was proved. Mr. Goodwin had intended to burn the books, but concluded he had no right to do so, and still holds them. From the pulpit yesterday morning he referred to the matter, and said that he admired the zeal of the owners of the books, and thought their impudence was grand.

The messenger boys reported that they were able to distribute only a few of the pamphlets. At several churches they were told that there were no books there, and when they undertook to give them out at other churches they were hustled away, or "booted off," as some of them expressed it.

It was learned yesterday that the pamphlets at the police station had been claimed and taken away by some one signing his name as A. M. Bergner. Mr. Bergner was found at his house in Newark. He frankly said he had been engaged in circulating the pamphlets, and was willing to talk on the subject. Being ushered into the dining room, the reporter ascertained that a religious meeting was in progress in the parlor. Mr. Bergner is about 40 years old, with a fair face and light hair and beard. He is of medium height, and has clearly cut and rather handsome features.

"I believe," he said, "to a company of Christians who have no common name. We are not Second Adventists, as has been inferred from the pamphlet, and we are not the 'Holiness' or 'Higher Life' sect. We have members all over America, England, Australia, I think, and probably in Germany. We commenced our meetings in Newark about nine months ago, and held them every Sunday and during the week here and at Mr. Sturtevant's house in Kinney street. The meetings are for devotion and Bible study. We are opposed to the teaching of the churches on several points. What they teach about hell and immortality is nonsense. There is no hell. There will be eternal life for those who serve God; the wicked will also be resurrected and have a second probation during the millennium. But you can't understand our doctrine unless you read this pamphlet about which so much fuss is made. It was written by C. T. Russell of Pittsburgh, and 500,000 copies are to be distributed in this country at an expense of $30,000. Six thousand copies were sent out here last Sunday, and to-day 20,000 copies are to be given out at church doors in New York. The people will say, 'Burn them!' and will be like the Romanists who used to burn the Bible. This fuss causes an inquiry for the book. To-day I went to the Park Presbyterian Church and the Belleville Avenue Congregational with 120 copies, and the people eagerly took every one. I went to the Park Presbyterian because of the minister's audacity in putting them out on the stoop last Sunday without first reading one. I can't tell you how many books reached the people last Sunday. I am told that in the Sunday school of the Fifth Baptist Church the superintendent wrote on the blackboard: 'Food for thinking Christians. Take one,' and the children received them.

Mr. C. T. Russell, a medium-sized, well-built, and shrewd-looking person, dropped in upon the officers of the American District Telegraph Company in this city on Tuesday afternoon. He was turned over to Superintendent Jackson of the Circular Department. Mr. Russell said that he desired to have distributed 100,000 copies of the pamphlet. Mr. Russell said that he was arranging for different cities to engage people to distribute the pamphlets.

Yesterday morning 54,000 copies of the pamphlet were distributed among the different branch offices of the American District Telegraph below Twenty-third street. Four boys, each carrying a heavy package and dressed in the uniform of the Messenger Company, stopped at the front gates of each of the churches below Twenty-third street and proceeded to tear off its coverings. It made no difference whether the church was opened for services or not, they stayed and distributed the pamphlet. Every churchgoer got one, if he or she would take it. Every pedestrian was given two or three. Persons in carriages got a larger number. The boys cheerily said to patrons that their boss wasn't mean. If they wanted more copies, all they had to do was to write to him. No attempt was made to stop the distribution by church officials.

WORSHIP AMONG THE HILLS.

A Great Assemblage on the Old Camp Meeting Grounds in Sing Sing.

Unusual efforts have been made by the Sing Sing Camp Meeting Association to make this, the semi-centennial year, a success. Yesterday the greatest multitude seen on the grounds in a dozen years attended the services. Among the Methodist churches of this city represented by well-occupied tents were the Duane Church, the Jane Street Church, the Willett Street Church, the Lexington Avenue Church, the Forsyth Street Church, and the Thirty-fifth Street Church. Others were churches at Nyack, White Plains, Sing Sing, Peekskill, Yonkers, and other smaller towns on the Hudson River. Hundreds of visitors had driven in from their homes all the way from a mile to fifteen miles distant. Not one in a score could find a seat on the grounds except in the circle of seats in front of the preaching stand. The managers of the institution had evidently been shrewd enough to prevent the sacred precincts of the camp meeting from being made a place for loungers like a city park. Anybody who wanted to sit down had to sit under the droppings of the sanctuary.

After a sermon by the Rev. Dr. Sandford Hunt of Brooklyn, a minister announced that an effort would now be made to clear off the entire floating debt of the association, consisting of $2,700. The ladies of the association had, he said, already cleared off $800 of the debt by a fair. The debt was caused by purchasing, eight years ago, a plot of land to enlarge the borders of the camping grounds, for $5,000, and $5,000 was spent for a building on the ground and for procuring fresh water delivered in pipes on the ground, as well as for grading and for new seats. The debt had been partly paid, and now who would subscribe to pay it off? Ten subscriptions of $50 each were taken, and smaller sums followed, until $1,000 was pledged. Then it was announced that the rent of the tents for the year would swell the sum so that the debt would be entirely wiped out. The congregation expressed its satisfaction at this news by singing some rousing, old-fashioned Methodist hymns.

In the afternoon the Rev. Dr. M. F. De Haas of the Central Church, Brooklyn, preached to a congregation of 3,000 people. After the preaching the people scattered to prayer and exhorting meetings in the tents erected for the purpose. One was called the Scandinavian tent, and the exhortations were supposed to be carried on in the Swedish language; but, in fact, the speakers mostly used the English tongue, and appealed to the curious spectators at the two ends of the tent to come in and be saved.

At one corner of the tent occupied by the Salvation Army, and from which proceeded women's voices with a masculine intonation, waved a pleated banner. It had a blue border, the body of it was red, and in the centre of it was a jagged edged star, with the words on the star, "Blood and Fire." In one corner of the tent was a diminutive United States flag. The tent was thronged and outsiders could scarcely see what was going on inside for the men. Once the exercises came near to a debate when a woman expressed it as her opinion that it was sinful to wear the hair crimped, whereupon a young man jumped up, with a Bible in his hand, and wanted to know where crimping the hair was forbidden in the Bible. The leader of the meeting, however, settled everything by arguing that some people believed differently from other people, and that at any rate no Christian woman should dress her hair after the fashion of the demi-monde.

Those who forsook these scenes and wandered about the grounds saw inscriptions such as "Keep over the doors of the private tents: Reception, The Retreat, Home Comfort, Family Rest, Summer Rest, Summer Home, and Solid Comfort.

In the evening there was preaching by the Rev. Duncan M. Grezor.

Murdered while Chasing a Boy.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 14.—Charles Kolb, aged 19, was stabbed to an old woman colored man last night, and died early this morning. Kolb was pursuing a negro boy, who had thrown an apple at him, when the fatal attack was made up a lane.

THE PLATTDEUTSCHE FEST.

SPORTS AND CUSTOMS OF THE FATHERLAND ON UNION HILL.

Merrymaking Games, Target Shooting, and Other Innocent Enjoyments of a Pleasant People—Features of Yesterday's Gathering.

Last year and the year before the Plattdeutsche Volksfest Verein was held in one of the uptown parks in New York. The four days' festival for this year, the seventh, was begun yesterday in the Schuetzen Park, Union Hill, overlooking Hoboken, where it was held annually for four seasons before the New York meetings. The society of the Plattdeutsche, or Low Dutch, numbers 4,000 members, divided into over forty societies, whose chief end is social enjoyment and the annual reunion of their members and their families.

There were 5,000 or 6,000 people at yesterday's opening, and the day was a most successful beginning of the festival. The horse cars from the ferries were overcrowded with whole families going thither. There are a great many acres in the park, and over them in all directions the people spread in family picnic parties. The old castle was gayly adorned with German and American flags and restaurant signs in German. In the gilded dining hall men, women, and children assembled to sing songs over their light wine or lager. All about the grounds were attractions and means of diversion among the numerous paths leading to the sloping amusement ground beyond.

The scene there was gay and novel. At the top of the gradual hill was a rough board stage. Above it dangled trapeze bars. Overhead a tight rope was stretched. On all sides were the booths of the separate societies, side shows containing medium-sized giants, uncomfortably large and warm fat women, and horrid snakes of several familiar varieties. Games of target shooting were carried, and the crowds of families were continually rushing from one part to another of the spacious green trees what there was to see. From all the minnarets and staffs were fluttering flags, and over the heads of the people were hundreds of the red and white and blue of the electric lamps. The people were all there in families; there were no individuals by themselves. In the booths there was an incessant clinking of glasses, only varied by the frequent sounds of the mallets used in driving the spigots into new kegs of lager beer. The women, and children, drank milk and together, and the best of fellowship and good feeling prevailed.

A brass band concert was one of the earliest features of the programme. With but slight interruption and frequent changes of location, the selected band played away all day and all night pretty much. The athletic attractions were numerous. Several very supple gentlemen in white and pink tights twisted themselves around the trapeze and parallel bars with great facility. A magician caused the mysterious disappearance of several small articles and brought them again, with many other bulkier goods, out of an apparently empty hat. Late in the afternoon some surprise was occasioned by the sight of a woman, dressed as a Hamburg cook in calico dress and white apron and cap, carrying a sizzling some rousing, old-fashioned Methodist hymns.

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TWO MYSTERIOUS SHOTS.

The Story Told by a Wounded Woman of a Battle between Excursionists.

At 1 o'clock yesterday morning three young men entered the Chambers Street Hospital, carrying between them a young woman, who had fainted. The night watchman quickly summoned Drs. McCosh and Murray, who found that the woman had been shot through the shoulder. The young men were reticent. They said the girl's name was Mary Whalen, and that she lived at 132 Liberty street. Dr. Murray probed the wound to the depth of three inches, but could not reach the ball. Dr. McCosh advised that the young woman be allowed to remain in the hospital. This the men emphatically refused to do.

During the examination by the doctors, the night watchman had the greatest difficulty in preventing a crowd of drunken men from forcing their way into the hospital. They were kept out, however, and several fights took place among them.

At 2 o'clock Joseph Hannon of 218 William street was admitted to the hospital. He had a pistol shot wound through his left hand. When he was brought before the surgeon one of the men who accompanied Mary Whalen cursed him and swore he would kill him yet.

The wounds of both of the injured persons were dressed. The surgeons took considerable time in doing so, hoping that a policeman would pass by. No policeman came, and at 4 o'clock all left the hospital, and the angry, fighting throng, which had remained outside, followed.

At 11 o'clock yesterday morning Mary Whalen came back alone to the hospital. She was faint and complained of her wound. It had become greatly inflamed. She said that last Saturday she went to a picnic of the Hounds, in Hamilton Park. At 1 o'clock, while passing through the Bowery, near Canal street, a fight arose in the car she was in. Joseph Hannon, she says, got into a dispute with the young man in whose company she was. The young man knocked Hannon down. Then Hannon drew his pistol and aimed it at the young man. As soon as he fired she felt she had been shot. The young man who accompanied her seized Hannon, and in the struggle the pistol again went off, and Hannon was shot through the hand.

On being asked why the Mary Whalen why the police had not been summoned, she replied: "The boys got hold of the conductor and driver and didn't stop the car until they came to Chambers street."

At 1 o'clock yesterday afternoon a young man introduced himself as Mary Whalen's brother was admitted to see her in the Chambers Street Hospital. What passed between them the doctors do not know, but Mary Whalen quickly dressed herself and walked out with the young man. Mary Whalen is not known at 132 Liberty street, but Hannon is known at 218 William street. The police know nothing about the case whatever.

According to Mary Whalen's story, the fighting and shooting took place on a Third avenue car, between Grand and Canal streets, on the way to Hamilton Park. A throng of from five hundred people assembled outside Chambers Street Hospital over two hours, and in neither instance was a policeman present.

HOW STELLA CRANE WAS KILLED.

Recommendations by a Coroner's Jury as to the Sale of Toy Pistols.

Coroner Woodruff held an inquest in Newark yesterday in the case of Stella Crane, aged 12, who was killed Friday evening by a bullet from a toy pistol in the hands of Theodore Graf, aged 15. Leopold Graf, the boy's father, arrived home from the South yesterday. He received at Richmond a telegram telling him of the shooting.

The bullet, weighing 32 grains, was found in the back part of the skull. It entered at the inner corner of the right eye and through the brain, taking a straight and level course. Jennie Ehlers, aged 13, testified:

"Seven of us children sat on our stoop, playing. What do you give an old bachelor to keep house with?" When everybody laughed he had to give a forfeit. The forfeits were given to Stella Crane to hold. Finally, then Theodore Graf had to give a forfeit. He took something from his pocket and said: "I heard Stella ask, 'Is it loaded?' Then came the pistol shot."

Edward S. Weil, one of the children, testified that Graf said, "It is not loaded. I'll show you it isn't." Then it was discharged.

Mrs. Fanny Weil, who was sitting on the stoop upon hearing the firing, testified that young Graf was pale from fright. He bent over Stella Crane, who had fallen to the sidewalk, and said: "Don't be frightened. Speak to me. I didn't mean to hurt you. I was only fooling." The girl did not speak. She died in half an hour.

The jury found that death was accidental, and severely censured Graf for the careless use of his pistol. The verdict concluded as follows:

"We cannot too strongly condemn the reckless use of all kinds of weapons of this character by children and youth; and we suggest that the sale thereof be discontinued by the public and suppressed by the proper authorities."

FIGHT ON AN EXCURSION BARGE.

Two Men Beaten and Severely Injured, and Another Falls Overboard.

The Fulton Market Fish Dealers' Association, composed of the employees of the market, had an excursion yesterday to Excelsior Grove, on the west bank of the Hudson River, opposite Yonkers. Two barges, heavily loaded, started from Fulton Ferry at noon, and after stopping at Franklin street to take on more people, arrived at the grove shortly before 6 o'clock. Several young men remained on the barges while the others were in the grove. They drank freely, and about 7 o'clock began to fight.

John Shortly of South Fifth avenue and Bleecker street was sleeping near by on some kegs. The noise awoke him, and as he rose to his feet he was struck in the left eye with the butt of a revolver. The sight was destroyed.

Eye-witnesses say that the fight then became general, and waged fiercely for a few moments. George Volman, known as Dutch George, an employee of the fish market, was struck in the head with a beer keg. His scalp was terribly lacerated. He ran away and hid himself in the hold, where he was found an hour later almost dead from loss of blood. On the way to the city a man named William West fell overboard, and was rescued with great difficulty by men in a small boat. He was unconscious. The barges stopped at West Thirty-fifth street, and Volman and West were taken off in stretchers. West was taken home. Volman's wounds were dressed at the Thirty-seventh street police station, and he went home.

Before leaving the grove Shortly was sent to Yonkers in a row boat, and it is said that his assailants went there also.

The New York police received word of the fight, and twenty policemen were waiting on Pier 23, East River, when the barges came in. No arrests were made.

NEWS FROM THE OLD WORLD.

The Deadlock on the Irish Land Bill.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—The *Standard* says: "We are in a position to state that no solution of the political deadlock has yet been arrived at. Well informed persons, however, know that efforts are less serious than has been made to appear, and we advise the public to be reassured that there are no materials for a serious crisis, though a little time may be needed before negotiations for a compromise are arranged.

The London *Times* editorially says: "We understand that yesterday the cabinet council decided practically to insist on the Land bill as it was finally passed by the House of Commons, and, in the event of the House remaining obdurate, Parliament will be summoned again in November, when the bill will be introduced, but there is no doubt that the House of Lords will pass the bill. It is intended to then that the present session. There is a disposition in Conservative circles to suggest a compromise."

Help Proposed for the Ameer.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The *Standard* publishes the following: "It is stated upon good authority that the Viceroy of India has telegraphed for permission to supply the Ameer with more money, in the hope that it may enable him to make good his position. The immediate result of the Ameer's return, during the next three weeks, of half the troops sent to the Transvaal."

An Anti-Papal Meeting Suppressed.

GENOA, Aug. 14.—A meeting was held here to-day in favor of the abolition of the law granting guarantees to the Papacy. After letters of sympathy with the objects of the meeting had been read, the police ordered the proceedings to be stopped, and dispersed when the police cleared the hall, making forty arrests in doing so.

Why a Russian Paper was Suspended.

ST. PETERSBURG, Aug. 14.—The suspension of the *Novoe Vremya* was owing to the publication of correspondence concerning political convicts calculated to excite a public opinion, and for unfavorable comments upon the local administration generally, and on the state and social order.

Frauds in Turkey.

LONDON, Aug. 15.—The *Standard's* Vienna correspondent says immense frauds have been discovered at Adrianople in the administration of indirect Turkish taxes, the official has defrauded the Government of Sultan of the value of 17,000 Turkish pounds.

THE PRESIDENT'S CONDITION.

STILL SUFFERING FROM THE FEVER, BUT NO ALARM MANIFESTED.

Dr. Bliss Predicts an Improvement This Week—The Patient Disturbed by an Unpleasant Dream—The Physicians' Bulletins.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 14.—The President had a terrible dream last night. He had gone to sleep about 11 o'clock. At 2 o'clock this morning he awoke with an exclamation of terror. The attendants came to his bedside in great alarm, and found him wide awake and trembling. For some time he was unable to say what agitated him, but finally grew more composed, and then said: "I have just had a terrible dream. I thought I was being dissected by the doctors." The nurses were startled, and did their best to compose him, but it was a long time before he was able to conquer the nervousness which the nightmare had occasioned. Toward morning, however, he fell asleep again, though his slumbers were broken and restless, and left him ill prepared for another day of suffering. His breakfast was lighter than usual, but of the same description as that given him for several days past. After breakfast Dr. Boynton, who alternates with Mrs. Dr. Edson as watcher, came to relieve the latter. The patient smiled grimly as the change was made, and said, "Dr. Boynton watches one night and Mrs. Edson the next, but Mr. Garfield remains on watch all the time."

The record of the day cannot be called encouraging. The President showed less appetite and higher fever. He grew better as the day progressed, so that the noon bulletin made a more favorable showing. The evening bulletin was bad again, the temperature mounting to 100.8. The attendants say that he showed signs of improvement, but the figures do not reflect them. The sufferer evidently desires and tries to do more than formerly. He often changes his position, reads and talks some, and tries to eat.

Dr. Agnew left for Philadelphia about 11 o'clock this morning, and has been present at the dressings of the wound which have occurred since that time. It having been stated as a fact that the surgeons had determined to perform an operation upon the President for the purpose of removing the ball, Dr. Bliss was asked to-night what authority there was for the statement. He replied, in an exceedingly emphatic manner, that there were no indications that the ball was doing any mischief, and that until it is discovered that such is the case there will be no attempt made to remove it.

Secretary Brown, on coming from the surgeons' room at 10½ P. M., said that the indications point to a good night for the patient; that while his pulse and temperature have not been taken since the evening bulletin, they are notoriously low, and he believed that the pulse was about 102, with a normal temperature. The night is cool and pleasant, and there is every reason for believing that the President will have a good night's rest. He has already this evening had quite a long, natural sleep.

The Washington *Star* this morning has a severe editorial on the management of the President's case, beginning as follows:

"It was just forty-two days yesterday since the President was shot by Guiteau. In that long space of time he has borne his confinement and suffering like a hero. Patient, cheerful, courageous, he has lived. His vitality has been marvelous and his courage unyielding. During all this severe tribulation he has had the sympathy of the entire country. Many times, for all hoped and prayed he might recover from his wound in good time and place his hand again upon the helm of state. But there have been suspicions of late that all was not right at the White House as the attending physicians would like to have it understood. The bulletins have been confusing. They say that he is healthy and vigorous, and yet they give the figures of a pulse and temperature which would soon destroy a man of the stoutest physique. Why can't these men tell the truth? Why can't they let the world know what is the President is a mere wreck of a man through all this protracted agony? Why can't they frankly admit that his stomach is gone, that he can't carry his food to his heart without pain, and that he is so reduced in strength as to be almost prostrate? Let the truth be known. Our President is sinking, and the world is anxious to know why.

This may reflect a panicky state of mind, but it represents a very common sentiment here to-day.

The following bulletins were issued by the physicians to-day:

8:30 A. M.—The President slept well during the night, and this morning is cheerful and free from pain. His pulse, 104; temperature, 99.8; respiration, 18.

12:30 P. M.—The President is doing well this morning; his temperature has fallen one-half of a degree since the last bulletin was issued. At the morning dressing the wound was found healthy in character, and the discharge of pus adequate and healthy. Pulse, 99; temperature, 99.3; respiration, 18.

9 P. M.—The condition of the President has not materially changed since noon. The afternoon febrile rise is about the same as yesterday. Pulse, 100; temperature, 100.8; respiration, 19.

It was learned at the White House to-night that the President had partaken of the usual quantity of solid food during the day. At a late hour to-night Col. Rockwell is reported to have stated that the President had been troubled somewhat during the day with nausea, and had vomited several times.

A TROTTER'S HISTORY.

The Fractious Temper Displayed by Edwin Thorn in his Younger Days.

NEWBURGH, Aug. 14.—The chestnut gelding Edwin Thorn, that last week won the 2:21 trot in Buffalo in 2:19¾, was sired by Thorndale, dam Lady Lightfoot. Mr. George Gordon, a wealthy gentleman of this place, raised him, and did not get him broken until he was about 4 years old. Mr. Gordon drove him as a roadster off and on for two years. He had frequently displayed a fractious temper, and when approaching his sixth year became entirely unmanageable. The horse was then put in the hands of J. O. Smith, a noted horseman of this city. Thorn had been turned out when Smith went after him. It took three men to corner him in the lot and put the halter on him. It also required these three men to hitch him up. "When we put the harness on him," says Smith, "and the other two fellows were holding the horse, I jumped in the wagon and invited one of 'em to get in with me. He declined, and before I could pick up the lines the horse had reared up and, standing as straight as an awning post, lifted both men up with him. He came down with a terrific plunge and went through a brand-new set of harness as easy as a pistol ball would go through a kite. After again hitching him up he went off down the road like a flash and on a dead run. First he was up in front and then behind, and it is a fact that I had stand up in the wagon and push him forward to keep him from falling over backward.

"He ran for over a mile. I made no effort to stop him, and when I went back for my friend I couldn't stop him. I couldn't back him to turn, for he'd go up straight as an arrow and stay there, and the only way I could get around was to go until the road was wide enough to make the circle. I kept the horse some time, and one day sent him out with my market man with a load of meat to deliver. They'd been gone three-quarters of an hour and hadn't stopped anywhere. The horse took them all over the sidewalks, around hydrants and hitching posts and against trees. I then tackled him myself, and such a time with a horse I never had before nor since. After a little while the horse was sold for $350, and I took the Forbesville to train. The best I could do first was 3:14. Then I trotted him in a few weeks in 3:01. I finally put him in a race and gave him a record of 2:32. Soon after this I gave him a private trial in 2:25. Edwin Thorn then bought the horse and owns him now. I trained over 48,200 miles behind Edwin Thorn. So out the other day in 2:18¾, and Alden Goldsmith, who has a stable of horses in the circuit, and has seen Thorn trot his races, says he has not been in a race that he could not win if he was all right.

"Thorn is now eight years old and sixteen hands high, and taking Goldsmith Maid as an illustration of what a trotter may be made to accomplish from eight years old to double that age, Thorn has yet the best part of his life to develop his speed.

Stabbed Twelve Times.

John McNally, 23 years of age, a hackman, residing at 218 Canal street, was stabbed twelve times in the back and chest at 9 o'clock last evening in his bedroom, in the Cunard Building, on Broadway, Company's Pier. The men who stabbed McNally were Bernard Gow, a negro, and before interfered with inflicted the twelve wounds. The injuries are not fatal.

LONG ISLAND.

In Long Island City telephones are being circulated favoring rapid transit from the ferries to Hunters Point via Long Island R. R.

The building of a tenement and Blacksmith's stores, Flushing, yesterday morning caused a loss on building and stock of probably $2,000. They were in a crisis.

School Commissioner Jordan of Queens County gives notice of a convention to be held at Flushing, Sept. 10, at which addresses will be made by Prof. Tyndall and others.

As reported some days ago, State Superintendent Ormond rendered a decision revoking the license of Mr. Allen, principal of the public school in Hempstead, for inducing some students to make false certificates of their ages. Messrs. Nix and Hempstead, the Board of Education, have been appointed to fill the place to which Mr. Allen's license was revoked.

MISS OLIVER ADVISES YOUNG MEN.

Her Wish that the Fathers of the Land were the Equals of the Mothers.

Many young men went to hear the Rev. Miss Oliver talk to them on the subject of "Strength," last evening, in Brooklyn. She was neatly attired in black. She said there was a legend of a man who started out to serve the strongest. He enlisted under the banner of an Emperor. When he found that the Emperor turned aside, fearing to enter a forest because the Prince of Darkness was there, he determined to serve the Prince of Darkness, because he was the strongest. But when the man found that the Prince of Darkness turned aside when he saw the cross of Christ the man determined that he would serve Christ, because Christ was the strongest.

The Emperor, Miss Oliver said, was an illustration of physical force, the Prince of Darkness was an illustration of intellectual force, and Christ was the illustration of moral force. Miss Oliver said that young men might think it queer for her to be lecturing them on the subject of strength. She supposed they might say she ought to be lecturing her own sex. But she called their attention to the fact that, although statistics show that there are 106 men born to each 100 women, the women live the longer, and that the women are now several millions ahead in point of numbers in the world. This, she said, was a warning to young men. She advised them to avoid the wine cup, even if offered by the fair hand of woman. She thought men ought not to be afraid to say "No" to a woman, since women sometimes took the liberty to say "No." She advised young men to be strong in their homes. She wished that the fathers of the land equalled the mothers in faithfulness and devotion. A true man would be true in his home life and true in his public life.

There was a positive strength to be derived from merely shaking hands with some persons. She heard that Mrs. R. B. Hayes was such a person. Even a shake of her hand seemed to impart strength.

HENRIETTA BOWMAN'S DEATH.

Was she Pushed into the Water by Charles Henry, a Ten-Year-Old Boy?

On Thursday last Henrietta Emma Bowman, a child of 11 years, was drowned while playing with some companions about her own age on an old wharf at Greenville, in Hudson County, N. J. The body was recovered and conveyed to the child's late home on Lexington avenue.

Coroner Wiggins on Saturday was told by Morris Bowman, the dead child's brother, that she was pushed into river and was prevented from saving herself by Charles Henry, a ten-year-old boy.

Morris, who is only 9 years old, says that Henrietta was in a crouched position on the wharf. In front of her were some bricks and at her back was a hole in the wharf about nine feet long and four feet wide. He says that Henry ran up and catching hold of her, pushed her backward, and she fell down through the hole. Morris hastened to the hole, and catching a firm hold on the spile, extended one leg as far as he could in the hope that his sister might be able to catch hold of his foot. When she came to the surface she was close to a spile, and when about to grasp it she says that Henry threw a brick at her, which either hit her or struck so near as to frighten her, for she gave a loud scream and went down. He then took his little sister by the hand and ran home.

Young Henry said that Henrietta and he were running to get a block near the hole, when he slipped just as she caught up the brick, and he fell against her. She lost her balance and fell into the water, the brick falling with her.

The inquest will be held to-morrow night.

SHOT THROUGH THE HEART.

Bernard Brenner's Fatal Attempt to Draw a Gun Toward Him by the Muzzle.

Bernard Brenner, aged 18 years, of Stagg street and Myrtle avenue, Williamsburgh, accidentally shot himself through the heart with a shotgun at Rockaway Beach yesterday morning. Brenner, accompanied by a younger brother, and armed with a muzzle-loading single-barrel shot gun, hired a skiff at the Seaside landing about 9 o'clock, and started out to shoot snipe and catch fish. The gun lay in the bottom of the boat. They were but a short distance from the beach, when Brenner picked up the gun, drawing the muzzle toward him. In doing so the hammer struck against the seat or the side of the boat, and the gun was immediately discharged. The heavy charge of bird shot tore a great hole in his left breast. Death was instantaneous. The tragedy was enacted so suddenly that the younger Brenner could realize what had happened, he saw his brother lying dead and bleeding in the bottom of the skiff. Horror stricken, he rowed the boat ashore. The police authorities were notified, and the body was placed in an ice house adjoining the police station. The brother then telegraphed the sad tidings to his parents. Coroner Nolan was telegraphed for, and upon his arrival an inquest was held. The jury decided that the death was accidental. The