STRANDED IN A DENSE FOG.

THE STEAMER INDIPENDENTE RUNS ASHORE ON LONG ISLAND.

A Brand-New Vessel Ends her First Voyage on Jones's Beach Sands—Her Passengers Either Put Ashore or Safe Aboard Ship.

FREEPORT, Sept. 13.—The great new iron steamship Indipendente ran ashore in a dense fog about a quarter of a mile from Jones's Inlet, on the Long Island coast, at a quarter to 4 o'clock this morning. She had almost completed her first voyage across the Atlantic, having sailed from Palermo on Aug. 26, with thirteen first and second class passengers, sixty-five third-class passengers, and a crew of sixty-three. She arrived at Gibraltar on the morning of the 30th, and left on the same day for New York. She had no bad weather, as the officers said, last night, until after she was leaving the Gulf Stream at about 1 o'clock on Wednesday morning. There she ran into the circular storm that has been passing up the coast. Rain, wind, and fog, so thick that the forecastle could not be seen from the quarter deck, were encountered. The ship held her course, and in the afternoon of Wednesday, when the fog lifted temporarily, a lighthouse, supposed to be the one at Barnegat, was sighted. The fog settled down again, and the steamer was kept headed off and on, in the hope of meeting a pilot. In this she was unsuccessful.

"I had the mid-watch in last night," said Engineer Claude Morrison to-day. "About 4 o'clock there came a harsh grating sound. I was out of my bunk and in the engine room in an instant. As I got there, the signal to back at full speed was given. We backed her, but it was too late. She was hard aground."

"Was there any excitement among the passengers?"

"Yes. Every one of them was in bed, and they came out on deck and made some fuss, but the sea was not heavy, and she did not pound any. She only rolled a little. It was easy to quiet them. There was no danger."

Station 30 of the life saving service is situated on Jones's Beach, beyond Long Beach. It is commanded by Capt. John Edwards. Joseph Bedell had the beach to patrol after 4 o'clock. Passing over a low sand hill he saw the outline of a vessel, and later her lights. He tried to signal her, but his apparatus failed to work. Then he returned and alarmed the station. It was just growing daylight. The fog lifted a little, and it was seen that the vessel was a large steamship. She fired two guns. The mortar was brought from the station to fire a line over her, but Capt. Edwards found that he could easily launch the lifeboat through the surf. He did so, and put out to the side of the steamer. She was lying in about eighteen feet of water, although her draught is twenty-one feet. The beach shoals off gradually, and she was well on fore and aft. She was headed northeast.

Some time after the arrival of Capt. Edwards the lifeboat from Station 29, five miles east, came down. Nearly all the passengers were anxious to go ashore, and the two lifeboats landed all who wished to go. The passengers had been panic stricken. As soon as the shock and grating of the stranding was felt they rushed half dressed from their staterooms and from the steerage, and for a long time the wildest excitement and confusion prevailed on board. Some of the more excitable among the passengers were nearly frantic, and one or two endeavored to take their own lives. As the waves were not running high the passengers were quieted in time and were easily convinced that there was no imminent danger. The lifeboats carried four loads to the shore, landing the people in water knee deep. Those who wished to do so remained on the stranded vessel. Restaurateur Martinelli, his sister, and his nephew remained on board. Among those who were landed were the wife and child of the American Consul at Cadiz, six other first-class passengers, and nearly all the immigrants. The latter are Italians. To-night they are camping in the boat room of the life saving station on the low sand island, with five miles of salt marshes and creeks between them and the shore. They presented a forlorn spectacle.

Mrs. Hoffenheim and her son, Mr. Wedenfeller, and several of the immigrants were taken to Freeport, and here took the 3 o'clock P. M. train for New York city. Mrs. Hoffenheim and her son got on board the vessel at Gibraltar to make her customary yearly visit to her home in Providence. She said that she hurried out of her cabin with her son as soon as she felt the shock, and saw the passengers running about wildly. She was very much frightened, she said, of course, but soon saw there was not much danger.

Mr. Wedenfeller has been studying for the Catholic ministry in Rome for the last four years. He was on his way to his home in Columbia, S. C., to recruit his health, which had failed him. "I was lying in bed," said he, "and was awakened by scraping sounds, as if the keel were cutting into hillocks of sand, and then a harsh grating. Then I heard the Captain's signal to the engineer, which meant, I suppose, to reverse the engines, as this was immediately done. I knew the vessel was aground. I arose, and, without paying much attention to my toilet, rushed out and found the passengers blockaded around the cabin door which leads to the deck. Those at the door seemed unwilling to go out, but those further back were trying to force them along. Some of the passengers seemed frightened out of their wits. Two shots were fired, and about an hour afterward a lifeboat reached the ship. I was carried off on the second trip."

Mr. D. L. Carpenter, who came to leave the ship, saying that he would stay and take care of four camels which he had brought as presents from the King of Italy to Mr. Garrett of Baltimore, in return for the stallion Damascus, which Mr. Garrett gave to the King. Those camels are for Druid Hill Park, Baltimore.

Capt. Pirandello and most of the crew remain on board to-night. In the afternoon the representatives of Phelps Bros. & Co., the agents of the line, came up on a special train. The Merritt Coast Wrecking Company has been engaged to get the vessel off. The opinion is expressed that it can be accomplished without great difficulty, although she went on at high water. Her cargo will probably be lightered out. Those of her passengers that remain will be sent to New York by rail to-morrow.

The Indipendente was one of the finest vessels in the transatlantic service, and was the latest addition to the fleet of the Navigazione Generale Italiana Societa, a line which has ninety-five steamers in the Mediterranean service. She was built on Clyde bank yards, and was launched two months ago. Her sister ship, the Gottardo, is not yet launched. The Indipendente is of 4,500 tons burden, her length was 350 feet, breadth of beam 40 feet, and depth of hold 26 feet. She is bark rigged. She first sailed from England with a cargo of coal and pig iron for Sicily, where she took on 1,060 tons of sulphur. At Palermo she took on 8,000 boxes of lemons, and at Messina 7,000 boxes of lemons. At other ports she received a large general cargo. Capt. Peter Pirandello, an Italian count, who is the Commodore of the line, was put in command of her, and she left Palermo on Aug. 26 on her first voyage to the United States. The line is a new one, having been formed recently by a combination of the old Florio and Rubattino lines. The Indipendente had accommodations for 80 cabin and 800 steerage passengers. The chief officer is G. Cafiero, and her crew numbers about seventy men. Phelps Brothers & Co. of 51 Broad street are the agents of the line in New York. They were first notified of the accident by a telegram from this place sent by Capt. Pirandello, who had made his way over the bays of the Great South Beach to the mainland. He said that the vessel had run ashore during a dense fog and needed assistance. Soon afterward Chief Officer Cafiero telegraphed that she was lying aground, but in a safe position. Mr. Frank Phelps telegraphed that he had sent Mr. Samuel Van Praag, the superintendent of the line, and Baggage Clerk Cook to Freeport. Mr. Van Praag travelled by a special train. Mr. Phelps also sent word that he had engaged the powerful tugs Cyclops and Walcott, and they started for Jones's Beach before noon.

Jones's Beach is separated from Long Beach by a broad channel called Jones's Inlet. The beach shelves very gradually at that point and is shallow for a mile and a half out. Very many vessels have been wrecked on Jones's Beach. The barkentine J. M. H. of Milford, England, was lost there in January, 1882, and two vessels went ashore there last winter. The Indipendente ran aground an hour and a half after high tide, so that it is very possible she may float at high tide. The danger is that a sand bar may form out beyond her, which would forever prevent her removal. The Merritt Wrecking Company were appealed to for aid, and at once sent out their large wrecking tug Relief. It was impossible for her to reach the stranded vessel until after high tide this afternoon. Mr. Van Praag reached the ship and telegraphed to Mr. Phelps that she was lying easy, and that there was a good prospect of getting her off at high tide to-morrow morning. If necessary, part of her cargo will be thrown overboard.

Good at Hitting, Fibbing, and Jobbing.

Jack Files of Chicago, a light-weight champion, had a benefit at Harry Hill's yesterday. Denny Costigan of this city did four rounds with Files for a purse of $50.

The hitting, fibbing, and jobbing between the men was beautiful to look at. It was a stand-up match, with no clinching, hugging, or wrestling. In the second round Costigan drew blood from Files's lips. At the end of the four rounds Harry Hill said: "This is the cleverest disp ay of science I have seen for many a year, and I award the $50 to Costigan for his manly and straightforward style. Besides, he has gained the most points."

Richard K. Fox offers a purse of $5,000 for Mitchell and Slade to fight for, with small gloves, under the new rules of the London prize ring, the first week in November.

John Connors, the English wrestler, has sent $100 to Richard K. Fox and wants to wrestle Bibby at catch-as-catch-can at Scranton for $500 a side.

ANTI-MONOPOLISTS STIRRING.

Committees to Urge Candidates on the Conventions of Both Parties.

Senator John G. Boyd was Chairman of the meeting at Cooper Institute last night, called by F. B. Thurber, F. A. Conkling, John B. Haskin, Thomas Kinsella, and others representing the Anti-Monopoly League. The declared object of the meeting was to protest against the nomination by the political parties, at the approaching Conventions, of candidates who buy their election and afterward betray the public interest to get the people's suffrages and disregard them when elected. The hall was profusely decorated with flags, coats of arms, streamers, and Anti-Monopoly mottoes. Gen. Lloyd Aspinwall, L. M. Bates, and 128 others were chosen Vice-Presidents.

Among the letters read was one from the Rev. R. Heber Newton, who wrote:

As a patriot, I feel alarmed at the seductions such vast unguarded corporations wield in public affairs.

The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby wrote:

Our present system punishes those who steal five dollars, and encourages and applauds those who steal five millions.

F. B. Thurber read the resolutions and declarations.

The resolutions demanded:

That more efficient laws be passed to prevent bribery of Legislatures and Judges; that the transportation companies be compelled to base their charges upon the cost and risk of service; that an authentic record be kept of the actual cost and earnings of works of a public nature; that a liberal policy be preserved toward our waterways as a potent preventive of exorbitant charges by railroads; that gambling in the necessaries of life be prohibited; that convict and prison labor be abolished; that the taxes on real estate and personal property be equalized; and that the public service shall be based upon honesty and capability, and not upon partisan favor.

The resolutions appealed to the people to defeat unworthy candidates at the approaching election, and provided for a committee of fifteen to attend both the Democratic and Republican State Conventions, and for committees to attend the Assembly Conventions with the object of securing the nomination of Anti-Monopoly men.

Supplementary resolutions were read approving the establishment of a Railroad Commission, and especially of the action of Commissioner O'Donnell. Another resolution favored a constitutional amendment prohibiting legislators from receiving free passes or special freight rates from railroads.

L. E. Chittenden spoke of the monopoly of Broadway by the Western Union Telegraph Company, which, under the plea of putting its wires under ground, is laying a pneumatic tube for carrying packages.

Geo. H. Yeaman spoke of the growing power of corporate monopolies, and said, "If they will not compete with each other there is but one remedy, and that is control."

Herman Ginal, President of the New York State Farmers' Alliance, spoke of the interests of the farmers of the Empire State.

It was announced that the Constitution Club offers a reward of $100 for evidence leading to the conviction of any person guilty of violating the provisions of the new primary election laws of the city of New York.

Rev. Rich. G. W. Gallagher made the concluding speech. He said that the tendency of monopolies is to inoculate this country with the European system of concentrating property in the hands of the few and keeping it there.

ABBEY'S OPERATIC HORDE.

A Mighty Muster for his Venture in the New Opera House—As to Mapleson.

Mr. Henry E. Abbey, the American manager, returned from Europe yesterday on the City of Rome. The amount of excitement which prevailed over his arrival was somewhat relieved by the promiscuous and reckless hiring of tugs by various members of the theatrical profession. The tug Levy and the steamboat Blackbird had tempestuous trips down the bay, and when they finally met the City of Rome they found that Mr. Abbey had gone to New York on the Doctor's boat.

At 9 o'clock last night a crowd of reporters, managers, agents, and friends awaited the arrival of the Director of the new Metropolitan Opera House in the offices adjoining the Grand Opera House, in Eighth avenue. Mr. Abbey came in, dressed in a business suit and carrying an umbrella. He is in capital health. His cheeks are red, and he has gained in weight. A few lines of gray in his moustache and hair are the only evidences that he has become a manager of grand opera.

After the greetings Mr. Abbey laid out his plans for the coming season in a few terse sentences. He has an operatic organization of extraordinary size. He has secured Europe, and engaged people with an absolute disregard for expense. Mr. Maurice Grau will be acting manager of the new Opera House. The following is a list of the members:

Sopranos—Nilsson, Valleria, Fursch-Madi, Ida Corani, Imogene Forti, and Marcella Sembrich. Contraltos—Scalchi, Fursch-Madi, Louise Lablache, and Zelia Trebelli. Tenors—Campanini, Capoul, Vincenzo Fornari, Amodeo Grazzi and Roberto Stagno. Baritones—Del Puente, Luigi Guadagnini, and Giuseppe Kaschmann. Basses—Novara, Ludovico Contini, Baldassare Corsini, and Miraglia. Conductors—Augusto Vianesi, Musical Director; and Italo Campanini, Alternate. Premiere Danseuse—Cavalazzi.

"The inauguration of the new opera house," Mr. Abbey said, "will take place on Oct. 22 with Gounod's opera of 'Faust.' Nilsson, Campanini, Novara, Del Puente, Scalchi, and Lablache will be in the cast. The first new opera will be 'Gioconda.' I have a great many singers, but there will be no clashing, for I have arranged in the contracts what roles each shall sing. The Opera House will run under an expense of from $30,000 to $35,000 a week. I have bought the opera of 'Lucknow,' by the way, for Miss Lombrich. I have also bought the music of 'Hamlet,' which will be produced for the first time in its original form. Campanini will sing in the title role. It has never been sung as written. *Handel's* music has always been transposed for baritone.

"My costumes come from London, Paris, Venice, and Brussels. The first order I gave in Venice was for five thousand costumes."

"When does Henry Irving come?"

"He leaves on the Britannic on Oct. 11, and begins his American tour at the Star Theatre, in New York, on Oct. 29."

"Do you expect a spirited opposition from Col. Mapleson at the Academy of Music this season?"

"Col. Mapleson?" said Mr. Abbey with the thoughtful air of a man who has heard a name but cannot exactly fix its owner's identity. "Eh? Oh, yes. I really don't know anything about him."

MR. HASTINGS'S DEATH.

Mourning Friends Calling at Willowhurst—Arranging for the Burial.

All day yesterday carriages containing friends of the late Hugh J. Hastings, the proprietor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, who died on Wednesday night, rolled to and from Willowhurst, Mr. Hasting's residence at Monmouth Beach. They were received by Mr. John Hoey, Gen. T. T. Eckert, and Mr. Frederic P. Olcott, who spent the day there. Many telegrams expressing sympathy were received by Mrs. Hastings. Among them was one from President Arthur. At 2½ o'clock this afternoon private services will be held at Willowhurst, after which the remains will be brought to this city by a special train. They will be taken to St. Leo's Roman Catholic Church, Twenty-eighth street, near Fifth avenue, where at 9 o'clock to-morrow morning the Rev. Thomas J. Ducey will conduct funeral services. The remains will then be removed to the Grand Central Depot, and at 10½ o'clock will be taken to Albany, where they will be interred in the Albany Rural Cemetery. Mr. John Hoey, one of Mr. Hasting's warmest friends, will take charge of the arrangements for the funeral. President Arthur, Secretary of the Treasury Folger, Mr. Roscoe Conkling, Mr. Jay Gould, Gen. T. T. Eckert, Mr. John Hoey, Mr. Sam Sloan, and Mr. William G. Weed of Albany have been invited to act as pall bearers.

Mr. Hastings's death was unexpected. On Wednesday he was brighter and stronger than he had been for some time. Dr. Hughes of Long Branch, who had been attending Mr. Hastings, remarked on Wednesday upon his great vitality and the "splendid way in which he was improving." Some friends who called upon Mr. Hastings on Wednesday afternoon were surprised at the strong and hearty grasp with which he shook their hands. No doctor was present when he died. There were with him, his wife and Sister Henri from the Convent of the Sacred Heart, who was his nurse. Shortly before 7 o'clock he asked for a stimulant, and said that profuse perspiration covered his chest. Then he complained of pain, and placed his hand upon his breast. Mrs. Hastings prepared the stimulant and carried it to his bedside. Mr. Hastings was lying motionless. His face was calm and peaceful. He had died without a sign.

The President will probably leave Washington this afternoon for New York to attend the funeral of Mr. Hastings. Whether he will then return to Washington, or extend his trip further, has not yet been determined.

Contesting the Will of a Rich Colored Woman.

The will of the late Mrs. Gloucester, who is reported to have been the richest colored woman in America, will be contested by her husband, the Rev. Dr. J. N. Gloucester. Mrs. Gloucester died in Brooklyn a month or so ago, leaving an estate valued at about $80,000 most of which she devised to her five children. Her husband is left a part of the income of the property, and the principal at his death is to be divided among the children. Dr. Gloucester claims that his wife was under undue influence when she made the will, and that the chief part of the estate was acquired by his own industry. He is a Presbyterian clergyman and a physician.

Look Out for Frauds!

The genuine "Rough on Corns" is made only by E. S. Wells (Proprietor of "Rough on Rats"), and has laughing face of a man on labels. 15c. and 25c. bottles.—*Adv.*

DWYER BROTHERS' FILLY.

MISS WOODFORD'S SPLENDID RACE FOR THE GREAT EASTERN HANDICAP.

Defeating Drake Carter and Other Fast Three-year-olds—Bonnie Scotland's Progeny Proving their Staying Powers.

The quality of the entries for the six races on the programme of the Coney Island Jockey Club yesterday drew a great throng, among which were at least a thousand women. The chief attraction was the race in which Miss Woodford was to meet Drake Carter and other fast three-year-olds. Few heavier betting events have occurred this year. Mr. Pierre Lorillard did not feel over sanguine that his horse could give Miss Woodford eight pounds and beat her over a muddy track after her creditable performances, especially as Drake was reported by the stable authorities to be a little rank. A confident smile lighted Mike Dwyer's face when, in answer to a question, he replied that Jimmy McLaughlin was all right again and would ride the filly. The lenient weight at which she was handicapped made it tolerably certain that the best filly in the country would hang another prize, worth at least $5,000, to the belt of the Dwyers.

The race was the Great Eastern Handicap for three-year-olds, a sweepstakes of $100 each for starters, with $5,000 added, $3,500 to first, $1,000 and 20 per cent. of the stakes to the second, and $500 and 10 per cent. of the stakes to the third horse; one mile and a half. The starters from fifty-six nominations were Pierre Lorillard's Drake Carter, carrying 118 pounds; the same owner's Gonfalon, 95; Dwyer Brothers' Miss Woodford, 110; W. L. Scott's Blue Grass Belle, 104; the same owner's All-Hands-Around and Referee, each 97; Oden Bowie's Empress, 100, and Bessie, 92; Appleby & Johnson's Carnation, 94, and Clipsiana's Stables Pike's Pride, 85. Betting was very heavy, Miss Woodford being a strong favorite in the pools at $350. P. Lorillard's pair, Drake Carter and Gonfalon, $175; Carnation, $175; Mr. Scott's entries, $115; Mr. Bowie's pair, $80, and Pike's Pride, $20. In the books the odds were 7 to 5 against Miss Woodford, 5 to 2 against P. Lorillard's pair, 6 to 1 against Mr. Bowie's, 7 to 1 against Mr. Scott's, 7 to 1 against Carnation, and 20 to 1 against Pike's Pride.

A roar of voices announced the start, and J. Donohue was seen breaking out of the flying group with Bessie, but his lead was a brief one. McLaughlin hunped himself on the favorite and sent her forward from outside of the course, where the track was dryest, to the rails. At a quarter of a mile Miss Woodford came into daylight, Pike's Pride second, Bessie third, the others stringing out, with Drake Carter at the tail of the procession. The string closed up somewhat on the run up the straight to the stand, Miss Woodford was jumped to her saddle girths by Pike's Pride on entering the even mile, Bessie third, two lengths away, All-Hands-Around, Drake Carter, Referee, and the others plunging to close the gaps. Pike's Pride gained a temporary lead at a length from the turn, but Jimmy McLaughlin gave an extra lump, and the filly drew out at the head of the line on nearing the quarter pole. Racing along the backstretch she opened daylight again rapidly, and the contest was virtually over. She was carrying her lead lightly, while Drake Carter labored in the press with his extra eight pounds. Increasing her lead as she neared the goal Miss Woodford passed the post on a canter, winning the race by a dozen lengths, and receiving wild applause from the great throng. Referee came home second, All-Hands-Around third, the others straggling, with Drake Carter eighth. Drake was sick and of little account in the race. Mutuals paid $12.35.

The mile dash, purse $500, selling allowances, drew out Dan K., Edward A., and Helen Wallace, the last named the favorite at 7 to 5 against Dan K. was the favorite in the pools at $100; Edwin A., $30; Helen Wallace and Swift, $20 each; Lytton, $15, and Pearl Thorne, $10.

The races were sent away fairly bunched, with Swift at the head of the squad and Edwin A. at the tail. Swift retained the lead, Lytton a close second, and Dan K. two lengths away, third, to the lower turn. Here Lytton moved forward and got his neck in front. In the straight Parsell called on old Dan, and the veteran, as usual in a selling race, came with a rush in the last furlong, winning by two lengths, Lytton second, Edwin A. third, and Swift fourth, each two lengths apart. Time, 1:47. Mutuals, $9.65. Dan K. was bought in at $1,330, an advance of $130.

The race of one mile and an eighth for a handicap sweepstakes of $20 each, with $500 added, $100 to second, brought to the post Duplex, 114 pounds; Aranza, 112; Little Fred, 107; Bonnie Bird, 100; Slocum and Wandering, 88 each, and Farewell, 85. Duplex was the favorite at $75; Aranza, $50; Little Fred, $45; Slocum, $40; Wandering, $35; field, $35.

Shauer pushed Aranza for the lead at flag fall on a straggling start, with Slocum left at the post. The daughter of Bonnie Sey had gained a lead of three open lengths in the first furlong, and Shauer, knowing that Aranza disliked being crowded, kept her in the lead throughout the race. Like the old son of Bonnie Scotland in the first race, Aranza proved a stayer in the mud. She flashed on a canter, winning by fifteen lengths in the creditable time of 1:53 for the mile over a muddy course. Farewell came second and Duplex third. Mutuals, $17.50. The Executive Committee suspended Sax, the rider of Slocum, for the remainder of the meeting, for not trying to get away with his horse.

The race of one mile and three-quarters, for a handicap sweepstakes of $20 each, with $500 added, $200 to second, brought out a snug field, comprising Apollo, 112 pounds; Acila, 109; Hartford, 103; Irish King, 87, and Infanta, 85. Apollo was a strong favorite in the pools at $100; Acila, $100; Infanta, $85; Irish King, $70; Hartford, $50.

Acila, Apollo, and Hartford raced in close company for three-quarters of a mile, Irish King trailing. Passing the stand on entering the even mile, Hartford was in the lead, with Apollo at his neck, and the other three stringing out, with Irish King still at the tail. Apollo sailed for the front while rounding the upper turn, and led a neck at the quarter pole. From this out Billy Donohue kept the favorite in front, Hartford clung to him until they reached the last straight, when Apollo forged ahead and won by six lengths, Hartford second, Irish King having worked up to third place. Time, 3:12¾. Mutuals, $8.85.

The fifth race was a spin of three-quarters of a mile, for a $500 purse, for three-year-olds and upwards, selling allowances. The starters were Weasel, 120; Retort, 114; Babcock, 112; Nimblefoot, 106; Bonnie Kate and Charley Fisk, 103 each, and Black Gal, 97. Pools—Nimblefoot, $65; Black Gal, $55; Weasel, $40; Retort, $25; Babcock, $20; field, $15. In the books, Black Gal was the favorite at 7 to 1, with 4 to 1 each against Nimblefoot, Weasel, and Babcock, 6 to 1 against retort, 15 to 1 against Bonnie Kate, and 20 to 1 against Charley Fiske.

The race was a tame affair. Henderson was first away with Weasel, Black Gal being nearly left at the post. Weasel kept a clear pair of heels to the finish, winning two lengths ahead of Babcock, Nimblefoot third. Time, 1:19½. Mutuals, $26.30.

The races closed with a steeplechase over the hurdles for a handicap sweepstakes of $10 each, $400 to first, $100 to second, and $50 to third horse. The field comprised Disturbance, 158 pounds (McGrath); Abraham, 126 (P. Meany); Fury, 124 (M. J. Meany); Pasha, 150 (J. Kinney); and Kate Cronin, 120 (W. Meany). Betting—Disturbance, $135; Abraham, $40; Pasha and Kate Cronin, $35 each; Fury, $25.

This was a family chase for the Meanys. M. J. Meany ran against W. Meany on Kate Cronin as they were nearing the first jump. Kate was sent past the end of the hurdle out of the race. Disturbance took the lead with his heavy load at the second jump over the water, and after that kept in the van, winning by six lengths, Abraham second, and Pasha third. Time, 5:06½. Mutuals paid $9.20.

THE REV. PHŒBE HANAFORD'S LOSS.

Her Parsonage Broken Into and Robbed While She Rusticated Far from Home.

The Rev. Mrs. Phœbe Hanaford, pastor of the Second Universalist Church, Grand street and Summit avenue, Jersey City, lives at 770 Grand street. About the 1st of July she and a young lady companion, Miss Ellen Miles, left Jersey City for a visit of ten weeks to Boston and vicinity. Upon their return last Tuesday night they discovered that during their absence the house had been entered and property, consisting of silverware, clothing, and jewelry, to the value of $600 had been stolen. This included the entire communion service of the church, consisting of the chalice, two goblets, two plates, and the font. The damask tablecloth and other linen used in communion were also taken. Among the other articles stolen were an entire silver tea service, consisting of two tea urns, cream pitcher, slop bowl, and sugar stand, a solid silver vase (a birthday present to Mrs. Hanaford), a silver jewel case and three pairs of cuff buttons belonging to Miss Miles, a gold locket containing the pictures of Mrs. Hanaford's children, her mother's ring, forty dollars in specie, a sealskin and fur lined cloak, and some table linen.

In the parlor was a small chestnut wood box, used to keep the missionary collections of the Sunday school children, and called the "Hattie Richardson Fund." Within this box was about $4.50, including three cents enclosed in a small envelope, which bore an inscription explaining that this fund was started from this three cents as a nucleus, given by little Willie Wilson, who died four years ago. The thief had taken the $4.50, but evidently being too ashamed to take the three cents, or else desiring to explain why he stole what he did, he had written across the back of the envelope in a scrawling hand:

"I do this from force."

Mrs. Hanaford said: "We arrived at home at about 8 o'clock, and, having obtained the key from our next door neighbor, Mr. Rosenberg, entered the house, and lit the gas in the hall. Going down stairs to the dining room, we were both struck with the apparent barrenness of the room. The tablecloth was gone from the table. A silver cake basket was lying on the floor all bent up. Espying a heap of clothing in the corner, we were for the moment frightened, and retreated up stairs, calling in Mr. Rosenberg to assist us in a search of the house. It was then that we discovered how much had was stolen."

For purity and delicate flavor "Sweet Bouquet" Cigarettes have no equal.—*Ads.*

JOHN C. CALHOUN'S GRANDSON.

Testifying as to the Negroes South—Himself an Agent for a Negro.

John C. Calhoun, a grandson of the South Carolina Senator, testified yesterday before the Senate Committee on Education and Labor about the condition of the negro since the emancipation. Mr. Calhoun is a cotton planter in Arkansas, and employs 500 negro workmen on his lands. He is a tall, stout gentleman, about 45 years old, with a black moustache and goatee, and black hair, slightly silvered.

"The condition of the negroes in the Mississippi valley," he said, "is good and is improving. They earn as hired hands from $10 to $20 a month, with board and the use of a house and garden. Day laborers receive from 75 cents to $1. They are treated more liberally than laborers in any other part of the world. The proprietor meets all the expenses of making the crop and preparing it for market, and then shares the whole gross proceeds with his laborers. Owing to indolence, however, the negroes seldom take advantage of this opportunity to rise in life, unless judiciously managed and encouraged by their employers. One-third of the time which might be utilized by an industrious man the negro wastes in fishing, hunting, and idleness.

"The feeling between the cotton planters and their employees is friendly, and there is but little danger of strikes. A strike would be as disastrous to the laborers as to the planter. The reduction of the tariff, the establishment of industrial schools by the States, and the final elimination of the negro question from Federal politics would be measures which, in my judgment, would best advance the interest of the negro. For many years the negroes have regarded themselves as the wards of the Government. It would be well for them to understand that they can now have no more to expect from the Government than the white man, and that their future, like his, depends upon their own industry and economy."

Mr. Calhoun said further that the negro's condition, so far as opportunity was concerned, was favorable to this self-dependence. When he rented land and had his own implements he received the proceeds of from two-thirds to three-fourths of the crop he raised. This system raised him to the standard of the white farmer. "In the vicinity of my lands," he continued, "the negroes earn from $1,000 to $3,000 clear. The railroad alone brought over 10,000 negroes to the alluvial lands to take the place of those who had earned enough to own their own fields. I am here in the city now on business as agent for a negro who is Probate Judge of Chicot county."

BARBARA MILLER'S DREAM.

The Gallows Robbed of its Terrors to a Woman who is to be Hanged To-day.

RICHMOND, Sept. 13.—To-morrow Barbara Miller is to be hanged here for the murder of her husband. She still professes an anxiety to go. She was found walking about her cell this morning, and said that she never felt better in her life. When asked whether she had any hope of a pardon, she replied:

"I don't want any pardon. The only pardon I want is a pardon from above, and I believe I have got that. I don't want to live, because when I pass along the streets persons would be pointing their fingers at me and saying, 'There goes the woman who murdered her husband.' I would rather be wrapped up in a clay. I slept soundly last night and had a beautiful travel. I dreamt about you, Mr. Southward," she said to the Sheriff. "I want to tell you about it now. I dreamt that everything had been arranged, and I walked upon the scaffold, and just as I was ready for the rope slipped around my neck I felt myself rising, and I just sailed right over the walls of the jail. Mr. Southward said to me, 'Hold on, Barbary. I am not through yet.' I waved my hand and told him 'Good-by. I am going to my home,' and I looked down, and there were two little angels just by the side of me, flying along with me."

"That may be a good omen and sign that the Governor will pardon you," said the Sheriff.

"I don't care about any pardon," she replied. She added that she would leave a paper, which she wrote, for the State. That would contain all she had to say. "I have no fear of death, and I wish I was to be hung to-day."

WON BY A QUARTER OF AN INCH.

New York Carries Off the Bulky Silver Medal for Quoit Pitching.

Thirty-six quoit players contended on the old Ogden farm, near High Bridge, yesterday, for the Bell silver quoit medal, a massive decoration of silver, which would drive an Indian chief frantic with delight at possessing it. The winner, as a rule, does not wear it in his daily walks. It was presented by David Bell for competition by all members of clubs affiliating with the Grand National Curling Club.

One game of twenty-one points yesterday reduced the thirty-six players to eighteen, and another game reduced the eighteen to nine. The excitement commenced when the players had been gradually sifted down to Jas. McLaren, George Henderson, John R. Smith, James Love, and Alex. McClintock. McClintock drew the bye in the final round, and the next two games were between McLaren and Henderson and Smith and Love. Henderson knocked McLaren out with a score of 15 to 9, the points in the games having been regulated from 21 to 15. Smith rolled up a score of 14 before Love, his opponent, had made it. The game closed: Smith, 15; Love, 12.

Then McClintock was sent to tackle the youngster Henderson, who proved too much for him and, amid great cheering, made the game by neatly encircling the white feather and sending his opponent's quoit flying. Score: 15 for Smith to 10 for McClintock.

The last and deciding game was between Henderson and Smith. Henderson represented New York, and on Smith the Jerseymen pinned their hopes. The game was begun in the fast Corlear style, Smith delivered his ring first and sent the white feather flying, scoring one on the first round and two more on the second. Then Henderson secured one, and cries of "Well done, Georgie; hit the feather, mon."

The score rolled up a point at a time until the Jersey man had scored 14 and the New Yorker's seven. Smith joined his quoit in the air and sent it over the mon, amid wild cheering. In turn Henderson, with wonderful precision, sent the rings flying through the darkness until he had made his score twelve, while Smith had added only two to his making it fourteen, with one to go.

The Jerseyman next made a remarkable shot, hitting the pin.

There's room for you, Georgie," shouted Henderson's adherents as he hit the feather and with a sharp click sent the Jerseyman's quoit flying away from the mark. This made the score: Smith, 14; Henderson, 11. Then Smith threw one iron short and another a trifle wide, and Henderson added another point to his score. They tied on the next shot, and on the next it required a lighted match and a pair of compasses to decide that Henderson had won by scarcely a quarter of an inch. Unfortunate Jamison presented the medal to Mr. Henderson at the reunion which followed.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The Boston Club closed their series with the Chicago Club at Boston, yesterday, beating the Western team. Each club has won seven games of the series. The Chicago club won their victories by 54 runs to 29, and the Bostons theirs by 40 to 11. The score of yesterday's game was:

Chicago	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0
Boston	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—3

Base hits—Chicago, 4; Boston, 6.
Errors—Chicago, 12; Boston, 5.

The Providence team defeated the Detroits again yesterday at Providence by the following score:

Providence	0	0	2	2	0	0	3	1	0—8
Detroit	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	3—6

At Louisville, yesterday, the Metropolitans were beaten by the Eclipse nine by the following score:

Eclipse	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	3	0—4
Metropolitan	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0—1

Base hits—Eclipse, 9; Metropolitan, 4.

Other games were: At Philadelphia—Cleveland, 1; Philadelphia, 0. At Cincinnati—Cincinnati, 8; Allegheny, 2. At St. Louis—St. Louis, 0; Baltimore, 3. At Columbus—Athletic, 11; Columbus, 4. At Trenton—Brooklyn, 8; Trenton, 6. At Richmond—Quicksteps, 6; Virginia, 3.

The following is the record of the League and Association clubs to date:

LEAGUE.	GAMES Won.	GAMES Lost.	GAMES To Play.	ASSOCIATION.	GAMES Won.	GAMES Lost.	GAMES To Play.
Boston	54	34	10	Athletic	62	26	10
Providence	53	35	10	St. Louis	59	30	9
Chicago	52	37	9	Cincinnati	55	34	9
Cleveland	51	35	12	Metropolitan	48	39	11
Buffalo	47	36	15	Eclipse	44	39	15
New York	41	45	12	Allegheny	29	60	9
Detroit	35	53	10	Columbus	29	59	10
Philadelphia	16	71	11	Baltimore	26	62	10

THE REV. PHŒBE HANAFORD'S LOSS.

Philadelphia Wins the Cricket Match.

PHILADELPHIA, Sept. 13.—The cricket match at Nicetown between all Philadelphia and all New York was most unexpectedly won by the former. Yesterday, in its first inning, Philadelphia made 93 and New York 83 for five wickets. New York finished its inning this morning for 155. Of this total Lester made 50, Moore 27, and Cleverly 15. Philadelphia's second inning netted 132, of which F. W. Clark Jr., contributed 57 and J. A. Scott 28. New York came in, having 71 to make to win. The third wicket fell for 52, and the visitors were jubilant. It was growing dark and matters were hurried to avoid a draw. Law's superb bowling saved the day for Philadelphia, the fourth wicket fell for 52, fifth, 57, sixth, 57. The last four wickets went down for exactly 5 runs, a total of 62. Philadelphia won by 8 runs.

Slade Told he Cannot Box in Flushing's Hall.

Richard Hill and Slade, the Maori, applied to the Town Trustees of Flushing yesterday for permission to use the Town Hall for a variety and boxing exhibition. Their application was refused because the trustees "did not want to encourage boxing."

Wallace Ross Challenged.

PORTLAND, Me., Sept. 13.—Peter H. Conly deposited $100 at the *Argus* office to-day, with a challenge to Wallace Ross for a five-mile race for $500 a side, to be pulled on Oct. 24.

Base Ball, Polo Grounds, To-day.

Ladies' day. Ladies admitted free to grounds and grand stand. Grand League championship match. New York vs. Buffalo. Game 4 P. M. Admission 50c.—*Adv.*

If you experience bad taste in mouth, sallowness or yellow color of skin, feel stupid and drowsy, appetite insteady, frequent headaches, dizziness, you are "bilious," and nothing will arouse your liver to action and strengthen up your system equal to Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." By druggists.—*Ads.*

TAMMANY'S PLAN REJECTED

THE COUNTY DEMOCRACY DECLINES THE PROFFERED CONFERENCE.

Declaring it a Device to Turn Out Machine-Made Delegates to Buffalo—No Prospect of a United Delegation from the City.

The New York County Democracy determined last night to reject the invitation to confer with Tammany and Irving Hall upon arrangements for sending a united delegation to the Democratic State Convention. Police Justice James T. Kilbreth presided over the meeting of the County Committee. The Secretary read Tammany's invitation and a similar letter from Irving Hall. Then Mr. E. Ellery Anderson presented the County Democracy's answer, and moved that it be sent to Tammany and Irving Hall. The letter says:

In the expression of a desire for united