AT THE POLLS IN THE RAIN.

SPECIAL CONTESTS THAT INTERESTED THE SEVERAL WARDS.

Machine Republican Repeaters on the East Side—Darlow Weed's Vote for McKeon and Tremain—Mr. Tilden at the Polls—An Anxious Midnight Hunt for Missing Ballots.

The good people of New York took election day with great equanimity. All manner of traps were set for them by the negotiators of votes, and each citizen fell in or stepped aside, according to his temperament and intelligence. Vigorous rains kept people out of the streets a good deal, and brawls were rare.

In the First Ward the contest between Senator Hogan and Dr. Boyd, for the Senate, was the matter of chief interest. Handbills were everywhere circulated charging Dr. Boyd with having been an Orangemen's candidate. Early in the day Hogan tickets were surprisingly scarce in the booths. It was alleged that they had been stolen from the printing office. The scarcity was also felt in other of the lower wards, but it was supplied by special printing later in the day. In many cases ballots were written. The scarcity of tickets cost Senator Hogan a few votes. There was a sharp contest between the friends of Michael Norton and ex-Judge Quinn, candidates for Civil Justice, and a good deal of trading on candidates for Aldermen. Party lines were by no means tightly drawn.

The same issues interested the voters of the Second Ward. The officers of election were idle much of the day, and reported a light vote. The chief excitement was at the close of the voting, when the boys made a rush for the ticket booths. The friends of Michael C. Murphy and Peter J. Kelly, candidates of the County Democracy and Tammany for Assembly in the First District, did most of the work in the Third Ward. The rain kept them cool.

One of the bitterest encounters between the County Democracy and Tammany was the contest in the Fourth Ward between the supporters of Judge Clancy and James Oliver, candidates for Civil Justice. At one of the polls there was a scrimmage between a couple of ticket holders, but nothing serious. The old Fourth never saw a quiet election.

In the Fifth Ward the chief excitement was a revival of the contest between the east and west side urchins. A crowd of youngsters from the Fourth and Sixth Wards assembled in Worth street, near West Broadway. A similar crowd of the west side boys gathered, and showers of stones were interchanged. Then the west side boys found additional ammunition in a couple of barrels of oyster shells, and drove the east siders back. Part of the battle was waged in the pouring rain. Finally the police charged both war parties out of the ward. Two ticket peddlers, at the corner of Leonard street and West Broadway, began a fight, but were suppressed by the police before they had committed enough disorder to be arrested.

A policeman who walked up Mott street carrying half of a man's ear impaled on a toothpick said that there had been a fight between partisans of candidates in the Sixth, and that he had picked up the ear hoping that it would be serviceable in the identification of one of the combatants.

The fiercest battle ground of the Clancy and Oliver factions in the contest for Civil Justice was in the Sixth Ward, once famous as a dark and bloody ground. There were quiet streets in the polls, and a noisy war of words was waged. The boys of the Sixth are proverbial for their bonfires, and for an hour before 4 o'clock the men attending the ticket booths had to keep a sharp lookout. The owner of a packing box factory at the corner of Elm and Pearl streets was in alarm all day lest his entire stock of boxes should be confiscated.

The yawning policemen at the Seventh Ward polling places found their idleness so monotonous that in the afternoon some of them made a feint of resisting small boys for lighting small and early bonfires. In most of the districts the workers said there was little scratching. At some of the polls, though, it was reported that Shells was being badly scratched for Alderman, and that posters for Jeremiah Murphy were in demand. One Republican worker said he had been called on for forty-five envelopes of Rollins posters.

Near the river side, in the Eighth Ward, large men of sober mind stood about and discussed the chances, taking the occasional showers of rain with indifference. In the afternoon factory and shop girls hurried along Charlton street, where many of them live. They pushed through the crowds of men with entire confidence, but, except in one instance, none of them was molested. The corner of Greenwich and Charlton streets was full of men when two young women came bouncing along. One was buxom, filled all the requirements of a copious ulster, and looked explicitly saucy. An eminent leader stepped forward as she passed and chucked her under the chin. Without any signs of embarrassment, she raised her ungloved hand and gave him such a rattling blow in the face that he retired indoors.

The Ninth Ward passed the day very comfortably. "Longshoremen on West street occasionally carried convictions of Tammany minds with both hands, but as the learners could receive a good deal of that sort of instruction without permanent effect the day was, on the whole, pleasant.

The Tenth and Seventeenth Wards were stirred from centre to circumference yesterday by Alfred Steckler's fight for the Civil Justiceship, and for the overthrow of John J. O'Brien's and Jacob M. Patterson's Republican machine. The machine had decreed the reelection of Civil Justice John A. Dinkel, the candidate of the County Democracy and Tammany Hall. Mr. Steckler's leader in the Eighth Assembly District, O'Brien's stronghold, was Martin Engel, a brother of Samuel Engel, O'Brien's leader, and the brothers, who are privately on the best terms, waged a war which has not been seen since the district fell in twenty years. Every one of O'Brien's officeholders was on duty with instructions to elect Dinkel and John E. Brodsky, the Republican candidate for the Assembly, at all hazards. The Republican barrel yielded it the sum of $100 for each of the twenty-five election districts. The effect was most plain in the lower districts. There drunkenness and fights were common. Captured voters were hurried up to the ballot boxes in herds of ten or twelve. Repeating was common, particularly in the lower districts, as soon as the polls were opened. Ex-convicts were allowed to vote on the names of reputable citizens, who have lived in the district for years, and are perfectly well known. When the late-rising citizens came they were told that they had already voted. In some instances the voters were sworn in. A policeman of the Eldridge street station, who was on sick leave, was a particularly active politician.

George Eickert, proprietor of the Summit Hotel at Canal street and the Bowery, has lived twenty-six years in the Tenth Ward. I am John Jacob Astor, said to Justice Fimmer, at Essex Market Police Court yesterday, "to every policeman and to the inspectors of election all over the ward. Last night I was told to get up early at 4 o'clock, because a repeater would vote on my name if I was not early. I hardly believed it, but I got up at 4 and went to Heinze's bakery, at 103 Canal street, the polling place. Charles Babb, one of the inspectors, has known me since he was a child. All of them knew me, and the policeman saluted me familiarly. When I stepped up to vote the inspectors told me I was too late, that a vote had already been cast for me. I demanded my right, but was told I could not get it. I asked who had voted for me. They said they didn't know the man."

Mr. Eickert had hardly finished this relation when Capt. Garrides of 120 Canal street, an old Tenth Warder, made a similar complaint. These two Babb, Capt. Garrides also had been at the polling place early, and had been told that some one unknown had voted for him. Leopold Bauer of 101 Allen street and others made the same complaint. Justice Fimmer issued summonses for the inspectors of election to appear for the police court.

Three citizens of the same ward, Edward Sweeney of 50 Chrystie street and John Murphy and John Crown of 194 Forsyth street, having been informed when they offered their ballots that their names had already been voted on, also went to U. S. Judge Donohue for a mandamus directing the inspectors of election to receive their votes. Judge Donohue said he would willingly grant them relief, but that the polls would be closed before they could get back with the mandamus.

"I'm easy, I guess," said one of the workers in the Eleventh Ward, "because there's so many candidates that people don't know whom to fight about." "It's the quietest election I've ever seen," said a philosophical policeman. "People are beginning to find out that politics isn't worth fighting over."

German posters were common on the County Democracy booths in the Fourteenth Ward, and the workers about the booths said that the Germans were with them. Adolphe Pochacher's son, who was around all day looking after his father's interests, had a man taken to the station house for voting illegally, but the charges were not sustained.

Everybody in the Fourteenth Ward appeared to be smoking. A young man at Grand and Elizabeth streets found himself out of tobacco at 4 P. M. and asked the bystanders "Who's death in the cigars around here?" was promptly answered by a bystander, who, indeed, appeared to be filled by with merely that object in life. At 5 P. M. exactly a large man walked out of the bakery, and, without a word, struck a pale young man in the mouth with his fist, and went in again. The young man said it hurt, and walked away.

The excitement of the voters of the Fifteenth Ward reached its height on the corner of Fourth avenue and Astor place, where in the afternoon a peddler sold little tin boxes with corn salve inside. He apparently put a $5 bill in one of the boxes, and announced that any one could take his choice for a dime. A free and independent voter promptly bought all the boxes on the tray for $1.10, and found corn salve in all of them. The peddler's head was not punched because he disgorged the $1.10. The customer, in turn, disgorged the salve.

In this ward votes the aged Thurlow Weed. He went with Alderman Morris to the polls, and voted a straight Republican ticket with two exceptions. Of these he said: "My vote will make little difference to Mr. Forster, and John McKeon and I are personal friends. I therefore give Mr. McKeon a complimentary vote. As for Senator, I have no acquaintance with Mr. Gibbs, and know nothing of him, except what I have read in the newspapers. Gen. Tremain and his father's family and I have been friends for half a century, and therefore I vote for him." This was the sixty-third election at which Mr. Weed has voted, and he will be 84 next week.

In the Sixteenth Ward, between Fourteenth and Twenty-sixth streets, and west of Sixth avenue, the polling places were for the most part in the avenues. Seventh avenue was full of them. Barber shops were the favorite places selected for the placing of the ballot boxes, but other shops were preempted occasionally, and one polling place was in the rear of a butter and cheese shop, which did its customary business meantime in the front. At Twentieth street and Eighth avenue, shortly before 4 o'clock, wads of surplus ballots were thrown upon the sidewalk for the small boys, among whom they were in great demand, to scrabble for. The boys multiplied until they became an army, and, becoming greatly excited, charged upon a distribution booth and upset it, carrying dismay into the hearts of its two aged attendants, who were smoking clay pipes, and secured a rich prize.

Election watchers in the Eighteenth Ward reported that split and scratched tickets were common. Tickets for Spinola for Senator were bunched with Republican tickets. Republicans even traded off Rollins, their candidate for Surrogate. At the polling place on Fourth avenue, just above Twentieth street, numbers of tickets went in with Calvin pasted over Rollins.

At about 11 o'clock a carriage drove up to the polling place on Twenty-third street, between Lexington and Third avenues, and the venerable Peter Cooper emerged. He had his tickets ready, and how he voted was not known. Just before noon the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden drove up to the polling place at 243 Fourth avenue, just below Twentieth street, with Andrew H. Green. Mr. Tilden bowed and smiled pleasantly in answer to the salutations of those present, placed his hat on the shelf alongside of the boxes, and stood bareheaded while his registration entry was checked off. He had his tickets ready and deposited them without remark.

At several polling places in the Nineteenth Ward tickets for Fitzgerald, the County Democracy candidate for Senate against Spinola, were bunched with the Republican tickets. The scratching of tickets exceeded anything ever known before, and there was little perceptible interest in Astor's canvass. In the Twelfth Election District of the Twentieth Assembly District George Schaefer, who speaks little English, voted on the name of a fellow German by the inspector's mistake. He was arrested, but discharged.

The river districts in the Twentieth Ward were quiet and orderly yesterday. The precinct streets ran rivers in the rain, and the polling booths were often deserted. The Fifteenth Assembly District, which is in this ward, was near being left without County Democracy ballots yesterday. The tickets had been sent from Albany, by Edward Cole, printer, to Thomas Costigan's house. Mr. Costigan expected them at the County Democracy headquarters. He went down at 10 P. M. on Monday to the printing office. It was closed, and the watchman would not let him in. He appealed to the police in vain. Mr. Cole was then found not to be found. Mr. Costigan borrowed as many ballots as he could, and early in the morning woke up Police Commissioner Matthews and demanded his help. They went to the Leonard street station together, and taking a policeman with them got to the roof of the Powers Building through the hallway next door. Descending through the scuttle, they searched in vain for the tickets. Then Mr. Costigan went home and found them there.

One arrest for assault was made in the Twenty-first Ward. John Otterson disappointed Alex. McVitty by the way he voted, and McVitty hit him and was arrested. President Arthur is a citizen of this ward, but he had not registered and did not vote. He was at home during election hours, and had few callers.

Two young men from Harlem, spattered black with mud, were arrested in the Twenty-second Ward for fast driving. They had been all over the Astor district and were in high spirits.

In the Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Wards Republicans scratched Husted and Ernest Hall, one of their candidates for Marine Court Judge. At the Thirty-fourth Precinct station a Sergeant said that if the election had taken place on a Sunday, the Sabbath would scarcely have been broken, all was so quiet.

LIEUT. FLIPPER'S TRIAL.

The Defence Endeavoring to Show Persecution on the Part of Col. Shafter.

FORT DAVIS, Tex., Nov. 7.—The entire day was again occupied in the Flipper trial by Capt. Barber, in the cross-examination of Col Shafter, the defence endeavoring to show that in the treatment of Lieut. Flipper while in the guard-house cell and under close arrest in his quarters, Col. Shafter was prompted by a spirit of persecution not warranted by custom in the army in like cases. The Court objected to this mode of examining, on the ground that it had nothing to do with the offence, if any had been committed, and that it was not within the province of the Court to mitigate the punishment. The objection was withdrawn, however, after Capt. Barber had said that he hoped it would be done, as he desired to present everything connected with the case for the consideration of the Court.

Col. Shafter testified that before relieving Flipper from the Commissary Department he thought him perfectly honest and of good habits, and that if the money was stolen it had been done by others. He also reiterated that previous and subsequent investigation into Flipper's administration as Commissary had been entirely satisfactory, except in this instance. On the 10th of August Flipper was seen by Col. Shafter in town with his horse and saddle, he dressed in great style, preparatory to a journey. Thinking that, if any guilt existed, Flipper could have one night the start if not stopped, he immediately ordered him back and to turn over his funds on hand. Within two or three minutes after entering his quarters some $2,000 was found on his desk ready for delivery. Witness could not say whether the money was in the saddle bags when first seen or not. He had learned since that Flipper generally kept public money in his quarters instead of the office safe. Flipper (Col. Shafter) had always examined the accounts weekly, unless absent.

The cross-examination of Col. Shafter occupied the attention of the court again to-day. Capt. Barber's questions attempted to prove that Col. Shafter was overzealous in stripping Flipper of all personal effects to secure the Government.

The questions were answered to the effect that his personal effects were taken at first, but a part were handed back afterward, and the rest retained until some small debts were settled, and that probably all had been offered, but refused by Flipper, save through civil process. The effects had been subject to his order since that time. The defense offered to prove that enlisted men were so enraged at Flipper's confinement that prominent citizens were unable to relieve Flipper by force, but declined by him. The offer was objected to by the Judge Advocate as improper, and the objection was sustained by the Court.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

Total Damage in Illinois and Missouri Estimated at $3,005,000.

QUINCY, Ill., Nov. 8.—The water here recedes very slowly, and it will be several days before the branches of business which have been interrupted can get back into their old grooves again. All the open country lying between the north end of Suy Levee and south of Quincy is to be levee as soon as work can be commenced, and damaged levees are to be repaired. Many estimates have been made as to the amount of damage done by the flood, but the following are the most accurate: Entire losses in the Warsaw drainage district, $600,000; in the Indian Grave district, $750,000; in the Suy Island district, $1,000,000; on Quincy Bay and in the city, $30,000; in and about Alexandria, Mo., $250,000; to the Keokuk and St. Louis Railroad, $100,000; to all other railroads, $60,000; to open lands north of Suy Levee and immediately north of this city, $150,000, making a total of $3,005,000. The full extent of the loss can only be gauged when the river has retired to its bank.

What Energy can Do in Two Months.

Within two months Mayor Daniel F. Beatty, the planoforte and organ manufacturer of Washington, N. J., has rebuilt his factory that was burned. The old factory covered three acres. The new one covers nearly five acres. Within three hundred miles of Washington there are hundreds of boilers, which have rushed the work so that a stock can be ready for the holiday trade. The making of pianos has not stopped a day. The Beatty will be ready to ship organs also. He says that he has better facilities and more improved machinery than ever before.

Elected

By an overwhelming majority of ladies who recognize the great importance of having a gentleman of integrity and ability to cater to their desires and wants in the department of dress. Mr Kelly's establishment is splendidly furnished in every department. Silks, satins, velvets, silk and cloth cloaks, dolmans, seasonable shapes, furlined circulars, walking jackets, sheeting dress goods of every description, blankets, quilts, table damasks, napkins, towels, &c. Any respectable person can purchase any article and pay as she can conveniently spare the money. Mr Kelly will remove to his new store, 203 6th av., day notice of which will be given in this paper in a few days, and great bargains can be had before then at his present store, 22 Park place, and 17 Barclay st.—*Adv.*

"Made New Again."

Mrs. Wm. D. Bateman, St. Catherines, Ont., says: "R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: I have used your 'Favorite Prescription,' 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' for the last three months, and find myself—what she I say?—made new again' are the only words that express it. I was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk across the floor without fainting, could keep nothing in the shape of food on my stomach. Myself and friends had given up all hope; my immediate death seemed certain. I now live to the surprise of everybody, and am able to do my own work."—*Adv.*

Copy this Address.

London and Liverpool Clothing Company, 88 and 88 Bowery, corner Hester st. Reimember, $12 Overcoats worth $17.—*Adv.*

Our Boys.

They will smoke something. Tobacco is injurious, but Marshall's Prepared Cubeb Cigarettes are not. "Yerbam sap."—*Adv.*

THE KING OF THE BUNCO MEN.

MEETING HIS DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THE NOTORIOUS BILLY TRACEY.

The Story of the Murder of Charles P. Miller in a West Side Barroom—"I Have Come to Kill You"—The Murderer's Flight—Returning to Surrender—Coroner's Inquest.

At 11½ o'clock on Monday night William Tracey shot and killed Charles P. Miller in the drinking saloon kept by Richard M. Darling, at 1,217 Broadway. Both men are well known in sporting circles and to the police, and their status aroused unusual interest in the crime.

The killing is the result of a feud between the two men, which originated in a drunken quarrel last spring. Tracey, who has for some time kept a barroom at 33 West Twenty-ninth street, between Broadway and Sixth avenue, has been known to the police ever since he was a boy, and his barroom has been the resort of suspected persons. Miller has won in the few years he has been in this city the sobriquet of "The King of Bunco Men." He was a confidence man of the most unenviable reputation, according to police reports, and was universally envied by those less expert in his line.

One night last spring Miller and a number of his friends entered Tracey's barroom and got drunk and noisy. It is said that Tracey told them he did not want their patronage or company. Miller drew a revolver and began firing at Tracey. He fired three shots, one of which inflicted a slight flesh wound in Tracey's thigh. Reports differ as to the ending of the row. One is to the effect that Tracey received the wound as he was escaping through a back window, being convinced that Miller and his gang were too strong in point of numbers to be resisted. Another report is that Tracey fell upon the floor when he was shot, and, believing the wound was mortal, called for a priest, and at length became unconscious through fright. When it was learned that his wound was only trifling—he was attending to his business the next day—he became excessively mortified at the weakness he had shown. His humiliation was increased by the jeers and cutting remarks of both Miller's friends and his own acquaintances. It is said that he once answered: "Just you wait and see who dies first." Tracey is a drinking man, and according to all accounts he had drunk a good deal just previous to the murder. Capt. Williams of the Thirtieth street police station was informed subsequently that Tracey was upon such a spree that his stepbrother, James Gormley, had started out to find him and take care of him. It was also stated to the Captain that Gormley took Tracey's pistol away from him on Monday evening, but returned it a few moments before the killing.

Shortly before 11½ o'clock on Monday night Tracey went into Dick Darling's. Miller, his father-in-law, William Minchin, Col. William H. Betts, and others were standing in the cigar room, a small compartment separated from the barroom by a partition of wood and glass. After taking a drink Tracey opened the door between the two rooms, and at the same time pulling out his revolver, pointed it at Miller's breast and said: "I have come in here to kill you."

While Tracey was speaking Col. Betts attempted to seize the pistol. He succeeded only in catching Tracey's arm as Miller jumped from his chair, instead of shooting his victim through the heart, the ball penetrated his abdomen. Miller, with his left hand over the wound, drew his revolver with his right hand. There were cries of "Don't shoot, Charley!" from friends of both men, fearful lest in anger from a hasty promiscuous exchange of shots. Some of the party grabbed Tracey, others rushed to the support of Miller, who had not strength enough to aim his weapon. He dropped upon his knees uttering pitiful exclamations of pain and anger. Tracey threw away from him the two or three who held him and rushed into the street. Col. Betts and Minchin carried Miller out of the saloon and put him in a coupé. It is not plain what they intended to do with him, for Policeman F. W. Poethoff of the Thirtieth street station was in Broadway, heard the shots, and arrived at the saloon just as Miller had been placed in the carriage. He made some inquiries, and was told that the man had accidentally shot himself. This did not satisfy him, and he compelled the party to drive to the 17th Precinct station house. There Sergeant Westervelt directed them to go to the New York Hospital, and instructed Policeman Poethoff to detain Col. Betts and Minchin, who were with the wounded man. A few minutes after he had been taken into the hospital, and before anything could be done for him, Miller died of internal hemorrhage.

Col. Betts and Minchin were taken before Coroner Herrman yesterday morning. Col. Betts, who said that he lives at the Brower House, Broadway and Twenty-eighth street, testified in accordance with the facts as told above, and added: "I was an Inspector of Customs at one time, but am an attorney now. was in the saloon for a half hour, and there was no quarrel at any time. Tracey seemed to have been drinking. Miller had no words with anyone in the saloon."

William Minchin of 636 Lexington avenue testified: "Miller and I came up town after we left our business and visited Darling's saloon. We were in and out of the saloon till 7 P. M. We then went to the Gilsey House, there met a friend, Mr. Uppington. While we were talking there, Miller saw Mr. Moore and Col. Betts, and asked me to run over and stop them and say that he would meet them at Darling's. This was about 9 o'clock. We waited at Darling's for over an hour, and then we left. When we came in, Fifteen minutes later, while we were talking, Tracey came in, passed into the barroom, and called for a drink. I was lighting a cigar when I heard a pistol shot. I turned and saw Miller jump. Tracey ran for the door with a pistol in his hand. I saw Miller pointing a pistol. Miller dropped to his knees, and Betts and I placed him in a carriage. As we were putting him in the coach I saw Tracey run toward Twenty-ninth street. There was no quarrel at any time during the evening. We were all gay and laughing. There was no political dispute. Miller and Tracey had trouble in Tracey's saloon eight or nine months ago. Miller was a sporting man, 39 years old. I never heard that Tracey threatened Miller."

Capt. Jacob Schuyler S. Williams testified that he arrested, shortly after the shooting, James Gormley of 1,562 Third avenue, who, he was informed, had handed the pistol to Tracey. The information was given to him by Darling, the proprietor of the saloon. Gormley had previously taken the pistol from Tracey, who was in the habit of carrying a pistol, and he afterward gave it back to him before he went into the saloon.

Coroner Herrman committed Gormley to the Tombs, and sent Col. Betts to the House for the Detention of Witnesses. The other witnesses were released on their own recognizances. After a post mortem a permit was given for the removal of Miller's body from the hospital to his home, 636 Lexington avenue.

During the first half of Monday night Capt. Williams was on duty at the Metropolitan Casino, where the ball to the French and German visitors was held. When he went to the police station for the midnight roll call he learned of the murder, and at once set to work to arrest Tracey. A general alarm was sent out giving a description of the man, who is known to all of Capt. Williams's detectives, as well as to most of the Central Office, and probably to half of the policemen of the city. Yesterday the Captain got a good picture of Tracey and had copies printed and mailed to every large city in the Union. As Tracey is well known in nearly every city in the United States, and in Europe and Australia, the Captain was confident that he could not remain long uncaptured, and the fact that he is so well known by the police made him sanguine that he would not get off Manhattan Island.

Shortly before 8 o'clock last evening Tracey entered the Thirtieth street police station and surrendered himself. He was locked up there for the night.

Tracey is about 40 years of age. He is a native of the Eleventh Ward of this city, and, according to the police reports, began his criminal career when a boy by robbing tills on the east side. He made his early reputation in the neighborhood of Avenue C and Eleventh street. He became a pick pocket of fair ability. His tact or influence has been sufficient to keep him out of State prison or the penitentiary. Detectives Dusenbury and McDougal arrested him once on the complaint of a gentleman who lost a valuable diamond pin in one of the Jersey City ferryboats. It was on the occasion of the marriage of Miss Nellie Grant to Mr. Sartoris, and the boat was crowded with the friends who were bound for the Cunard dock in Jersey City to see the bridal party off for Europe. The pin was recovered, but no prosecution followed. Tracey was an associate of Reddy the Blacksmith, and was in the company of the latter when he shot Haggerty. He afterward had a falling out with the Blacksmith, which resulted in a fight in a basement saloon in Chatham street known as "The Bandbox." In the fight Tracey got a knife cut across the mouth which left a conspicuous scar. Among his other associates were "Red" Leary and Jimmy Dolan. He has had, undeserved because of his cowardice, it is said, the reputation of being mixed up in certain bank burglaries. He is best known as the keeper of a barroom where thieves and broken down gamblers resort, and while he has been a friend to both he has not gained general popularity among the fraternity, because he has been both a bully and a coward. A few years ago he was a principal in a shooting affair on Twenty-eighth street and Sixth avenue. Tracey is about five feet six inches tall, rather thick set, weighing 170 pounds. He has light hair and eyes, and wears a light moustache.

Miller was the son of a county officer in Texas. He began his business life by selling reports, &c., on railroads running out of New Orleans, in which occupation he began to act as "steerer" for several notorious gambling places there. He afterward started a "skin game" of his own, but was obliged to give it up and quit the city about six years ago, having cheated a Congressman out of $10,000. His reputation in New York has been that of a gambler, bunco player, and confidence man. In the latter he excelled. He worked for large stakes, and to that end would follow prominent persons almost from one end of the Union to the other to learn their habits, connections, disposition, &c. About a month ago he accosted United States Senator John A. Logan, when he was stopping at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, and by representing himself as the son of the President of an Indianapolis bank who is a friend of the Senator, got $50 from him. It was a part of his plan to play his victim for a small amount first to test him. On this occasion he was spotted by one of the attaches of the hotel and overhauled by Detective James A. Prior, who made him surrender his spoils. Miller was a smooth-faced young man, with prominent features, of slender build, and about five feet ten inches in height. He was a fluent talker, and to that qualification he owed his great success as a confidence man. He was recently married to a young woman who is said to be very pretty, the daughter of a widow who married William Minchin, also a confidence operator, the police say, and who was with Miller when he was killed. Col. Betts, another witness of the murder, is also from New Orleans. His reputation is such that none of his associates ever pick a quarrel with him.

Capt. Williams said yesterday that the community would gain by the absence of both Tracey and Miller.

MALIGNANT SMALL-POX.

How the Disease was Spread Near Rahway—The Rev. Mr. Van Antwerp's Peril.

RAHWAY, Nov. 8.—Three weeks ago Dr. Silvers was called to see Mrs. Distoway, at Milton, a suburb of Rahway. The nature of her malady puzzled him, and he called in a consulting physician, who agreed with him that the disease was malignant typhoid fever. She died.

Ex-Mayor Ryno, who was the undertaker, says he at once suggested small-pox, after seeing the body, although the pimples were not developed. They were brown, round, and purplish, he says, and not conical and red, as they usually are in small-pox cases. A public funeral was held.

Many of the ladies of St. Paul's Episcopal Church had shown great interest in the case. The Distoway family were poor, and the ladies necessarily superintended the arrangements for the funeral. Mrs. Dr. Silvers herself attended the funeral, and sat upon the edge of the bed upon which the woman had died.

Others of the ladies made clothing for the three orphans and took it to the house. Soon these children fell ill. On Monday the Rev. Mr. Van Antwerp, rector of the church, went to the house, held the sick children in his arms, and baptized them. During the night one of the children died. Dr. Silvers, Dr. James, and others who had been connected with the cases became alarmed, and sent to New York for Dr. Janeway, Superintendent of the Health Board, who came out to Rahway at their request and visited a man named Corsey suffering from the same disease. He was unwilling to base a decision on a single case. Other cases were shown him, and he then said that the disease was one of a peculiarly malignant form of small-pox such as never developed itself so as to show on the surface, and that, although he had met an occasional case of it in New York Post Hospital practice, it was only imperfectly described in the books.

Corsey died last night. Arrangements are being made to quarantine the Milton suburb of Rahway. Other cases are reported in Brickytown and in California Street, two other suburbs.

BISMARCK WEARY OF STRIFE.

A Hint at his Retirement from the Office of Imperial Chancellor.

BERLIN, Nov. 8.—The *Post* publishes an article which causes considerable sensation. After announcing that Prince Bismarck will return to Berlin in the course of a week to report to the Emperor in regard to the future constitution of the Government, in view of the results of the late elections, the article proceeds as follows: "We hear that Prince Bismarck has expressed himself as weary of being made the butt of all the wickedness, baseness, calumny, and envious suspicions of 45,000,000 people. According to the principles of parliamentary government, the majority ought to be obliged to assume the succession to the office of Imperial Chancellor. At the same time the Progressists and the members of the Centre party, although able to combine for purposes of opposition, are incapable of governing in concert. As it is impossible to govern Prussia on a monarchical system and at the same time on the principles of the Progressist party, the Chancellor's successor, in choosing between the Centre party and the Progressists, would have no other alternative, but to decide in favor of the former and to endeavor to form a governmental majority with the cooperation of the Catholics. The struggle waged for years by Prince Bismarck against the Centre party renders it apparent that persons who have taken no part therein are more fitted for the task of forming a Government than the Chancellor, who thought he could carry on the conflict with the support of the formerly great National Liberal party, but was compelled to abandon it when, on the failure of the negotiations with the Centre, the Liberal party left them in the lurch. The leadership having been allowed to pass into the hands of the more radical elements of the Liberal party, the path which the Government kept in view up to 1877 became closed against them. For the new path which the Crown and the Crown Prince had to tread, better pass to a statesman who does not possess Prince Bismarck's antecedents."

Lefroy Found Guilty and Sentenced to Death.

MAIDSTONE, Nov. 8.—The trial of Arthur Lefroy for the murder of Mr. Gold came to a close today. The court room was densely crowded. A large number of women were present. Lefroy was pale and dejected. Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's summing up for the prosecution, which lasted between three and four hours, was strongly against the prisoner, and tended to throw the onus of the crime upon the Rev. Mr. Lefroy. Lefroy had not pawned the pistol, and showed entire disbelief in the prisoner's assertion that a third person was with him when he shot Gold, and committed the murder. The prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. After sentence had been passed Lefroy protested his innocence.

A Land Leaguer Rearrested.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—James Tuite, formerly Secretary of the Mullinavat branch of the Land League, who was discharged from Kilmainham jail on Friday last, was rearrested today. It is supposed because of violent speeches. There is much excitement.

The Catholic Bishop of Down spoke last evening, advising acceptance of the Land act, although not as a final settlement.

Great Strike Impending in England.

HANLEY, Nov. 8.—Various towns of the Staffordshire potteries are on the eve of a gigantic strike. The whole of the men connected with the Operatives Association have resolved that unless more on Friday next is done in the wages is granted. The strike will affect thirty thousand employees. At a meeting yesterday the employers pledged themselves to refuse an advance.

War in Western Africa Imminent.

BONNY, Africa, Oct. 28.—Reports from New Calabar indicate that another war is imminent there between King Amakree and Will Braid. Several sanguinary conflicts have already occurred between the followers of both parties. The powerful Chiefs Oko Jumbo and Jaja intend to join in the hostilities, the former siding with Will Braid and the latter with King Amakree.

The Second Ballots in Germany.

BERLIN, Nov. 8.—In the second ballot for members of the Reichstag, Dr. Falk was victorious at Worms by a sweeping majority. Most of the second elections up to the present time have resulted in favor of the Liberals.

Archbishop MacHale's Death.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—The death of Archbishop MacHale was the result of old age. It is expected that a large number of Bishops and priests will be present at the funeral, which takes place on next Friday.

Precautions for Mr. Gladstone's Safety.

LONDON, Nov. 8.—Precautions continue to be taken for Mr. Gladstone's safety. On leaving Hawarden for London today Mr. Gladstone was escorted to the train by two constables.

Mrs. Stewart Visited by the French Guests.

The French guests arose late yesterday morning. They then visited Mrs. A. T. Stewart's picture gallery, by invitation. At 5 in the afternoon the State Commission called on them. In the evening some of the French visitors went out to private dinner parties. This morning the Marquis and Marquise de Rochambeau and Lieut. Schilling will start for France on the steamship St. Laurent, which sails at 7 o'clock. Gen. Grant, Mr. Beale, and several others of the party will soon go to the Pacific coast, and others will travel in different parts of the country.

The Philadelphia delegation called on the Von Steubens and took three of them to Philadelphia, where they gave them a banquet. They returned to this city in the evening. They are to sail for home to-morrow.

How the President Spent Election Day.

President Arthur remained in his house yesterday morning. At 4 in the afternoon went to his rooms in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He received many callers, but none of them were politicians. Among them were his old friends, Judge Noah Davis, Col. C. C. Cuyler, Dr. Jesse Seligman, ex-Senator Platt, John W. Mackey, the Marquis de Rochambeau, ex-Solicitor General Phillips, Senator Jones of Nevada, Senator Jones of Florida, Thomas C. Acton, Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, ex-Commissioner Wheeler, John C. Ledyard, and Charles E. Bill and others.

The President went out to dinner and did not return to the hotel until late in the evening. He publicly manifested very little interest in the election returns.

The Sprague Estate to be Sold by Auction.

PROVIDENCE, Nov. 8.—The committee of the creditors of the Sprague estate met in Trustee Chace's office this morning and voted to instruct the trustee to advertise the estate for sale by auction, and the same will be done in tomorrow morning's newspapers. The creditors are still confident of recovering their property. The validity of the trust deed will soon be tested.

V. L. XLs All Others.

McAlpin's Virgin Leaf Fine Cut.—*Adv.*

Thousands testify to the curative properties of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in all female complaints.—*Adv.*

Fine Derbys $1.90; worth $3. Silk hats, $3.20; worth $5, extra fine Derbys 15 New Church st., up stairs.—*Adv.*

RACING THROUGH THE FOG.

CONTESTS WHICH LEFT ALL BUT THE FINISH IN DOUBT.

Bonnie Lizzie's Fine Performance—Viola Follows Suit—Eole's Splendid Finish—A Brisk Steeplechase in the Rain—The Betting.

The three or four thousand men and score or so of women who visited Jerome Park yesterday can hardly be said to have seen the races. A thick fog and drizzling rain enveloped the course until the horses appeared for the steeplechase, which even partially obscured some of the starts in the fractional races, rendering all but the finish in doubt to most of the spectators.

The horses were first saddled for a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for a purse of $500, for all ages. The starters were: Mr. Nelson's Bonnie Lizzie, 114 lbs.; J. Wilson's Haledon, 114 lbs.; W. Kane's Okolona, 112 lbs.; E. J. McElmeel's General Monroe, 112 lbs.; Mr. Somerville's Mrs. Chubbs, 104 lbs.; L. Hart's Little Harry, 102 lbs.; Miller & Co.'s Monk, 89 lbs., and Mr. Gebhardt's Ida, 81 lbs. Bonnie Lizzie was the favorite in the betting at even money; Mrs. Chubbs second choice at 4 against 1, 5 to 1 against Gen. Monroe, 6 to 1 against Ida, down to 25 to 1 against Okolona. Bonnie Lizzie won by two lengths, Gen. Monroe second, Ida third, followed by Mrs. Chubbs, Haledon, Monk, Okolona, and Little Harry as named. Time, 1:22. Fisher rode Bonnie Lizzie.

A race of one mile and an eighth, for a purse of $600, for three-year-olds and upward, followed, the winner to be sold by auction. The field comprised P. H. Duffy's Krupp Gun, 95 lbs.; Mr. Nelson's Clarendon, 88; J. H. Harbeck's Marathon, 85; J. Wilson's Skylark, 85; Mr. Somerville's Sweet Home, 80; C. Littlefield's Clarence, 79; and J. McMahon's Viola, 76. Betting—6 to 4 against Marathon, 3 to 1 against Clarendon, 5 to 1 against Viola, 6 to 1 against Sweet Home, 7 to 1 against Krupp Gun, 10 to 1 against Clarence, and 15 to 1 against Skylark. O'Leary landed Viola winner a length in front of Marathon, Clarendon third. Time, 2:02. No bid was made for the winner.

Then came another spin of three-quarters of a mile by horses of all ages, for a purse of $500, the winner to be sold by auction. Those came to the post: J. H. Harbeck's Marathon, 99 lbs.; C. G. Davis's Constantina, 99; P. H. Duffy's Baby, 94; T. H. Ferris's Startle, 95; Mr. Preston's Kate Dewees, 91; Mr. Nelson's Reber, 86; R. Monee's King Nero, 86, and J. Thompson's J. O. Nay, 83.

Betting—2 to 1 against Reber, 3 to 1 against Marathon, 4 to 1 against Constantina, 6 to 1 against King Nero, with from 8 to 20 against the others.

The horses splashed away in a cluster, Baby, Marathon, and J. O. Nay heading the bunch when it disappeared in the fog. Coming in sight once more Constantina had drawn ahead, Startle, and J. O. Nay all had a chance to win. O'Leary now called on Startle, and the son of Alarm dashed away from the others, winning by two lengths from Marathon, Constantina third, 1½ same distance behind Marathon. Time, 1:23½. Fisher rode the winner.

A handicap sweepstakes for all ages, $15 each, with $500 added, $125 to second, one mile and three-quarters, had fourteen subscribers, of which these appeared: Pelham Stable's Eole, 116 lbs.; Mr. Somerville's Blue Lodge, 109; T. H. Ferris's Startle, 102; J. Wilson's Haledon, 100; Mr. Nelson's Duke of Montalban, 98; E. J. McElmeel's General Monroe, 94, and Sneider & Co.'s Bertha, 88 lbs. Betting—2 to 1 against Duke of Montalban and Blue Lodge, 3 to 1