TWO SINGULAR BATTLES.

INDIAN DOCTORS AND INDIAN GIRLS IN STRANGE CONTESTS.

Medicine Men Contending for the Honor of Attending a Chief's Wife—The Punishment that Four Sisters Meted Out to a Young Hunter—A Most Desperate Struggle.

POPLAR RIVER, Montana, Oct. 6.—Recently there was witnessed near here two of the most singular scenes in Indian life—the battle of two medicine men to determine which should have the honor of attending the sick wife of a chief, and the punishment by four Indian girls of a young Indian who had assaulted one of their number. The following description is that of an eyewitness:

The two medicine men, as they prepare for the conflict, show traces of anxiety on their faces, for the power of each over his forty lodges depends upon the approaching contest, and neither is confident of the result. Rolling Thunder is the taller of the two, and as he slowly draws off his shirt he discloses a muscular chest and long, thin, wiry arms. Bear Trail is not so tall, but he is better set on his legs, and, though his chest is not so deep, and his ribs more apparent, there is a stockiness about his underpinning that promises good resistance against the rush and crash of Rolling Thunder. Formed in two long lines, between which the combatants are preparing for the fray, the members of the tribe calmly await the onslaught. Down in front the warriors and old men are smoking phlegmatically, and behind them are arranged the young women and aged squaws. The four daughters of Pole-cat are awarded a seat of honor with the bucks, for when the medicine men have tried conclusions the Pole-cat girls have a little business on hand in the punishment of a young hunter who had assaulted one of them. He sits in moody contemplation of the scene, shunned by his fellows, and speculates on the probable outcome of his approaching fight, after it shall have been determined which of the two doctors shall attend upon the suffering wife of the chief. A little to the north lies the camp, a forest of buffalo tents. In front of two of the tents are tall poles, suspended from which are sacks containing the medicine over which the doctors are about to contend. That on the east is the sack over which Rolling Thunder has prayed and wept for many a hungry day and sleepless night, while a little further westward Bear Trail's lump of compound curatives sways to and fro in the keen north wind. To the south lies the river, and over the woods around the bend the rings curl up from a steamer's smoke stack, the only suggestion of civilization around this theatre of savagery. In front of the store, at the edge of the bluff, is a howitzer, courteously supposed to maintain order in the tribe, but it is covered over with beaded saddles and gay sashes, and there is no fear of its being used when its tompion was withdrawn. To the east of the gun is the chief's storehouse, and beyond it the agent's quarters, but they excite no interest, for there is stern business to be transacted now, from which even the arrival of the nearly anticipated and long-delayed ration boat could not distract attention.

In one of the lodges down the long street of the camp lies the sick woman, old and worn with pain, stretched upon hard, undressed buffalo skins, and patiently awaiting the coming of the medicine man, who, if he be favored, shall designate as her attendant. On the other side of the tepee two ancient crones are lazily beating drums and murmuring incantations, lest evil spirits creep in before the final selection is made and bear away the life of the sufferer. No human escapes the patient, but her eyes are fixed upon the scalps and bundles of leaves and grasses hung over her head, for the squalid package, wrapped in antelope skin, is the ghost of her child who died when the Piegans were stronger than her own tribe, and she must not lose sight of that ghost if she would rest in the happy hunting grounds forever. Around the tent are scattered curious indications of misery, and the cold iron pot hangs like a reminder of forgotten meals, above a bare, black spot to which fire is a stranger.

Rolling Thunder is ready first and I stands opening his antagonist, a less nervous man, proceeds with more deliberation. At length he is ready too, and the drums beat the signal for the attack. From their positions a hundred feet apart they dart at each other vindictively. They meet breast to breast with a thump that thins the wind, and stumble backward, each striving to save himself from the ground. Rolling Thunder has a little the better of it, for Bear Trail stumbles and is almost down. But he saves himself by a desperate effort, and as the dust floats away he is revealed still standing, with his legs very wide apart and his lungs pumping the wind like a bellows.

Though they show no trace of it, the spectators may well be excited, for such a rush without decisive results is rare. Old Two Bears, the chief and husband of the sick woman, rubs his skinny hands gently, though his face betrays no emotion. Two Bears's medicine of each contestant is good, and the ministrations of the victor must be crowned with success.

The duellists have no seconds. Each cares for himself between the acts, studying over the results of the former assault, and figuring on what advantage he may gain from his enemy's tactics. So more breathing spell is allowed them than time to walk with an Indian's habitual deliberation to their stations, and again they turn and spring to the fray. In this bout, as in the first, Rolling Thunder has the advantage of speed, for the ignoble contact is nearer the chief than Bear Trail dares to come. He is foxy, and as he dashes down the course he swerves at the moment of collision, and lets Rolling Thunder glance off his left chest and shoulder. The crash is fearful. The breath of both men is knocked out of them, and they reel away, staring at each other like drowning men for a hand hold. Bear Trail recovers first, while Rolling Thunder whirls down the course in a devil's waltz, stumping like a buffalo bull, bending almost to the earth, which he must not touch with his hands, and finally rising, coughing, choking, dazed and dizzy, and presenting a calm and proud front and folding his arms over his incrusted chest. Bear Trail is badly winded, though still standing, and he does not like the aspect. An old medicine fighter, he should have prevailed in the last round if he faced in the first. Somehow he is losing heart and it begins to occur to him that he may have left some potent ingredient out of his prescription.

Passing each other on the way to their stations, neither deigns the other a glance. There is a low murmur among the lines of onlookers, concentrating, as it does, the sentiment of the tribe. Two Bears's face is grave. The chief, that forty lodges have been permitted to see this wondrous contest, unequalled since Spotted Antelope and Two Bellies of the Blackfeet struggled for mastery through four fearful rounds, Two Bears can hardly conceal his agitation. Such medicine had never before been made during his administration, and its fame will go forth among all the tribes, who will recognize the existence of the Great Spirit in the camp of the chief, and treat the savage with appropriate respect. Then the influence over the buffaloes! How shall they escape his painters with such medicine among them? Last of all, his wife! She will be restored to him, once more strong enough to care for his horses, cook his pemican, dig wild turnips for his soup, and carry his skull beam on the long, weary stretch of river bank when he is fatigued with floating down the current. Surely the Great Spirit is his friend.

Rolling Thunder and Bear Trail are not the man they were when first confronted. In the last crash the former was decidedly worsted, though not defeated; yet Bear Trail is losing confidence from the fact that he is not already victorious. As they face each other again it is easily seen that the more barbarous aspect of the fight is over. The men are too weak to run fast and too shaky to do much damage, but they lunge toward each other at the signal, and it is obvious that one or both must fall. Half his distance of the course has been run when Bear Trail swerves again. Rolling Thunder remembers that glaneing blow, and involuntarily slackens his speed. That man never is fatal. Like a whirlwind Bear Trail, with his last energies gathered into the final charge, bears down upon him, and Rolling Thunder drops in his tracks like a bullet while Bear Trail sinks on his knees and lies in a cloud of dust, rescuing himself from a tumble by a hops, skip and prodigious jump, thus saving a draw. Solemnly Two Bears approaches him and declares him victor, leading him to the sick tent and installing him with every honor.

As he rises from the ground, Rolling Thunder hears the drum and the howls of his triumphant foe, and, hauling down his flaunting medicine bag, disappears in his lodge defeated, bereft of his following, a sad, lonely, and disgraced pharmaceutist.

Doctors disagree as much in a savage as in a more civilized people, and the Indian medicine man is as truly impressed with the efficacy of his pathy as the followers of the various schools in the East. His medicine may only consist of sticks, stones, grasses, and leaves, but he is fond of the theory that hung over sickness and wounds, followed by the pounding of a drum, it will draw the favor of the Great Spirit and restore health. Where two candidates are presented, they are not allowed to fight over the patient in consultation, but compelled to settle their differences by dueling against each other until one is down. The defeated can only reclaim his power by upset ing some future candidate, while the victor becomes the head of the fraternity in the camp until he loses a patient, when he is put to death or allowed to make new medicine according to the interest taken by the heirs, executors, or administrators of the defunct person.

Whether the sick woman will get well in this case is a matter for time to settle; but if she finds her way back to health through the yells, howls, and drum of Bear Trail, she may congratulate herself upon her constitution. None but the medicine man is permitted to enter her lodge, and he will make day and night hideous until death comes to the relief of the woman.

Now the lines are broken and the tribe forms a huge ring into which the savage who provoked the animosity of the Pole-cat family is summarily thrust. He looks sullen and dogged. He has a hard fight before him, and he knows it, but he is a man of his hands and he means to wear those girls out if it lies in muscle and prompt and effectual work. He may strike them anywhere above the breast, and kill them if a blow in the neck will do it, but bullets and arrows are ready for him if he strikes foul. The girls, on the other hand, must take off his apron. If they accomplish that, he is disgraced to the uttermost moment of his life, driven from his tribe, left to starve on the prairie, and all Indians cautioned against harboring, feeding, or associating with him. The injured woman is allowed to have such squaws as she may select to assist her. But if she chooses too many to effect her purpose it is a disgrace to her, and so she is careful to select only enough to make the battle nearly equal.

The Pole-cat girls are the belles of the Yanktonais tribe. If a squaw can be pretty, these girls are beautiful, and by virtue of their attractions and their father's possessions in horses and other satisfactory property they are the aristocrats of the camp. Perhaps for that reason they ask no help in their present undertaking; and for that reason also, perhaps, their savage sisters giggle and exchange whispers as the four girls step into the ring and approach the waiting buck. All five are in full war paint, Daisy the hunter's cheeks and along his neck are alternate sepia and green and yellow stripes on a background of brilliant red, while his chest, sides, and back are tricked out with rude pictures of guns, bows, and horses. The girls have smeared their faces with a coating of red, over which lies another of green striped with yellow. Their hair is unfastened at the back, and the front locks are braided with otter fur. Each wears a skirt and leggings, but their blankets are laid aside and their muscular brown arms are displayed.

There are no preliminaries. The girls dash at their enemy and attempt to grasp him. If all hands manage to get hold of him half the battle is accomplished. But he meets them squarely and fairly, planting a cruel blow between the eyes of the girl he had injured, knowing that if she is finished he can compel her to call off the rest. She is the General of the attacking forces, and the prime object of his attack. Over she goes like a pinwheel, but she is up again, her face streaming with blood and her eyes swelling. The elder girl has contrived to secure a waist hold and locked her hands behind his back. His left falls on her upturned face with frightful force, but she keeps her hold. The other two girls are pressing him hard from behind, but his elbows work like battering rams, and one steps back with her hand pressed tightly to her breast and a look of agony in her eyes. Now he whirls suddenly behind the girl and rains thunderous blows upon the face and head of the girl who, on her knees, still clings to his waist with a death grip. He fairly raises her from the ground as he spins, but her hold never relaxes.

His earlier victim again dashes at him and is swarmed off with a crushing stroke on the mouth. She reels, but recovers and darts again to receive his fist on her neck with a force that whirls her half a dozen paces off and drops her like a log. Not a word is spoken. The thug of his fists, and the heavy breathing of the struggling contestants are the only sounds. The last rally of the prostrate girl has enabled the rear party to catch the buck, and one has twined her arms around his neck while the other hangs to his right wrist. His left hand is still free, and it fairly twinkles in the air as he batters down the upper arm of his wrist. Her grasp is like iron, but her head reels and sways as his heavy hand falls on it with a noise that reaches the furthermost side of the irregular ring. Her eyes are closed and her breath comes convulsively. Were the fourth girl there to grasp that arm, the fight would be over.

The girl behind is choking him, and he employs new tactics. Grasping the kneeling girl by the throat, he pounds the face of the one behind him with the back of his head. No vanity prompts her to let go. She tightens her grip, and curlies her face in the back of his neck. The third girl is up, staggering and dazed. Brushing the blood from her eyes with an angry motion, she approaches him, crouching as she moves. If the blow he has in store for her reaches the mark he will have another chance for the girl at his waist is growing faint, and he can easily dispose of the other two. She comes at him like a cougar. The blow is delivered full upon her breast, but she grasps his wrist, and writhes up his arm.

Now he is beset with danger. The two on his arms and the one at his waist pull him forward, the one behind, still strangling him, throws her weight on his back. In vain he attempts to straighten. The kneeling girl bends in her despairing struggle until her hair hangs on the ground. The other three show the muscles rigid in their arms as they press him down upon their kneeling sister. Suddenly he springs backward with a marvellous effort of strength. The fainting girl at his waist finds her hands torn apart. But that triumph was his defeat. With a crash he comes to the ground, three girls upon him. One plants herself on his face and the other two kneel on his shoulders. There is a struggle, and then the youngest rises with a wild yell, waving the apron in her hand. Her yell is echoed by a low moan as the mother of the prostrate hunter staggers out of the circle, and by a grunt of satisfaction as Pole-cat recognizes the victory of his kinsfolk.

To-morrow, somewhere up the river, that disgraced buck will be found with a bullet in his brain. To-night the streets of the camp are deserted, for it has been a day of excitement and the people are tired. In the tent of the suffering chief's wife Bear Trail is pounding his drum and yelling his prayers, for his medicine was only half vindicated by the triumph of the morning. Down in Chief Pole-cat's lodge four bruised and weary girls are mending each other's wounds with sisterly solicitude, and at the outer edge of the camp a wasted Indian woman looks wistfully away to the north, where the shadows have swallowed up the form of the disgraced warrior.

Brooklyn Boys Responding to the Mayor.

The pupils of the Lafayette Academy, after hearing Mayor Low's message to the boys of Brooklyn read, adopted a resolution that they would do all in their power to carry out his suggestions about refraining from making election bonfires.

FASHION NOTES.

The best plaids are in dull, confused colors.

Pompon fringes appear among trimming novelties.

Plain kilt and box-pleated skirts appear among other styles.

Hammered gilt beads edge the brims of many stylish bonnets.

Most of the velvet and plush bonnets are small or of medium size.

Marabout feather bands trim many handsome cloaks and costumes.

Crape frills around the necks and sleeves of dresses are a late novelty.

Bonnets frequently have the crown of one color, the brim of another.

Fleecy gray and electric blue is an admired combination for millinery.

Many are relieved from the dreadest sacques for little people of either sex.

The newest shade of gray time takes the name of night of France blue.

Plush ribbons with ottoman repped backs appear on many dressy bonnets.

Plush and velvet Scotch caps will be much worn by children and school girls.

An eccentric fancy edges the brims of dark velvet bonnets with clear amber beads.

Strawberry red in several shades makes an admired combination for evening dress.

House wrappers and morning negligees take the form of Japanese and Turkish robes.

Plaids are worn by women who affect English styles; they are not generally becoming.

The wearing of red and green together is revived, but both colors must be in subdued tones.

Pompadour designs and stripes appear in the new evening silks intended for the dressing toilets.

Raspberry and cream color rivals strawberry as a popular color for millinery and evening dress.

Full face labots, reaching from the neck to the point of the bodice, will be worn with dressy indoor costumes.

Blue and red cloth pelisses, with shoulder capes, are the favorite wraps for little people, both boys and girls.

The bouffant tournure draperies as now worn give all women very unsymmetrical and even ludicrous figures.

Flax gray wool dresses, worn with pale pink trimmings, is the latest fancy introduced by Sara Bernhardt.

The latest fancy for neck lingerie is to unite several colors in the ribbon bows that mingle with the laces at the throat.

Every lady should have a plush jacket in black, seal brown, or some other color which will harmonize with any kind of a skirt.

The fancy work of the moment is the crocheting of fleecy colored wool or embroidered cotton into collars and cuffs for dresses.

Dressy cloth suits are tailor finished, and then made effective with handsome soutache embroideries and artistic crochet buttons.

Ficelle lace is more worn on the other side than in New York. There it is combined with all kinds of laces, black, white, and colored.

Plaids of all kinds, sombre, gay, and aesthetic colors, are worn for skirts with jackets of solid-colored plush, silk, cloth, or novelty goods.

Small boys are given white pique suits for the warm days of fall, over which is worn a red cloth sacque and a red fez or Tam o' Shanter cap.

It is not unusual to see a Delhi or camel's hair shawl utilized as part of the underskirt of a dressy carriage costume. This is a Parisian fancy.

Satin piping, put on as soutache embroidery, or in passementerie braids, appears on some of the handsomest imported dresses at the Cooperative Dress Association.

The Montland, upon her departure for Russia from Paris, was clad in a black velvet and fleecy gray satin; therefore black velvet and gray satin confections have become a caprice of hundreds of Parisians.

Velours ottoman is the novelty for brides' dresses its repetition is sure to become either the entire dress, or else the train and side robes or panters, looped back from a satin beaded embroidered or brocaded front breadth.

A favorite trimming for black velvet bonnets consists of a black lace and black velvet and fleecy gray satin; therefore black velvet and gray satin confections have become a caprice of hundreds of Parisians.

Cashmere remains the popular material for costumes intended for the double duty as ministry suits and dinner dresses, which fancies are made dressy with accessories, collars, cuffs, revers, side robes, and plastrons of moire, satin, or velvet.

A medium sized Parisian poke of olive green velvet, with a shirred brim and a seal covered crown, having six tiny humming birds perched along the brim and one large Dupont green rose and neck on one side of the crown, lightening down to a band of gold canvas and the long olive green Morman ribbon strings, is the high novelty of the passing week at the Parisian Flower Company's millinery parlor on Fourteenth street.

MEETING OF THE CHAMPIONS.

ANOTHER PEDESTRIAN ENTERED FOR THE GREAT FOOT RACE.

Hanlan Joins Rowell in a Run—Hughes and Little Vint Surprise the Boys—Drawing for the Huts—Peter Panchot Happy.

The day before the race was a busy one in Madison Square Garden. Carpenters were finishing the work required to make the place safe and comfortable for visitors and pedestrians. Experienced trackmen were placing fresh layers of sawdust on the path which will seem endless to the weary walkers long before the 142 hours of the struggle pass away. Champion Pool Player Samuel F. Knight was overseeing the placing of a line of billiard tables in the ball room; stock for the quarter-of-a-mile bar and lunch counters was being rolled into the building through the side doors; furniture men were fitting up huts for the racers; telegraph, telephone, and electric light instruments were being placed in readiness for use; managers, judges, pedestrians, backers, trainers, and handlers were examining the track and its surroundings, and scrub women were scouring the Garden from the lower edge of the skylights to the floor.

Edward Hanlan, champion sculler, entered the Garden after enjoying a ride behind a fast pair of trotters with Manager Peter Duryea. Hanlan appeared rosy and robust. He saw Rowell about to start for a run around the track.

"Wait until I get my sweaters on, Charley," said Hanlan, "and I'll give you a race."

Hanlan came out in flannels, and the pair started on a trot. They went at a seven-mile jog to the hour. Seven laps was enough for Hanlan. He retired puffing and perspiring.

This incident illustrates the marvellous endurance that these six-day racers possess. Here was a trained athlete, who stands at the head of the world's scullers, distressed at seven-eighths of a mile, while running at a pace which Rowell and others have kept for hundreds of miles.

Hanlan is to start the men to-night at 12.05. He is one of the judges, in company with Mr. L. E. Myers, champion amateur short-distance runner, and Mr. L. C. Bruce of the *Sport, Field and Farm*. Mr. Hamilton Busbey is the referee.

A discussion took place among the men just before they drew for their huts as to whether Panchot, the Postman, who was one of the contestants in the last race, should be permitted to enter. He had not appeared with his money at the stipulated time, and nothing short of a unanimous vote would admit him at the eleventh hour. Hughes was represented as the only man opposed to Panchot, and the general belief was that he would remain firm.

When the men stepped forward to draw for their apartments the contrast between them was striking. Hart was the first to place his hands in the hat. His brown overcoat was turned up over his ears, and his low-crowned Derby made his face appear full and solid. He drew No. 6. Rowell followed Hart. He was attired in a nobby walking suit of English cut, and carried a small cane. His face was brown and fuller than when he started in his last race, and there was an assuring look of confidence in his eyes. He drew No. 8, the last but in the row, close to the entrance to the Fourth avenue end of the Garden. Hazael showed great nervousness. He made suit of clothes built him up in fair shape. His complexion has become clear and rosy, and his bright, hazel eyes actually made him appear handsome. If ever a man felt certain of winning that man is George Hazael. He drew No. 1. Close on his heels came Fitzgerald. He drew No. 3. Hughes appeared in his working suit, the picture of endurance and tenacity of purpose. No. 3 fell to his lot. Hughes seemed to be in excellent shape for the race, his looks contradicting his late assertion that he was broken in training. His eyes were restless, however, and he seemed ill at ease. He drew No. 4. Alongside of his fellow countryman, Little Vint came to the front with his hands in his overcoat pockets. He looked healthy, contented, and confident. A different man than when he appeared seven months ago, swinging with rheumatism and requesting permission to withdraw his $1,000 entrance money. His request was denied. He picked No. 2 out of the hat. Noremac has trained fine as a thoroughbred. His skin is clear and his eyes shine like a ferret's. He drew Noll's No. 7. Noll came forward as modestly as a lad from the country. He has trained steadily and earnestly, and, like all the others, expects to make a great score. He drew No. 7. This filled the list of eight.

A double surprise was now in order. John Hughes, as he stepped into the ring for Panchot should enter, Panchot stood back from the crowd, dark as an Indian. He looked as if he had walked in his moccasins all the way from his new home in Minnesota. His eyes flashed when the chronic kicker went over to the scratch. There is a struggle, and then the youngest rises with a wild yell, waving the apron in her hand. Her yell is echoed by a low moan as the mother of the prostrate hunter staggers out of the circle, and by a grunt of satisfaction as Pole-cat recognizes the victory of his kinsfolk.

"Wait, gentlemen," said Jim Vint. "When I desired to withdraw Mr. Panchot voted against me." (The little man paused, and all believed that Panchot's changes were gone.) "But," continued Mr. Vint, "I will not retaliate; Mr. Panchot can enter without opposition from me."

That settled the matter, and Mr. Peter Panchot was entered as the ninth man in the race.

Among the athletes scanning the pedestrians was Mr. W. G. George, England's champion amateur runner. Mr. George is a tall, gentlemanly looking young fellow, who was the fastest sprinter. He is rather slim, and to the unpractised eye would not appear to weigh more than 130 pounds, but his deep chest and well-rounded limbs bring the scales down at 148. He said that he had never seen the start in a six-day race, and he thought this one would be worth taking a trip across the ocean to see.

The race is to be for the championship of the world and $4,500 in stakes, of which the winner is to have 70 per cent., the second man 20 per cent., and the third man 10 per cent. The gate money is to be divided as in the last race, if less than 100,000 miles are made, the winner will receive all the money, less expenses; if two men complete that distance the winner takes two-thirds of the money, and the second man one-third; if three men make 525 miles or more, the winner takes 50 per cent., the second man 30 per cent., and the third man 20 per cent.; if four men complete that distance, the winner takes 50 per cent., the others 25, 15 and 10 per cent. respectively; if five men complete 525 miles or more, the winner takes one-half, and the others 25, 12, 8 and 6 per cent. respectively; if six men complete that distance, they will receive 50, 20, 12, 8, 6, and 4 per cent., respectively.

Lady Archers Taking Prizes.

An archery tournament, with prizes offered by the New Jersey Agricultural Society, took place yesterday at Waverley. It should have been held at the society's recent fair, but it was postponed on account of rain. The ladies shot at three ranges, 50, 40, and 30 yards, using 48 arrows at each range. Mrs. A. H. Gildes of Newark, who is the champion of America, won the first prize, with a score of 827. Mrs. D. A. Nash of Brooklyn was second, having scored 402, and Mrs. Scudder of Brooklyn third 402. Eight ladies took part in the match. The gentlemen shot 48 arrows each at 40 yards and 40 yards. Like the ladies they had a baffling wind to contend against. H. T. Elliott of the New York Archery Club won the first prize. His score was 928. Other scores were as follows: J. E. Hurd, Newark, 898; W. Halberson, Hackensack, 892; J. M. Pratt, Rahway, 871; T. S. Root, Newark, 849. Dr. Chadek of Rahway was not present in time to shoot at the longest range, 48 at 50 and 40 yards he scored 436. The state medal for the highest score made by a New Jerseyman was taken by J. E. Hurd. The team shooting was indefinitely postponed.

HOURS OF LEISURE.

Parade of the John H. Seaman Battalion to Elm Park, Tuesday.

Ladies' harvest home festival, Asbury M. E. Church, on Monday evening.

Dramatic entertainment in Turn Hall by members of the Nativity Catholic Union.

The fair in the Twenty-second Regiment Armory in aid of St. Vincent's Hospital promises to be attractive.

Parade of the Furniture and Carpet Manufacturers' Association to Sulzer's East River Park, Thanksgiving day.

Pope Whitehouse will give an amount of his explorations in Egypt before the American Geographical Society at 11 West Twenty ninth street to-morrow evening.

The sixty ninth Regiment, Colonel Cavanagh, will parade on Wednesday evening, Nov. 1, and be received at Madison Square Garden by Mayor Grace. There will be a guard mount, battalion drill, and dress parade during the evening.

Full dress of the Schwanenhalle Corinthian Yacht Club, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. These races are open to first class and second class sloops, and entitled to the New York, Atlantic, Eastern, New Bedford, and Larchmont clubs.

The lacrosse tournament at the Polo Grounds on Saturday, for the Orange cup, will begin at noon. The following teams will play, and in the order named: Harvard vs. Yale, New York University vs. Bloomfield, New York vs. Princeton.

THE JEANNETTE INQUIRY.

Lieut. Danenhower Questioned Touching the Abandonment of the Ship.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 21.—The examination of Lieut. Danenhower before the Board of Inquiry this morning comprised a series of questions by the Court touching the abandonment of the ship:

Q.—Was the abandonment of the ship anticipated, and were preparations made prior to June 12, 1881? A.—Yes; sudden disaster was anticipated, and, as I have previously stated, preparations were made when the ship first entered the pack.

Q.—On the 12th and 13th of June was the pressure perceptibly greater than upon previous days, before that fact became evident from the vessel's yielding to it? A.—Yes, sir, we recognized the fact before she yielded to it, that the pressure was much greater than anything she had before been subjected to.

Q.—Was everything done that was possible to avoid the loss of the Jeannette, and if not what was omitted that might have been done? A.—Everything that circumstances would permit was done.

Q.—In your opinion could any vessel have been so constructed as to have lived through the pressure the Jeannette was subjected to on June 12 and 13, 1881? A.—The ice pressures are so different and so unforeseen that a vessel could not be built and fully insured, so to speak, to go through such an experience successfully. For example, whatever the model of the ship, and however well it may be adapted to rise under a theoretical pressure, when it comes to experience a projecting tongue of ice under water might at any time destroy her. The force which was brought to bear on the Jeannette was sufficient to crush any ship that could possibly be constructed, if she were held in the same position as the Jeannette. The loss of the Jeannette is to be attributed to the fact that she was beset in the Polar pack. Previous to June 12, 1881, it was not supposed that the necessity for abandoning the Jeannette had become imminent, but as to the advisability, it was simply a matter of judgment. I do not think it would have been advisable for an exploring expedition to abandon their ship, but for a whaler it would have been. If I had been in command of the Jeannette I should have tried to get her out of the pack on the evening of Sept. 6.

Q.—What would have been the prospect of your succeeding in getting clear of the ice at that time? A.—Good.

The List of Referees.

Following is a list of referees appointed in the several courts during the past week:

SUPREME COURT.

By Judge Barrett, sitting at Chambers.

Cases.	*Referees.*
Mutual Life Ins. Co. agt. Bitterhoefer	Wm. P. Dixon.
Kingsland agt. Gracen	John J. Lynes.
Schutte agt. Yates	Francis B. Parker.
Gourley agt. Smith	Joseph S. Resworth.
Ferris agt. Antrim	Fred B. Van Vorst.
Thomas agt. Am. Hot Rolled Shafting Co.	Wm. H. Haldane.
Balser agt. Helman	Nelson J. Waterbury.
Mills agt. Park	Hamilton Cole.
Spring agt. Waldron et al.	Nathaniel J. Waterbury.
Forrester agt. Dougherty	Horace H. Chittenden.
Emigrant Ind. Saving Bank agt. Englert	Roderick F. Ferrell.
Peyser agt. Peyser	Roderick F. Ferrell.
Jackson agt. Jackson	Samuel G. Courtney.
Melrose agt. Pooley	Josiah Sutherland.
German Savings Bank agt. Steinbel	Geo. Putnam Smith.
Dry Dock Savings Bank agt. Hagen	Geo. H. Stokes.
Trentel agt. Gerichten	Roderick F. Ferrell.
Matter of Schnell	Samuel G. Courtney.
Clawson agt. Hoyt	Stephen H. Olin.
Poende agt. Chris. Union Pub. Co.	Thomas F. Miller.
Schuyler agt. Miller	William Michell.

By Judge Donohue.

Matter of Dixon	Abram Kling.
Schwarge agt. Schwarge	Samuel G. Barnard.

SUPERIOR COURT.

By Judge Freedman.

Kidder agt. Richardson	Ed. M. Shepard.
Schweick agt. O'Brien	John W. Van Hoesen.

Columbia College Games.

The twenty-first field meeting of the Columbia College Athletic Association was held at the Manhattan Athletic grounds, Fifty-sixth street and Eighth avenue, yesterday afternoon. The 100-yard dash was won by H. J. Davison, School of Mines, in 10 4-5 seconds. The 1-mile run was won by R. R. Perkins, '85, in 5m. 22s. The running high jump was won by C. H. Mapes, '85, who made 5 feet. D. P. Porter, '83, threw the hammer 87 feet 1 inch, the best college record having been 87 feet. A 2-mile bicycle race was won by R. C. Kemp, '85, in 6m. 33 1-5s. A 220-yard dash was won by C. Randolph, '86, in 25 seconds. D. Davison, School of Mines, won at putting the shot, making 32 feet 6 inches. A quarter-mile run was won by E. S. Appleby, '84, in 53 4-5 seconds. The best running broad jump was made by O. Bodenstein, in 19 feet 9½ inches. A half-mile run was won by R. Mulford, '84, School of Mines, in 2m. 23s.

Casting a Fly Ninety-one Feet.

The anglers' tournament on the Harlem Mere in Central Park was concluded yesterday. Mr. H. W. Hawes, the young man from Orange county, entirely failed to do himself justice in the last match for the champione. He threw as gracefully as formerly, but the line did not seem to respond to the easy turn of the wrist as the rod bent forward. There was a general supposition that the young man, having proved his superiority as a thoroughbred sportsman, would carry off all the prizes. The wind was gusty and somewhat against the throwers, but Mr. Pritchard showed that the art of casting a fly has greatly improved in this country, for he sent it 91 feet, beating the American record for single-handed fly casting by five feet. Mr. R. C. Leonard came second with 90 feet, and Mr. H. W. Hawes third with 88 feet.

Princeton and Yale at Lacrosse.

PRINCETON, Oct. 21.—Yale played her return match at lacrosse with Princeton here to-day, and met with a second defeat. By good plays of Rudd, Blakemore, and Hewitt, the ball was first carried to Yale's quarters, though no point was secured. Then Princeton's quarters became the scene of the contest, owing to the accurate throwing of Spencer and McDowell, but Princeton's guarding kept them from scoring. It seemed at this time as if the game would be a tie. Riggs at length, by an accurate low throw, gained the first point for Princeton. In the second half, after Princeton had again carried the fight to Yale's goal, the ball was sent up down the field and Johnson threw in between Egbert's legs, thus securing the first point for Yale. Both sides now worked hard for the odd point. Riggs finally scored again, however, and gave Princeton the victory.

Base Ball Yesterday.

The last match of the season between the Buffalo and Metropolitan teams at the Polo grounds yesterday was won by Buffalo by the following score:

Metropolitan	0	0	1	0	0	0	1	2	0	4
Buffalo	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	5

Base Hits—Metropolitan, 6; Buffalo, 10.
Earned Runs—Metropolitan, 1; Buffalo 1.
Ar Pitcher—Mr. Mathews, Cleveland 6.
The Metropolitan and Philadelphia teams will play on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday at Philadelphia, the remaining games of their series of 12.
Hodge has been expelled from the league by the Troy club.
Conner, Ewing, and Wood have signed with the Metropolitan Club for next season.

Foxhall and Romeo Scratched.

LONDON, Oct. 21.—Mr. J. R. Keene's four-year-old bay colt Foxhall, and three-year-old bay colt Romeo have been scratched for the race for the Cambridgeshire Stakes.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales Oct. 21.

UNITED STATES, STATE, AND CITY BONDS (IN $1,000s).

10 U. S. 4s, r	110¾	7 Tenn. 6s, new	47
3 Dist. Co. 3-65s	100	10 Tenn. comp.	50
43 Tenn. 6s, old	39½@47		

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000s).

1 Alt & T H. div	40	1 M. & St. P. 1st	108¾
12 Ches. & O. ex. B	80	S. M. d	108¾
10 C. & A. Q. 4s	85½	4 Mor. & Ess. 2d	115
7 C. B. & Q. 8s	102¾	5 Met. El. 1st	103½@103¾
1 Ch. & N. W. 5s	99¾	1 Mich. S. & N. I. 7s	109
21 Can. So. 1st	103½@104	3 Mich. Cent. 5s	98
5 C. C. C. & I. con. 7s	120	1 N. Y. & Harlem 7s	140

RAILROAD AND OTHER SHARES.

Railroads, &c.

100 Alt & T H	42	3238 Nor. & W.	14¼@14¾
100 Alt & T H pf	81	200 N. Y. & N. pf	104
200 Am. Cent. Pr.	28½@28¾	1025 N. Y. Chic. & St. Louis	34
100 Am. Cab. Co	75	2210 N. Y. Chic. & St. L. pref	81¼@81¾
100 Bos. & L. pf	80½	5800 Omaha	49
200 C. C. C. & I.	120	100 Omaha pref	107
2600 Chic. South'n	6@6½	100 Ohio & Miss	32
4800 Cent. N. J.	73¾@75¼	100 O. R. & N.	156
1600 Cent. Pac.	97¾@98	500 Ont. & W.	27
2100 C. A. & T.	14½	500 Ore. Imp.	64
200 Ch. R. & Q.	132	2000 Ore. & Trans.	87
1854 Ch. & Alt.	142	1000 Ohio & Miss.	32
500 Del. & H. C.	113¾@113¾	2775 O. & A. Trans.	87
25525 D. L. & W.	137	100 Pacific of Ill.	107
13500 Den. & R. G.	53¾@52¾	400 Pac. Mail	43
800 Den. & R. G. pf	85	200 Pa. & Ft. Wayne	128
2700 Kan. & Tex.	25¾@26	200 Full. C. Co	126½
100 Lake E. & W.	34	1000 Rich. & D.	36¾@36½
15 Lake S.	112½@114	300 Rich. & Pitts.	23½@23
3400 Lou. & N.	73¾@74	1000 Reading	44¾@44½
5700 Mo. Pac.	100½@100¾	100 Rome, W. & O.	108
4200 Mob. & Ohio	36¾@37	300 Rich. & W. P. Ter.	34¾
600 N. Jersey	6	100 L. S. & I. pf	77
200 N. Y. & N. H.	2	6400 St. Paul	116¾@116½
200 N. Y. & Nor.	4¾@4½	1200 St. P. C. & P.	120
1400 Nor. Pac.	33¾@34¾	100 St. P. & Dul.	53
100 Nor. Pac. pf	60¾@60½	2800 Tex. & Pac.	41¾@40¾
100 Ohio & Miss.	32	1000 Union Pac.	95¾@95½
2400 Wab. & Pac.	32½@31¾	2000 Wab. & Pac.	32½@31¾
2200 Wab. & P. pf	55	1000 Wab. & P. C.	7
3700 Wes. Un. Tel.	87¾@87¾	100 Ill. Cent.	137
		10 Amer. Ex.	133
		10 Brooklyn Stead.	172
		200 Florida	107
		200 Colorado Coal & Iron	50
		200 Homestake	34½
		200 Standard	94½
		Total sales 757,000	

CLOSING PRICES.

	Bid.	*Asked.*		*Bid.*	*Asked.*
U. S. 3s	99½	100	Mo. K. & Tex.	25¾	25¾
U. S. 4s, reg.	109½	110	Mobile & Ohio	36	37
U. S. 4s, cp.	110½	111	Morris & Ess.	134	135
U. S. 6s, 1881	100½	101	N. Y. Central	132	133
U. S. 4½s, reg.	110½	111	North'n Cent.	52	53
U. S. 4½s, cp.	112½	113	Ohio & Miss.	32	33
Colorado Coal	30	40	N. Y. C. & H. R.	103½	103¾
Canada South	52	53	N. Y. Lake Erie	16½	17
C. C. C. & I.