IN REMEMBRANCE OF A HERO

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR CAPT. SMITH OF THE SEAWANHAKA.

An Assembly of 3,000 People in the Sea Cliff Tabernacle—Letters and Speeches of Eulogy—The Hon. Richard O'Gorman's Eloquent Tribute—Heroes of Every-day Life.

More than three thousand persons assembled in the Tabernacle at Sea Cliff yesterday morning to attend the memorial service for Capt. Charles P. Smith, the heroic commander of the Seawanhaka. The platform was draped in mourning, and baskets of flowers were on the desk. Mrs. D. Crowell of Trout Glen, one of the survivors of the disaster, yet confined to her bed, sent a wreath of laurel and cismatis woven by her own hands. The morning boat and train brought from the city and neighboring points many persons who had either themselves been saved by the bravery of Capt. Smith or felt indebted to him for the rescue of friends. There were also in the audience many who had known Capt. Smith during his long residence in the neighborhood. In the seats reserved for the family and immediate friends were Capt. Smith's widow; Charles Smith, his son; Mrs. Allen and Miss Mary Smith, his two daughters; George K. Smith and Ira Smith, his brothers, and J. T. Toten, his brother-in-law. Among others present were S. L. M. Barlow, Stephen H. Olin, Capt. Geo. Downing of Oyster Bay, the Rev. J. O. Worth, Glen Cove, John Clark of Great Neck, Daniel Benham of Glenwood, Capt. Charles Post of Roslyn, Commodore Henry Dubois of Sea Cliff, D. Ketcham of Glen Cove, W. F. Martin of Sea Cliff, Capt. John Mackie of Fort Washington, W. D. Wilson of New York, W. M. Weeks of Glen Cove, Henry Duryea of Glen Cove, Henry C. Weeks of New York, O. W. West, Mr. Ward of Ward's Havana line, and State Senator Birdsall. The meeting was organized with William B. Preston as President, and Henry C. Quinlan as Secretary. A choir of 75 singers was led by Thomas H. Stevens, who, with his son W. H. Stevens, Miss Paine, and Miss Annie Paine, sang in quartet. The committee that arranged for the meeting were S. L. M. Barlow, Wm. J. Preston, Stephen D. Taber, Charles Post, Geo. Downing, John W. Harper, Wm. H. Onderdonk, and J. D. Locke.

CHAIRMAN PRESTON'S SPEECH.

After an opening hymn, reading of the Scriptures by the Rev. Geo. Hollis, and prayer by the Rev. J. H. Still, the Chairman said:

"We are gathered here without denominational distinction to consider the manly character of the late Charles P. Smith. There is no apology needed for the subject nor the day. The true development of those qualities of greatness which God has planted in the human heart, that heroic valor, that sublime self-sacrifice, that obedient grappling with duty, however difficult, reacts upon the character, strengthens it in goodness, uplifts it, crowns it. The greatness of all actions is measured by the results they accomplish. Capt. Smith did his duty. Some may say, Why and a man for that? We answer: To have done less than he did would have subjected him to eternal scorn; to do what he did presumes the grandeur of heroism. It is emerging from the ordinary line of duty that calls the brand of condemnation upon those who are disloyal and recreant to their trust, and upon the brow of those whose virtue falters yet whose endurance may be but humiliation, it sets the wreath of immortality. Let thought range the field of memory and bring forward to view the deeds of heroic daring done by the men of this place. How many have died in the performance to duty and have said like those behind the fateful cry, 'Self-preservation is the first law of human action?' Not so with this man, whose memory we honor to-day. When the ship was discovered on fire he instantly saw the way to the wisest plan to save life, and, amidst the crackling flames eating into his very flesh, and drinking up his life blood, he stood unmoved at the wheel until his work was done. His heroic endurance has wrought him honor."

TRIBUTES TO CAPT. SMITH'S HEROISM.

Mr. Stephen H. Olin then read a number of letters that had been received by the committee.

Mr. Graves, who was disabled and laid away by the illness of a member of his family, wrote:

Heroism like that of Capt. Smith—that perfect heroism which springs from the truest courage—compels my profoundest admiration. With others whose lives he so bravely imperiled, I shall ever be to add my mite of sorrow at his loss, and of gratitude for his most noble example. His great deed lives after him, and I shall remember him as one of those rare brave men who in their lives illustrate the MEN OF GREATNESS and the lessons of self-sacrifice which are the grandest Christianity.

The Rev. George H. Passon wrote from Roslyn:

I shall be with you in spirit, and pray the divine blessing upon the services of the day in memory of a brave man, who saved many lives at the cost of his own life. Is there the eye of his friend, how many can say the same, who said that day in the illfated vessel? Be the widow and orphans and the people of Sea Cliff, Capt. Smith, more than twice a hundred souls were saved from a watery or a fiery death. The service of next Sabbath I intend to make a religious one, and that in the morning I shall be able to see my people. Heroic service is its estimate. I see on the programme, in the day's own, the names of gentlemen representing the Sea Cliff Republic, Epsilon, Sigma, Phi, Beta, Kappa, Delta, Alpha, Omega, the upright sect of the Quakers. Surely this indicates with what nearly unanimity all Christian people and the world honor the dead and the living who have served humanity.

Ex-Senator John A. King wrote from Great Neck of Capt. Smith:

He was one of the rare characters which, when put to the test, exhibited the true qualities of heroism—great self-control, the knowledge of duty, self-sacrifice, and the ability to do the right thing. Where a man, knowing him, to have almost certain death but for the aid of the men who had been placed under his command, yet who, rallied and encouraged, and, at the desperate moment, and, and, and in the face of friends guided his vessel to the shore, forgetful of his own personal suffering. The century which produces such men may be blessed, and the land which has in its annals so far advance as that of the hero, may be proud. Such a man, tried, stood calmly but firmly at his post, and he did nobly.

Mr. William H. Onderdonk wrote from New York:

I have long regarded the conduct of Capt. Smith in risking his life to save the lives committed to his care, and, after wasting searched by the flames, and when he was starved from his post, as worthy of the highest praise. I feel it to be a great loss to the world, and I sympathize with many of those which have contributed worthy of a place in history. Although I have never seen Capt. Smith, I have read his letters to his friends, and I feel that my tribute of admiration to the memory of one of those truly great men of our age, who, in the performance of duty, do such heroic deeds performed in times when chivalry was in vogue.

Mr. Oliver W. West delivered a brief eulogy of Capt. Smith, and suggested the propriety of erecting a monument to his memory. After the singing of another hymn, the orator of the day, the Hon. Richard O'Gorman, who himself was a witness of Capt. Smith's brave act, was introduced, and spoke as follows:

SPEECH OF THE HON. RICHARD O'GORMAN.

"Mr. Chairman, I am very glad to see so large an assemblage here to-day. It is not often that such an assemblage can be got together for such a purpose as we are here to promote. It is not, as I take it, a religious meeting, although the air has been softened with the tones of religious melody.

"A political meeting this surely is not; and yet the purpose touches the highest pride of the republic and the highest duty of the people.

"That in the generous plan of government under which we live manhood has been freed from all hindrances of rank or birth and privilege; that all men, rich and poor, great and small, have equal rights, a fair field, and fair play to win, if they can, wealth and power and honored names; this is the triumph of this republic, which has made it believed in all the honored homes of all the earth; and to see this great rule of equality preserved is the people's pride and their fairest hope. Thus I have two sacred—day to illustrate and apply. We are here to hear testimony to a gallant act done by a brave and gallant man, faithful to his duty at the risk of his life. He was not a man of wealth, nor one of the favorites of fortune; he had never lived in the public ear, the world's notice or applause. He was not a great captain, who had led armies to victory; not a statesman guiding his people, even in spite of their own wayward humor, to their highest prosperity and honor; not a writer filling men's souls with his great thoughts and giving his own intellectual life to generations yet unborn. He was not a millionaire, with great projects, great achievements, with ships upon the ocean and railroads on the land, bridging chasms, forcing his influence way through the heart of mountains, and bringing different civilizations face to face to teach and learn of one another.

"When men of this kind die there is funeral pomp and pageant, and some of the splendor in which they lived attends them even to the grave.

"Not of this sort was the man whose memory we have come here to honor. Charles Smith was a man of the people—a sailor, a pilot, doing a pilot's duty skilfully, day after day, on Long Island Sound. I had known him and traveled with him for many years. There seemed nothing remarkable about him, nothing to distinguish him from other men of his calling, and he might have lived on for years and died unnoticed and unremembered, but for the one event, occupying but a few minutes of time, that stamped lustre on all his life.

"Then suddenly there rose up before him great peril; then death, in its most appalling shape, stared him in the face.

"Then, with steady eye, he looked the peril down—with steady heart and steady head and steady hand he kept on doing his duty, and for this his name will be remembered and honored when other memories more cherished to-day shall have faded in oblivion.

"You may not all know the story of the burning and wreck of the steamboat Seawanhaka, which occurred a little more than a year ago. It was on a lovely evening in June. She was on her way to Glen Cove with three hundred passengers on board, and in passing through Hell Gate she took fire. The weather had been very warm for some days previously, and she burned with astonishing rapidity. The lives of all on board were in imminent danger, and there was only one possible chance of escape. Within sight lay a sunken meadow on which she could be beached. There was no time for deliberation or delay. Every moment seemed an age. An instant of indecision would be fatal.

"All depended on the courage and coolness of one man. That man stood at the helm—Charlie Smith. He was equal to the occasion. He at once put the vessel's head straight for that sunken meadow, and with all steam on she rushed on her course.

"The fire had broken out in the engine room—the speed she ran at blew it into flame. It caught the freight at the bows and drove passengers from the deck, and they plunged into the water, preferring rather to drown than to burn. The fire worked its way to the stern, roaring like a living thing and leaping on its prey. In three minutes the Seawanhaka was all ablaze.

"Above, in the pilot house, with fire beneath him, in front of him, around him; fire cinching at his hands, licking his face with tongues of flames; smoke stifling him; expecting every instant that the supports of the pilot house would be burned away, and he and it fall together into the blazing furnace below, Charlie Smith steadily, steadily, sternly kept his hand on the hot wheel, and held the doomed vessel to her course.

"I say this was a gallant act. I say war, with all its terrors, could not have presented a danger more dreadful; war, with all its heroism, could not have shown a devotion to duty more steadfast and unflinching.

"There are men here and me here to-day who were on board the Seawanhaka on her last voyage. They will never forget that scene. None of us will ever forget that we owe, perhaps to the pilot who steered her that day that we and others who are very dear to us are alive to bless his memory. With us this meeting is no mere parade. We are in earnest. We mean and feel all we say, and we do say of Charlie Smith, with all sincerity—with all the warmth of full hearts—'Peace be with him; he was a brave and faithful man.'

"Few of the heroes of war died more nobly than he did, among those who lost their lives on that fatal day. When the vessel struck the sunken meadow, when she that pilot could do had been done, somehow—God knows how—he escaped from the wreck and reached the land, scorched, burned, half-suffocated, disabled. For relieves year he lingered on, until at last a few weeks ago, an illness consequent on his injuries took him away.

"People have said to me, 'What is all this praise of Charlie Smith about? He only did his duty.' Stay out yet ten of the pilots on the Sound would have done as well in his place.' It may be so. He did only his duty. But show me the man who, in the great vicissitudes, great perils, great temptations, great emergencies of life, does all his duty, without flinching or hesitating, and I rank that man, too, among the heroes. And I am very willing to believe that the class of men from which Charlie Smith came can produce many as brave as he; that with them devotion to duty—the habit of heroism—is not the exception, but the rule; and, taking it to be so, and that he may be regarded as a representative and representative of his class, I am glad to think that in honoring him we honor also all the brave men to whom, on sea and ashore, the safety of the traveling public is intrusted, and who prove most true and faithful to their trust.

"We live in a travelling age. There is no minute of the day or night that many thousand men and women are not being carried from place to place, through dangers of which they know nothing, without their sitting or being able to lift a finger for their own protection, but relying with perfect confidence on the skill and care and caution and courage of others. I read somewhere lately of an incident on board ship which struck me so much that I seem to see and hear and feel it all. Dancy night and storm on the Atlantic—the great steamship rolling and tossing and plunging among the angry waves that lashed against her and strive to beat her back. Passengers, lying awake and anxious below, listen to the roar and shriek of the gale. A sudden crash—one of the masts is down! Then a lull, and groans fall on the deck. The ship stops for an instant, and feels as if stunned by the blow; then, with a great effort, she struggles on as on her course. Little did the sleepers below know that in that instant the wheel had crushed in the skull and shattered the man at the helm; that the broken spokes, striking round, had broken his legs and crushed him; that he had caught the spokes again in his dying grasp, and that he was still striving with his last strength, his last breath, to steer the ship through the storm. Such scenes as this are not uncommon.

"Who shall tell us of the steady, habitual courage of the men who drive the countless passenger trains that cross the continent from end to end in day and dark, over thousands of miles, beset with various dangers, risking always their own lives for the safety of those in their charge—often overworked, often underpaid? There is in all this class of men an esprit de corps, a noble forgetfulness of self, a fidelity to duty under all changes—all dangers—which develops the highest heroism and deserves the highest honor.

"War has its glitter and splendor and display. With sound of trumpet and waving of banners and tossing of plumes, the soldier marches into danger. The men who steer ships and drive the locomotives have no such incentive and encouragement, yet are they no less useful servants of civilization, and, when they fall at their posts, they deserve no less sympathy and applause.

"Long ago Edmund Burke, when thrones in Europe were falling and all the old order of society was swept away in the storm of revolution, Edmund Burke cried in his despondency, 'The age of chivalry is gone!' He mistook. The age of chivalry is not gone; chivalry has only changed its place of abode. It left, indeed, the broken ranks of the old nobility only to find its home in the hearts of the people. Look there for chivalry now. Find there the soldiers, the heroes, the martyrs of civilization.

"We are not a sentimental people here—at least we prefer not to show it if we are. We seem to have inherited from the Indian possession of the land some of their calm and reticence and unwillingness to seem astonished at anything. In Europe, Kings and Queens search out gallant acts and decorate the doers of them with medals and ribbons and other visible tokens of merit, which mark them as entitled to public esteem. These things are not in our taste, and yet I believe we venerate worth as highly and are as quick to see and recognize in every brave act, no matter by whom done the innate royalty of man.

"This great meeting to-day is a sufficient indication that we are not insensible to such worth. It does a man good to read of gallant deeds, to hear them spoken of, to believe and know that in this age, as in every other age, there are men and women among those we meet day after day who would, if the occasion demanded, prove themselves as brave and true and faithful to duty as any Hero of Romance. To believe in good in others is the next thing to being good ourselves. And so here on this fair August day, with the sun shining on the waters, over which our old pilot, Charlie Smith, used to steer his noble craft, we bid him our last farewell and lay the tribute of our grateful remembrance, as if it were a wreath of unfading flowers, on his grave.

"What more may be done I know not. It has been suggested that perhaps we might, with little expense, erect a more permanent and visible mark of our esteem. A simple granite shaft would cost but little. Place it somewhere that those who follow the sea can often look on it. Carve upon it the name of the man and the name of the ship he steered so bravely and so well. Then in days to come, when we shall be all forgotten, men will see it, and learn the story and the lesson it should teach, that the faithful performance of duty is the highest virtue, and that even the simplest life may by one gallant act be made beautiful and ennobled.

After the singing of the hymn "Look of Ages" the meeting closed with the benediction, pronounced by the Rev. Casper Yost. Many friends gathered about the family of Capt. Smith, and many words of consolation were spoken to his widow and children. Numbers of the audience took away with them, as a memorial of the occasion, copies of the printed programme, which were illustrated with a portrait of Capt. Smith, a picture of the burning steamboat, and a cut of the pilot house enveloped in flames, with the sturdy old pilot holding his place at the helm.

A LADY KNOCKED DOWN.

A Brutal Attack on Mrs. G. Ross Carey in Montgomery Street, Jersey City.

Mrs. Carey, the wife of G. Ross Carey, the manager of the Western Union Telegraph office in Exchange place, Jersey City, was on Saturday night the victim of an outrageous attack. Mrs. Carey, who is over 50 years of age, had been visiting some friends in Jersey City, and about 9 o'clock started for her home in Fairmount avenue, Jersey City Heights. As she was walking along Montgomery street, near the Mill Creek, which is a very lonesome place, a man sprang from behind a large rock and, seizing Mrs. Carey by the hands, threatened to kill her if she uttered a word. The man then attempted to drag her to the side of the road, but, notwithstanding her old age, Mrs. Carey struggled desperately to free herself from his grasp, and screamed at the top of her voice for assistance. This maddened the man, and he struck her a violent blow in the face with his fist, which knocked her down. At this juncture three men, whose attention had been attracted by Mrs. Carey's cries, came running along the road, and the ruffian took to his heels. The men followed, but they were unable to catch him. They had Mrs. Carey removed to her home. She became unconscious soon after reaching the house, and it was found that she had sustained a severe wound on the back of the head.

A description of the assailant was given to the police yesterday, and detectives were sent out to find him. Mrs. Carey was confined to her bed all of yesterday by nervous prostration.

Is Nature Going Astern?

A drive through the romantic regions of New Jersey that form the valley of the Rahnapo, reveals a scene enchanting but uncommon for an August month. Already the leaves are falling fast, and here and there a maple is arrayed in her robe of beauty delicately and artistically colored by the autumnal painters. It is said that many trees of this kind are dying, and that the present change in foliage is the precursor of speedy decay. Leaves are falling everywhere, and the forest dirgle leaves the appearance common to October. The birds have begun to sing full song for some days, and if the old adage proves true, we must soon look for the season of frosts and an absence of everything that tends to make life in the country bearable.

WALL STREET AND THE GRAIN MARKET

Speculators Realizing on their Investments, and Speculation Still Rampant.

"Are the reports that you have been a large seller of corn in the last few days true?" was asked of Rufus Hatch on Saturday night.

"Yes, partially," he replied. "Some of my customers bought corn at from 42 to 48, and they're realizing on their profits. The advance has been from 40 to 60 cents a bushel, or about 50 per cent. in Chicago alone. In St. Louis it is even more than that, and at interior points, with cost of transportation added, it's several points higher than in this city and Liverpool. The damage to the crop is unquestionably very great, and it carries with it almost every business interest in the corn belt. But the activity in speculation extends to the entire grain market. The *Tribune* and *Times* of Chicago have sent special correspondents throughout the West, who report an increased percentage in the spring wheat districts, and a very large decrease in the winter wheat districts. I venture to say that the Agricultural Bureau, in its report at noon on Monday, will confirm these figures. If it don't it's safe to say that there's a screw loose somewhere—probably in Washington. You can't always tell about these Washington bureaus. Three or four years ago Elijah Smith of Boston had private information from Washington that the Agricultural Bureau would report that the cotton crop would be from 400,000 to 500,000 bales less than the crop of the preceding year. He bought liberally on this trustworthy information. As the market declined, his broker kept asking him for more margin. After the price had gone down to a certain point Elijah bought heavier than ever, so that if there was a crop it would help bury him. But the market kept running down, and at last the Agricultural Bureau made its report for the fiscal year. Elijah opened his eyes. It showed about 600,000 bales increase. Elijah sold out at a net loss of $31,772.59. He says that if he ever catches the young man in the bureau who gave him the trustworthy information he'll give him a lesson in civil service reform.

"Europe will want only a small percentage of the grain that it required in '78 and '79," continued Uncle Rufus. "Wheat is already thirty cents a bushel higher than it was thirty days ago, and all interior warehouses are filling up, under a very light export demand, at these increased prices. Despatches from Toledo say that the warehouses there are full of grain, and that 500 unloaded cars are now in that city with no storage for their freight. Cars loaded with grain are on every single track between Toledo and Fort Wayne. The Chicago warehouses will store 14,000,000 bushels of grain. They are two-thirds full to-day. With the Chicago markets higher than those in Liverpool and New York, how long can they receive and store grain without shipment? With a bank reserve of less than $3,000,000 in this city, how long will it be before somebody must pay for the grain now in store and being stored? With every brakeman on every train in the corn belt buying grain at two per cent. margin, isn't it about time that somebody found out what the foreign demand is likely to be? In old times in Chicago we used to measure the size of the crops by what was paid for them. If the price was high, the crops were large, and vice versa. For a small price buy three crops away, and a big price brings one, two, and three crops out. Farmers are slower but surer speculators than Wall street speculators. I believe in very much higher prices in corn before another year, but there isn't money enough in the New York banks to take up the entire grain crop of this country for the next sixty days without an export demand."

MR. LICHTENSTEIN'S WINDOWS.

Accusing the Early Closing Association of Breaking Them—A Disavowal.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: To put in a proper light the position which the Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association has assumed before the public in its efforts to abridge the hours of labor of dry goods salesmen and saleswomen, we submit the following facts to the candid judgment of all fair-minded people: As our interests are in a measure identical with those of our employers, it would be far from us to ask them to close their stores at 9 P. M. on Saturdays if such action would result in financial loss to them. We have abundant evidence from experience that such is not the case where all stores of the same kind close at a certain hour. The willingness of nearly all the merchants in Grand and Catharine streets to close their stores at 9 P. M. is evidence of the reasonableness of our demand.

The work of salesmen and saleswomen is extremely exhausting. Four hours must be spent at 8 A. M., and remain incessantly standing or moving about till 7 P. M. They are under a continual mental strain, for the proprietors demand the greatest exertion at their hands to effect sales, and are constantly watching to see that no consequence leaves the store without purchasing. It is intolerable that to the salesman's ordinary duties should be added the long and weary hours of Saturday night till 10, 11, and, in many cases, 12 o'clock, in the close and stifling atmosphere of ill-ventilated stores, with the unpaidled heat of the gas jets, with which the stores are lighted.

The rumors which have been published charging the Dry Goods Clerks' Early Closing Association with complicity in the breaking of Mr. Lichtenstein's windows in Grand street are unquestionably false. That organization seeks to gain its ends by moral suasion and lawful means, and not by riotous conduct.

NEW YORK, Aug. 13. AN EARLY CLOSER.

Drowned from a Punt.

PATCHOGUE, Aug. 14.—Some days ago two colored men, Andrew Hammond and George Seide, left the Ridge to gather bass in the meadows near Carman's River. Nothing was heard of them until Friday, when the body of Hammond was discovered in the river. Yesterday a hat or shoe was found in the same stream. Coroner Corey claimed the hat that the party in which the men had sailed upset, throwing them into the water. Being unable to swim they were drowned.

Court Calendar This Day.

SUPREME COURT—CHAMBERS—Third Monday motions calendar. Court of Appeals at 10 o'clock.

UNCLE ZEKE'S TWIN SNAKES.

Joined Together from their Birth, but Great Fighters and Contortionists.

GERMAN VALLEY, N. J., Aug. 14.—"You want to see my Siamese twin snakes, do you? Well, come right along up the mountain a piece and I will show them to you."

It was Uncle Zeke Holland who spoke, in answer to a question respecting a curious natural phenomenon which he was said to have in his possession, and he immediately started up the road which goes from here to the top of Schooley's Mountain. The walk was not long, and was occupied by Uncle Zeke in a history of his reptiles.

"You see, they were born that way—two rattlesnakes fastened together right near the tail. At first off I was goin' to cut 'em apart, and then I was afeard it might kill 'em, so I left 'em be. It was good I did, for it's sartin sure that they can't get along without each other. If one on 'em gets sick, so does the other, and when one of 'em gives a call, showin' there is somethin' livin' around to bite, the other one jines in at once. And then they both bite at the same time, which, to me, is the most curious thing about 'em. They can't get themselves around quickern lightnin', so that their heads are close together, and then they run their fangs out side by side and stick 'em into whatever they are driving at. They mean business every time.

"You ought to see 'em fight, although neither of 'em alone is so very large, taken only eight rattles on 'em is a foot, and I think that they git away with anythin' in these same lines. These parts. They can run away from each other until they form almost a straight line, and then, when any of the big varmints attack 'em, they just curl around and bite the cuss in two places at once. Once a man, I tell ever stranger, to see 'em fight, and winter nights I take 'em into the tavern barroom and put 'em under a glass case along with a big black snake or copperhead, and the boys will come for ten-mile around to see the sport. Sometimes we put a lot of big toads in to see the little varmints try to swallow 'em. There's nothin' can git away with 'em, for if they find they are gettin' whipped they have a way of twistin' themselves into a ball, with their heads close out of sight, and then roll over and over like a base ball. They go like chain lightnin', and, what turns twice whatever they see lightin', takin' the critter off his pins very often. Then the minute they strike anythin' they will run their heads out from one of the coils and give a little thrust with their fangs, causin' the other feller to yell with pain. Did they ever bite it? Oh, lives alive, no, they're as fond of me as can be, and I make 'em do just about what I please. I've taught 'em a whole heap of tricks, some of which I will show you. There are the little cuss es now."

Under a glass case in the corner of a room were coiled the twin rattlers. They were apparently asleep until Uncle Zeke removed the glass, when they jumped upon his arm, wriggled their way to his shoulders, and, curling themselves around his neck in the oddest way imaginable, ran their heads one along one cheek and the other along the other, and then, baring their fangs and hissing, they made a pass at the intruder. It was a perfect picture. Uncle Zeke took very diabolical, but he evidently enjoyed it, for he chuckled for a moment and then, whistling in a low, peculiar key, caused the twins to place themselves side by side and jump into his hands. In the place they fell on the ground, and they at once coiled themselves up into a ball and began revolving rapidly around on the grass. They twisted themselves into a loop, and in that way jumped through Uncle Zeke's arms. Then they began in the shades of grass so fast that it seemed as though there was a sea of agitated snake heads in the yard, and then they lengthened themselves out, and, lifting up their heads, nodded at one another. That was all. By a series of signs, which the keeper understands, the reptiles formed themselves into twins, standing up with the letters "S. P." while Uncle Zeke said stood for Siamese twins. There seemed no end to their contortions. Uncle Zeke said, as he put the lock under the cover:

"I don't want a showman in this country but would give a good deal to get a pair of these varmints, but he can't have 'em. I've got a fine farm here, and don't need money, but I do want these critters, for since my wife, Maria, died, I haven't had anythin' to occupy my mind."

THE BASE BALL RECORD.

Unexpected Changes in the Relative Places of the Contestants.

There has been another change of base in the League championship arena, and this time it is quite a tumble taken by one of the Western teams. The Clevelands have been driven from fourth to sixth place by the defeats they have met out West, and the victories Boston and Providence have scored in the East. Then, too, Worcester has got out of the last ditch, and the Troys have been thrown into it. The following is the record up to Aug. 14:

CLUBS.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Boston	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Troy	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Providence	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Troy	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Worcester	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Following is the standing of the eight League clubs in the pennant race up to Aug. 14:

Clubs.	Games Won.	Games Lost.
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]
Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]
Boston	[illegible]	[illegible]
Providence	[illegible]	[illegible]
Troy	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible]	[illegible]
Worcester	[illegible]	[illegible]
Troy	[illegible]	[illegible]

This week the Providence team play three days in Worcester, the Troys three days in Troy, the Buffaloes five days in Chicago, and the Detroits three in Cleveland.

The record showing the number of games each team has yet to play with the others is as follows:

CLUBS.	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Chicago	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Buffalo	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Boston	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Providence	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Troy	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Cleveland	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Worcester	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Troy	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

Comparing the first table with the above, a shrewd calculator will be enabled to guess pretty closely as to probable results in the near future.

In the local arena no games will be played at the Polo grounds until Wednesday next, when the Albanys return to play their eighth game with the Metropolitans, to be followed by the Troys.

The Atlantics will play their second city championship match with the Metropolitans on Saturday. It is worthy of note that out of the thirty odd games the Hops have played with League clubs they have been first nether in fifteen instances. They have won twelve in two, Nesaqua in two, and Dorpus in but one.

Laying a Corner Stone at Ellisville.

A large number of people yesterday afternoon witnessed the laying of the corner stone of the new Roman Catholic church, to be called St. Raposa's, at Ellisville, L. I. Over fifty priests were in attendance. There were also present several civic societies from New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, who marched in procession from Liberty, at 3, Ellisville. Bishop Loughlin delivered an address. The new edifice, it was claimed, will be the handsomest Catholic church in Queens county. The church will cost $40,000, and will have a spire 200 feet high. It will be of brick. It is expected that the church will be ready for occupancy next spring. The pastor will be the Rev. Father Matthias J. Fleming.

Rewards for Collector Brayton's Murderer.

AUGUSTA, Ga., Aug. 14.—Gov. Hagood of South Carolina has offered $200 for the arrest, with proof to convict of the murderer of Deputy Collector Thomas L. Brayton, and this has been supplemented with a purse of $500 by the Chamber of Commerce of Boston. The United States authorities offer a reward of $200.

Soldiers' Reunion.

CALDWELL, O., Aug. 14.—A reunion of soldiers is to be held in this place on Friday, Sept. 9, to last three days. Governor Foraker and the public men in the city of the locality in Noble county will grace their lives for the Union and of those who have died since.

Torn by his Own Hounds.

From the Gonzo, Texas.

The Hon. Sidney T. Holmes, formerly of Madison county, resident of this district, and recently of Montgomery county, Texas, was killed near Gonzo, after the Statutes, on Tuesday last, by a pack of his own hounds, belonging to the Hon. Rufus Cushing, in Utica. A few years ago he resided in the West, though his wife and family have resided here for some time. Among his peculiarities was his fondness for hunting, and for the purpose he kept a large pack of hounds, which, as he claimed, would hunt anything. The dogs, hearing the voice, were upon them, to help the fugitive, when they turned upon him and devoured him before their master could reach the contemporary rescue. While for hours they were busy when their mind and appetite had to be fully satisfied, nothing of him was left, but the bones were scattered, and they commenced to fight, the wounded, running around and moaning at and over him, mangled piteously, and more than one, in the effort to kill, was seen to fall dead. The dogs were shot, and the people in the neighborhood were called to the spot. The remains were buried in the cemetery at Gonzo, and the dogs were buried in the same place. The dogs were shot, and the people in the neighborhood were called to the spot. The remains were buried in the cemetery at Gonzo, and the dogs were buried in the same place.

"Rough on Rats."

Ask druggists for it. Rats, roaches, mice, ants, bedbugs, mice, skunks, chipmunks. 15c. and 50c.

HIS ARM BROKEN BY A BLOW.

A Madison Square Park Lodger's Encounter With a Park Policeman.

James O'Brien lay yesterday in one of the wards of the New York Hospital, suffering from a broken arm, a scalp wound, and contusions. He had been brought to the hospital at 10 o'clock Saturday night from the Thirtieth street police station, and was the prisoner of Park Policeman McCarthy, who is stationed in Madison square. To a reporter O'Brien said:

"I am a stonecutter, and have been working at Englewood, but for the past week I have done no work, and I have been drinking. I went to Madison Square Park Saturday night, as I have done before, to sleep off the effects of liquor. There was a fight between two men and a woman on a bench next to me. I had nothing to do with it. McCarthy came up, held up his club, and told the two men and the woman to consider themselves his prisoners. Then he rapped for assistance, turned upon me, and struck me with his club on the shin. I jumped up and he hit me on the head. I felt the blood on my face, and put up my arm. He broke my arm. I sprang at him, and he knocked me down. I had done nothing, and I had said nothing to the officer.

The reporter found Policeman McCarthy and Thompson in the park. McCarthy is a strongly built man, slow of speech and quick in manner, and said he was sorry O'Brien had been so badly hurt. Then he told his story of the occurrence, as follows:

"At 2½ o'clock last night I heard a woman screaming and found at the northeast corner of the park John McGoin, James W. Bell, and O'Brien fighting about a woman named Lavina Kent. They are all tramps, and have been arrested for drinking, assault, and drunkenness. When I came up, they ran to the benches and huddled together. I said, 'I arrest you all!' and rapped for assistance. O'Brien sprang to his feet and said, 'You shan't take me in alive this time!' I saw that he had a knife in his hand. I again rapped for assistance, and O'Brien sprang at me with the open knife. I raised my club and struck him. He caught me by the throat and again raised the knife. I parried the blow with all my strength, and as the knife flew out of his hand I noticed that his arm was broken. I afterward picked up the knife, a dirty, rusty, old horn handle affair. This morning Justice Morgan sentenced the other prisoners to two months' imprisonment."

McCarthy is corroborated by other policemen in his statement as to O'Brien's character. A year ago, while drunk, O'Brien jumped into the fountain, and nearly drowned Policeman Thompson, who tried to pull him out. The park policemen say that he is one of a gang who pass the night in the park and rob the sleepers on the benches. There are now only two policemen, instead of three, at the park, and after midnight it is unguarded.

HOW A MURDERER WAS CAPTURED.

A Brother Betrayed on the Condition that a Son Should be Set Free.

From the Kansas City Journal.

CARTHAGE, Mo., Aug. 6.—Taylor Underwood, who murdered Deputy Sheriff McIrath of Greenfield, in this county, six weeks ago, was captured in this city last night by Detective Hale, ex-Marshal Buchanan, Policeman Crankshaw, Cassidy, Prosecuting Attorney Haughawout, and Warren Bansford, the latter.

John Underwood, nephew of Taylor Underwood, and son of Jasper Underwood, was brought in this morning by Sheriff Hall, and lodged in jail in this city. Jasper Underwood, who has been with his brother Taylor for the last month, came in yesterday and proposed to the officers that if they would release his son from the walls secure the capture of his brother Taylor. The proposition was accepted, and a pass agreed upon. Jasper Underwood, in company with his brother, the murderer, to enter a barber shop to be shaved. The barber, Warren Bansford, a stout and brave colored man, was selected to shave the desperado. About 9 o'clock Taylor Underwood entered Morgan's barber shop, when Bansford, recognizing a man from the description given, sprang up with the usual "Have a shave, sir?" which invitation was accepted. As soon as seated Pike and Buchanan leisurely sauntered in to get a drink of water. Immediately the officers and barber pounced upon the murderer, and the fight began in earnest. Underwood is a large, heavy, muscular, and powerful man, and fought with that desperation shown only to a man fighting for life. Cassidy was in the back room with a double barreled shotgun, for use if required, and had prepared for the event. Attorney Haughawout came to the rescue and disarmed the desperado, it is believed he would have beaten the officers, and either escaped or prevented being taken alive. When the handcuffs were put upon him he yielded, and begged for God's sake he be taken to jail at once, which was done. The reward offered for his capture amounts to $750. Whether the brother who gave him away to rescue his son is to have a share is not an we. In an interview with a reporter the prisoner said he would have got away had he not been betrayed by his brother's barber's razor. Taylor Underwood is a young man about 25 years of age, and although respectably connected, has gained the reputation of a desperado of late. The nephew, John Underwood, was released.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

SPARTANBURG, Ms., Aug. 14.—Taylor Underwood, the murderer of Deputy Sheriff Elrath, and a member of the horse thief band of which one was hung by a mob at Greenfield on the 24 ult., was taken overland to Lamar, and thence to Greenfield on the Gulf Railroad yesterday, by Sheriff Roberts of Jasper County, Detective Pike and two assistants. The news of their coming had preceded them, and at 2 P. M. armed men began assembling at South Greenfield on the unfinished depot from all directions. By 5 P. M. about 150 men had collected, all seemingly thirsty for Underwood's blood. At 6 P. M. twenty-five armed men came in from the surrounding country, who were Sheriff Wallstedt's posse, all marching in a body, with their pistols cocked, ready for any emergency. When the train came in it only stopped long enough for Underwood's guard to take him out of the car, when it moved off. There was a general desire among the passengers to be conveyed away from the ominous scene as quick as possible. Underwood was taken to a room in waiting, and he waited between the officers crouching as if fearing he would be shot. He was as pale as death, and evinced in every manner unusually that trepidation of his surroundings could be heard. He was put alone in the coach, which was driven to Greenfield surrounded by the Sheriff and his assistants and the twenty-five men who had come in to assist in protecting the prisoner from the mob.

An Indian Address to Lord Lorne.

*From the Toron