OVER THE BRIDGE BY CAR.

THE CABLE RAILROAD THROWN OPEN FOR THE PUBLIC.

A Rainy Day Chosen to Give the Men a Little Experience, but Not Too Much at Once—An Enjoyable Ride—Crowds in the Evening—Night Cars to be Run on and after To-day.

The first car load of passengers over the big bridge started from Brooklyn at 9 o'clock yesterday morning. The first man to put down his nickel as fare for the ride was Mr. W. Gillen of Williamsburgh. He paid the money to W. W. Sheffield, keeper of the Brooklyn toll box. A gray-bearded watchman in the New York Post Office was the first New Yorker who bought the ride in the opposite direction. He did not give his name, but Mr. Charles N. McLaughlin, toll taker on the New York side, knew him very well by sight. After these two, the people followed all day long in a slender but steady stream.

The trains ran on five minutes headway, and occupied six minutes in making the journey. Five cars were run, and the record of the day was creditable to the train men, though, even when it runs smoothly, the cable system of train running appears to be the most unhandy, complicated, and unpleasant method ever introduced in New York.

No public announcement had been made that the railroad was to be thrown open to the public at this time, and it is a question whether it would have been done had the day been clear and fine. The rain settled it. Inclement weather, when the tax on the inexperienced train hands in managing the passengers would not be too great, was what the managers wanted. Everybody and everything was in readiness. Cars had been running empty every day except Sundays for three weeks. Last Sunday they were put in operation, and seven were kept going on three minutes headway from 1 o'clock P. M. to 5 o'clock. During all this experimenting the machinery was gradually brought to its present condition. The general plan and arrangement suited Col. Paine and his assistants and has not been changed, but slight alterations looking toward smoother and more reliable work have had to be made, principally in the sheaves over which the cable runs, in the already celebrated grip apparatus and in minor appurtenances.

When it was resolved to throw the road open to the public yesterday the morning rush to New York had nearly abated. The chains that had been kept stretched across the foot of the stairway on each end of the bridge were taken down, and there were hung on the iron pillars that support the depots, in front of all who entered at either gate, square white cards bearing these words:

TO THE CARS.

That was all the formality there was about the beginning of a railroad that everybody now supposes is to be maintained for centuries. The toll takers took their places in the carved oak booths that have been in readiness at the entrances for months, three opened their windows, and waited for the click of the fares. Sixty-five residents of Brooklyn who had expected to walk over the structure read the signs, and seeing in the railroad toll boxes cards bearing the words, "Fare Five Cents," went to them and paid their money. These sixty-five rode in the first car. Policemen William Lidgate, Edward Wiggins, and Charley Holster stood guard below and on the stairs. Policeman John Donnelly was in charge in the depot up stairs. Six or seven cars stood at the further end of the depot, and Engineer Frank Baird, with his fireman, George Sewell, on locomotive No. 1, rode up to each 18 and pulled it from among the others up to the platform where the sixty-five passengers awaited it. When the passengers filed into the car Conductor John T. Cox took his place on the front platform, and Mr. Cooper, the brakeman, stood by one side with the wheel connected with the cable grip, the ordinary hand brake, and the lever of the vacuum brake at his side. Train Despatcher J. W. Prince gave the word and the engine No. 1 pulled the coach until the middle of it rested a little beyond the platform, over the head of Mr. Colligan, who stood below the track ready to lift the great cable up to where the famous grip under the floor of the coach could catch it. Then there was a rattle and a whirr of wheels and the first load of people rolled toward New York.

The sensation of riding over the bridge is peculiar. There never could be a more smooth and even track, and though there are two great grades, up to the top of the arch of the bridge and down again, they are so gentle as to be perceptible only to the eye. There is only one curve, the one at the end of the journey to Brooklyn, where the track bends to meet the road's down curve of the depot. The motion issues like sliding rather than rolling. The sound produced is a hollow one, except where the track is laid over the bottom of the openings in the towers. Just there the sound and action resemble those of a train on a rock-ballasted surface road. The view is a pleasant disappointment to those who supposed that nothing but the box of lattice work in which the cars make their way could be seen from out of the windows. The motion is not fast enough to run the shifting lattice work into a confused blur, as it would be if the trains ran at forty or even thirty miles an hour. The speed of the trains is only about ten miles.

From a seat in the cars one sees first the gradually sinking roofs of one city or the other, then the broad and busy river both at the right and the left; or, if the passenger be seated on the right-hand side of the car, a good view of the muddy water underneath is broken only at the anchorages. The river seems to lie only a few feet down. Only when a boat is seen upon it is the eye able to gauge the true distance. Twice on the journey the trains pass over a railroad and of the footway cross each other, and nearly all the way the wagon road is level with the car track. The cars did not frighten a single horse yesterday. The railroad itself presents an interesting sight. Between the anchorages it lies on the floor of a long capsize box. Channel beams form the bottom, trusses and rods running crisscross are at the sides, and the top is almost open, being crossed here and there by a few stays and braces. This box extends from anchorage to anchorage, the whole length of the bridge proper. As it is approached it looks like a big yellow octagonal tube, getting its light from some mysterious source, for the sides, top, and bottom appear to be closed. The cable, when seen from a car platform, appears to be running away from the car at a much faster gait than the cars. It sags between the sheaves, and so gets a serpentine undulation.

The passengers yesterday betrayed the novelty of the experience they were gaining. Few kept their seats. They moved from side to side and end to end of the cars, and, by the time the trains stopped all were standing. They nearly all seemed pleased with the ride, though many spoke of it as too expensive a luxury to be very often enjoyed. They hung about in the depots after they quitted the cars and stared at and asked questions about the machinery until the police moved them along. Not one in fifty seemed able to grasp the peculiarities of the cable system. The cars are very handsome. They look a little like the best coaches on the elevated roads, but are about two feet wider. This extra width is used to broaden the space between the seats, arranged longitudinally along the car sides and divided into chairs by little handle-like arms. Some cars seat 46 and some 36 persons. Smoking is not permitted.

Mr. John S. Hoagland, Master of Transportation, was in charge all day yesterday. Mr. Kingsley and Mr. Strathman rode to and fro early in the day. Col. Paine and Engineer Martin were also present, but only for a little while. The operation of running the road was three weeks old to them. This operation is peculiar and railroad men who saw it yesterday expressed a doubt as to whether it was likely to be long continued. Suppose a passenger to be starting from Brooklyn. A locomotive hauls the car up to the north platform, and when it is filled pushes it to the man who lifts the cable to the grip. An automatic cable lifter has been invented, but has not yet been put in use. The grip is a complicated thing more than once described in The Sun. The passenger feels it clutch the cable. Then he hears a rattling and whirring that fill the car with the noise of a machine shop and set it trembling, first slightly and then violently. Then there is another jar, the noise ceases, the trembling grows less, and the car begins to crawl. In thirty seconds more it has attained the speed of the cable. The journey over the river is then fairly begun. Near the New York anchorage a trip block set up beside the track loosens the grip, and the car rolls down grade and then up grade with its own momentum. In the New York depot, where there is not room for locomotives, a little thing like a hand car runs automatically up to the car is coupled to it, and then pulls it back beyond a switch. Then it pushes the car over to the other track, where another cable raiser (Mr. David Johnson) starts the rattling and whirring grip, and the car runs on to Brooklyn to meet with a trip block to roll down one hill and up another, and to be pulled and pushed hither and thither by a locomotive.

In each depot there is a stand appointed with levers so that the switches can be worked from one point. The switchman has a telephone and an electric gong-ringing apparatus. Every time a car starts he rings the gong three times. This keeps the men at the other end aware of the condition of the track. Other signals are for the engineer under the bridge in Brooklyn, to notify him to stop and to start the cable in case such action is ever desired. Mr. M. F. Kerrigan is the New York train despatcher, and Charles Darling is the New York switchman.

There was a little delay at one time yesterday. It happened at 12½ o'clock while the reporter of THE SUN was on the railroad. It happened in New York, but delayed the car he was in in Brooklyn, fifteen minutes. A car had started from the Chatham street depot and had gone a little way when it let go of the cable. It rolled back to where it started from, and was halted just in front of a car that was about to stop. As the bridge is a series of grades, wherever a car lets go of the cable it will roll one way or the other. If it is not desirable to let it roll, it can be stopped by the vacuum brake, or the ordinary old-fashioned brake. It is positively asserted that the cars cannot get loose from the cable unless somebody loosens them. It was said that in this case the irregularity happened because one man got the instructions and another man did the work. Such a thing, it was said, cannot happen when the men are more experienced. The car that was about to start pushed the belated car ahead until the belated car met the last down grade; then the car that was pushing halted, and the first car went on to Brooklyn.

At a little before 6 o'clock the rush to Brooklyn began, and as the people saw the signs they crowded past the new toll takers. They were hearty all men and boys. At the end of the first ten minutes two girls in waterproofs came in with a cautious and hesitating look and manner. Others struggled along, and a policeman kept shouting, "Come, git in line; git in line, please." In the dark, shadowed space at the foot of the stairs loading up to the depot other policemen held the throngs back, while every now and then a man would look over the railing and call out, "Let up about twenty," or "Let fifty come." So the cars were filled and despatched nominally five minutes apart, but really less frequently. The journey offenses occupied seven then six minutes, the delay being apparently in starting. A minute and three-quarters was the average time between the towers. The track, like the bridge itself, is one mile and two-fifteenths long, but the cars only run over a mile and a sixteenth of the way. At 7 o'clock, when about 1,200 persons had been carried over, the road was closed for the day.

The car that was to leave at 6:05 P. M. from New York was delayed fifteen minutes by a break-down of the grip. Two false starts were made, and the car had to be pulled back by hand to the place where the wire is lifted to the grip. A crowd of persons were kept waiting.

The road will be opened again at 6 o'clock this morning, and will remain open until midnight. Nothing is known of the programme after that. Whether the trains will run all the time night and day, or whether they will start at 5 o'clock and stop at midnight, is said not yet to have been finally settled. Mr. Hoagland said he thought the road was run yesterday as if it had been in operation ten years.

AMUSEMENTS.

"The Romanoff"—Twenty-third Street Theatre.

The Nihilists and the late author of "Smoke" are probably responsible for the flood of Russian dramas which has overswept the globe, and as yet shows no sign of abating. Sardou, Oscar Wilde, and Bartley Campbell have all been afloat on it for a longer or shorter period, and now Mr. Harry Marshall has undertaken to navigate it in another man's skiff. The management of the Twenty-third Street Theatre acknowledges that the "idea" of "The Romanoff" is the same as that of "Fedora," but claims that it is "in all other respects absolutely original." This originality reduces itself to very little in the acting, however great it may appear on reading the play. To all intents and purposes "The Romanoff" is but a version of "Fedora." It is not a bad version. But here comes the rub. Like its original, it requires good acting of a kind that is hardly to be found on our stage. It might be a much more fine imitation of "Fedora" and be much better adapted to the possibilities of dramatic presentation here. Miss Charlotte Thompson, who last night played the leading part of *Princess Ekika Zoelska*, is neither a finished actress, nor is she by nature or training fitted in the best for a single role. Mr. George Learock, as *Col. Ivan Muschalofskki*, alias *Gen. Yopsikoff*, is a very heavy villain indeed. These two share all the exciting situations in the play between them, and strange work they make of them. In scene in the second act, in which the Princess hesitates between love and hate for the Colonel, who, she has just learned, had betrayed and caused the death of her former betrothed, and which, in the hands of French actors, would doubtless be of fascinating interest, last night, between Mr. Learock's dullness and Miss Thompson's insipidity, became disgusting.

The minor characters were, on the whole, well sustained. Mr. Harry Saint Maur as *Lord Timothy Tollincoffee*, an English hanger-on of the Princess, plays particularly bright and effective, and did much in two or three scenes to help develop Miss Thompson's real talent, which runs toward comedy, not tragedy. In one respect, he was hampered not a little by Miss Nellie Pierce, who, as a French waiting maid, speaks her supposed native language worse than he, whose ridiculous British-French was relied upon to tickle the audience.

The strong situations and the sharp though somewhat coarse dialogue may pull the play through in spite of the company. The theatre last evening was well filled.

Brooklyn Theatres.

It having been demonstrated to the satisfaction of the managers of Brooklyn theatres that a good stock company cannot be employed during an entire season without a loss, they are obliged to do the next best thing—offer good attractions weekly; and, judging from the lists of stars and companies that have had dates fixed for them, a determined effort is to be made to establish the truth of the assertion that the opening of the bridge will not cause a smaller attendance this season. Besides, the managers have kept dates open for the production of any new plays that may have the stamp of a metropolitan success in mid-season. The interiors of the Theatres have been brushed up and renovated, and the season has been fully opened. The Novelty Theatre, especially, has been newly decorated and made inviting. Eastern District playgoers can enjoy there this week "La Belle Russe," with Miss Rose Coghlan, Mr. Harold Kyre, and other members of Wallack's Theatre company in the cast. With performances like that of last evening near home, the necessity for crossing the river for entertainment is materially decreased.

"An Irish Girl" is proper. "Our Boarding House" can be appreciated. Robson and Crane have taken lodgings in Col. Sinn's Park Theatre, and the amount of merriment there is limited only by time and the physical condition of the audience. Both display their musical abilities to an extraordinary extent, and they have seventeen in the cast to help them into and out of their troubles. A large audience shook last evening.

Mlle. Aimee in "La Mascotte."

"La Mascotte" owes the greater measure of its success to a charming duet for *Bettina* and *Pippo*, popularly known as the "gobble duet." Similarly the success of a performance of this operetta depends upon the manner in which this gobble duet is sung. If it is encored the first night it will be safe to keep "La Mascotte" on the boards for at least a week; if it gains two encores, the manager can count on a fortnight without change of bill. In short, he can gauge the run of the operetta from the reception of the gobble duet.

Last night Mlle. Aimee and M. Nigri made a distinct and emphatic success of it, and so of the operetta, bait-ing and gobbling with remarkable truth to nature. Mlle. Aimee appeared for the first time as *Bettina* in this country, and gave an American audience for the first time an idea of the real *Bettina*—a boy-doy, with a strong dash of affection, plenty of broad humor, and not a little cunning. Mlle. Angèle's *Fiametta*, the princess from whom *Pippo's home figure* robs every vestige of modesty, was a little too realistic. As for Mezieres and Dupont, their amusingly humorous personations of *Laurent XVII.* and *Rocco* will go down among the traditions of opera bouffe.

The chorus was frequently out of time and tune.

The Mulligan Picnic.

The "Mulligan Guard Picnic," embellished with new scenery and songs, drew a good house last evening to the Theatre Comique. Messrs. Harrigan and Hart in the familiar characters of *Dan Mulligan* and *Mrs. Rebecca Allup* were welcomed as old friends. The audience laughed almost continuously from the rising of the curtain until its final fall, and showed its appreciation by frequent encores. Mr. Braham's two new songs, "Going Home with Nesly After Five" and "Hurry Little Children Sunday Morn," are striking features in the play.

Notes of the Stage.

The Corean Embassy will see Kiralfy's great spectacle, "Excelsior," to-night at Niblo's.

Mr. Wyndham's company, in "Pink Dominos," at the Union Square are maintaining their already fine reputation.

Mr. Joseph Jefferson will appear at the Union Square Theatre on Monday evening, Oct. 8, as *Caleb Plummer* in "The Cricket on the Hearth," and *Mr. Golightly* in the comedy "Lend Me Five Shillings."

The Ohio and Mississippi Accident.

CINCINNATI, Sept. 24.—Later reports from the accident near seymour, Ind., on the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, show that no one was killed.

"Their Occupation Gone."

R. V. FRENCH, M. D. Buffalo, N. Y.—Dear Sir: I was attacked with congestion of the lungs, soreness over the liver, severe pain in the joints, a burning fever, and general giving away of the whole system. Failing to find relief in remedies prescribed, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery." It effected my entire cure. Your medicines have only to be used to be appreciated. If every family would give them a trial, manufacturers of doctors' wards, like Gillette, find their occupation gone. Yours truly,

L. B. McMILLAN, M. D., Bressport, N. Y.—Adv.

Decline of Man.

Nervous weakness, dyspepsia, impotence, sexual debility cured by "Wells's Health Renewer." $1.—Adv.

Dr. Benson's skin Cure consists of internal and external treatment. Removes humors at some time.—Adv.

Use Sheffield's Crème Bentifrice 25 cents. Use Sheffield's Elixir Balm, 50 cents.—Adv.

PRAYERS BY THE THOUSAND.

PETITIONS THAT HAVE COME TO ONE MEETING IN 26 YEARS.

Celebrating the Anniversary of the Founding of the Fulton Street Noon Meeting—A Closet Full of Notes from Every Land.

The Middle Dutch Church, at Fourth street and Lafayette place, held a large congregation yesterday at the services in celebration of the twenty-sixth anniversary of the establishment of the Fulton street prayer meeting. The Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, the conductor, began the service by reading from the Bible. Then the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks, in a short address, said that he thought the Fulton street prayer meetings supplied the one great deficiency in business life, a lack of opportunity for spiritual development. Business and religion ought to go side by side. The Rev. C. F. Deems said that people who don't pray rely on those who do, and that if the praying people stopped praying the others would begin. The Fulton street meeting could be regarded as a department of science. The Rev. A. S. Gumbart said that "prayer is an affair of faith," and that "men prayed before philosophers began to theorize." The Rev. James M. King said that prayer to be answered must be directed by common sense. Yet others spoke. Among the listeners was the Rev. Mr. J. C. Lanphier, the founder of the Fulton street prayer meetings. The history of the movement was but barely referred to. It is interesting.

Twenty-six years ago, when an old Dutch church stood at the William street end of the block between Fulton, Ann, William, and Nassau streets, Mr. Lanphier noticed that the merchants, clerks, mechanics, and laborers of the neighborhood all had some time to themselves at noon on every week day. He saw them going into the restaurants and the barrooms, while others idled about in the streets. It occurred to him that an opportunity to join in a short service of prayer would be eagerly embraced by Christians, and might lead to the conversion of unbelievers. The meetings he established were successful from the outset, but no one at that time dreamed that they would become famous all over the world. The old church edifice became comparatively useless as a Sunday meeting house when the dwellings of its members had all removed from the neighborhood, and it was razed and a business block went up on its site. In that now building, however, space was reserved for a large chapel and a class room for the maintenance of the noon prayer meeting. Mr. Lanphier has become a white-haired old man, but is to be found at his place every day, and never has ceased to lead the singing.

The unique and conspicuous feature of each day's service is the offering of prayers for the granting of petitions by Christians. These are asked for verbally and by letter. The majority are by letter. So famous have the meetings become that those requests for prayers have been sent from far away as Siam, Japan, and New Zealand. There is no civilized country they have not come from. They have been sent frequently from the furthest States, and there is no mail that does not bring some from a great distance. All of them have been saved. At first they were pasted in huge scrap books, but latterly they have been folded uniformly and packed away in bundles like lawyers' documents, a bundle for each day. They lie in great heaps on tables and shelves in the class room, and there is a great closet choked up with them.

The reporter of THE SUN spent yesterday forenoon among them. The bundle for last Saturday was the first that his hand fell upon. It is probably as illustrative of the character and purposes of these petitions as any single day's collection. These were the appeals:

Please pray that the Lord will send rain to the eastern part of Massachusetts and Worcester, and God shall be glorified.

Pray that God opens ways and means that I be able to go South this winter, and that I be restored to health.

That a child in Detroit, who has destroyed his health with drugs, may be saved.

A widow asks for prayers that her only son may be led away from drink and bad company.

A prayer for the prosperity of a Christian.

I am to ask the prayers of all praying people for Col. Robert Ingersoll, that the scales may fall from his eyes.

I am an unfortunate widow; my daughter is sick; all I have earned I have spent to restore her, if it can be consistent with His holy will.

Please pray for one who has faith in prayer, that a blessing may come to her relations.

Pray forgive in financial straits, that his needs may be supplied.

Please send up prayer to rescue a boy from intoxicating drink.

Please remember one whose hearing is affected, that the Lord will give it back to him.

A father asks prayer for his son, a dear son, a child of many prayers, who has turned from his religion, and is plunging deeper and deeper into sin.

Sister in Christ, I have been asked for a church that now needs the power and blessing of the Spirit. Signed CHRISTIAN PASTOR

Stone Church, Chicago, Ill.—That I may speak for Christ, and not break down in tears, as I often do, and thus am prevented from saying the good things my heart is full of.

Oh, pray for my little boy that he may be delicate health, and stammering tongue, that his dear father does not love him.

Saco, Me.—That God will deliver me out of the power of some enemies, who are persecuting me.

A sister asks prayer for her husband, who has left his church and God and is a wicked swearer and blasphemer, and for her son, who is wicked and a drunkard.

My husband's condition is critical. His health is nervous, irritable, and gets angry easily. Oh, do pray for him!

Several petitions I have asked you to pray for have been granted, and I feel that God, my husband, a minister, has been appointed to a field of labor as asked of the Lord; a hard field and in a mysterious way. Oh, pray that God will bless his labor!

Pray for a daughter and a son whose hearts are far from God.

For two boys, one in college and not a Christian and one clerking in a dry goods store, that God would raise God for his returning health. We are in great need of some money. Our crops have been mostly destroyed by hail. Please pray that the Lord may supply needs.

Pray for a young man afflicted with fits, that he be guided to the right means to be cured.

Pray for a church in Brooklyn.

A woman who cannot talk English, but is a good draughtsman and civil engineer, cannot get employment.

Will you pray for me? I believe in it. I am in manifold temptation.

A scattered family asks for prayers that it may be reunited.

Your prayers are wanted for a man in great business difficulties.

My father has been trying to get a pension. Please hold his case up to God's sight, because it grieves me to see mother suffer after working hard all her life.

I have become a slave to a habit. I would give worlds to be free from it.

Earnest prayers are requested in behalf of a poor mother who in a fit of insane frenzy killed her baby. Her trial begins to-day. Send it.

My husband is sick and out of business and we are a burden on friends who have barely enough for their own to support us.

Pray for thirteen persons in Plainfield.

Pray for a blessing on my undertakings this day, and if not a successful that I may be contented.

A GIGANTIC THOROUGHBRED.

Prince Charlie in New York—A Tip on Dwyer Bros.' Yearlings.

"He is the largest thoroughbred I ever saw," said Mr. W. L. Jones of Kentucky, "and I have been among them all my life." Mr. Jones referred to Prince Charlie, the famous race horse just imported by Mr. Daniel Swigert, owner of the late Mr. M. H. Sanford's model breeding farm, near Lexington, Ky. Mr. Jones had come to take Prince Charlie to his new home. The horse stood in a strong, narrow box, near a great open hatchway in the steamship Notting Hill last evening. The drizzling rain poured into the ship, and everything was wet, musty, and dirty. By some mismanagement the horse was compelled to remain another night in the box into which he had been unwillingly forced nineteen days ago. He had remained on his legs all that time, and for several days, while seasick, had not eaten a mouthful. Still he was a grand-looking horse of kinglike proportions. He is seventeen hands high, of chestnut color, with white face and white stockings behind. His head and neck resemble Longfellow's in shape, but are of much larger proportions. He has an enormous, symmetrical frame, which is well filled, notwithstanding his somewhat long voyage. His legs are clean and firm, and not over large for a thoroughbred of his size. He has large, kindly eyes. He looked his visitors over, and, pricking his ears and raising his head toward the hatchway, seemed to plead to be taken from the ship.

Prince Charlie is 14 years old. He was sired by Blair Athol, dam Eastern Princess, by Surplice, son of Touchstone and Crucifix. He defeated some of the best English horses during his racing days, winning the Two Thousand Guineas and finishing second for the St. Leger. He became a roarer, and was withdrawn from the turf. Since then he has sired Prestonpans and other fast horses. Mr. Swigert hopes that the progeny of this great horse and his renowned Lexington mares will develop amazing speed and staying power.

Mr. Jones said that he would take Prince Charlie to the American Horse Exchange this morning and give him a rest until Thursday before shipping him to Kentucky.

"I brought the best lot of yearlings to the Dwyer Brothers," said Mr. Jones, "that ever came to New York. They are now at Sheepshead Bay. Four were bred by Gen. Harding, four by Mr. Alexander, four by Mr. Swigert, two by Messrs. Clay and Bowen, and one, half brother to George Kinney, by Capt. Franklin."

This is Mr. Jones's tip for next year's two-year-olds.

THE NATIONAL GAME.

The present week will probably be the most exciting ever known in the history of base ball. In all three of the organizations it is a close fight for the supremacy, especially in the League and Association. There was probably never anything in the singeing the feat caused more excitement in Philadelphia and Boston. In the Quaker City the interest was so great on Sunday that thousands of people gathered on Chestnut street, in front of the different newspaper offices, to learn the score of each inning of the St. Louis game as it was placed on the bulletin boards. As it became evident that the Athletics had won, the crowd broke into cheers for their representatives in St. Louis. The reception to be given the Athletics in Philadelphia on their return from the West next Monday will include a parade of the club players in the Philadelphia and Germantown clubs and a banquet in the evening. It will be the greatest demonstration of the kind known in the twenty-five years history of the national game.

There was the League game which should have been played off yesterday, but on account of the rain they were all postponed. It is now likely that they will not be played at all, as games are scheduled for every day of the week, and no championship game can be played after Oct. 1.

The game at Cincinnati on Sunday was called at the end of the fifth inning on account of rain. Score: Cincinnati, 4; Baltimore, 0.

The Cleveland club has met with a serious setback in Dunlap's telig disabled. He was the best batsman on the team, and the club will be crippled considerably on his work to win third place in the race.

Greenwood has signed to play in Brooklyn next season, as have Corcoran, Kinkelen, Rosenbleder, Fennelly, and two others. Several noted old Brooklyn players in League and American teams have expressed their desire to play in Brooklyn.

It is expected that at the League meeting to be held privately in this city this week, the main business will be to discuss the advisability of annulling the reserved rule. The American Association having broken the tripartite agreement in this respect with the Northwestern League, the League proposes to break it altogether, and leave the market for players open to all after Oct. 1.

The Monitor Club of this city visited Waterbury, Conn., on Saturday, and beat the Monitors by 7 to 4.

The League and Association records to date, by the official figures, are as follows:

LEAGUE.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Per Cent.	ASSOCIATION.	Games Won.	Games Lost.	Per Cent.
Boston	58	35	.5	Athletic	65	29	.4
Providence	57	37	.4	St. Louis	62	33	.3
Chicago	55	39	.4	Cincinnati	61	35	.2
Cleveland	54	39	.5	Metropolitan	52	43	.4
Buffalo	50	42	.6	Eclipse	49	44	.5
New York	45	47	.6	Allegheny	31	64	.3
Detroit	36	57	.5	Columbus	31	64	.3
Philadelphia	17	76	.2	Baltimore	27	68	.3

Yacht Racing in a Storm.

The race between the crack sloops Brothers and Bernard Goodwin was sailed yesterday in a pelting rain storm. A race on Sept. 10 was for $200 a side, and was won by the Brothers. The return match yesterday was for $250 a side. The course was from off the Bay Island Club House to Robbin's Reef buoy, around Fort Lafayette and return, sailed over twice. The Brothers dashed across the line at 12:23:25; Goodwin, 12:24:51. The tide was three-quarters flood, and it blew fresh from the southeast. Robbin's Reef buoy was turned by the Brothers at 12:47:38, two minutes ahead of the Goodwin. It was a close reader down to Fort Lafayette, and the flying spray and pelting rain drenched the yachtsmen, despite their tarpaulins and sou'westers. The Brothers passed the fort on the turn by a wide margin, and rounded the fort at 1:47:36; Goodwin, 1:51:33. They whirled along with lifted sheets to the home stakeboat, the Brothers still gaining steadily. She completed the first round at 2:37:58, against 2:43:48. On the second round the Brothers scored a gain of only a few seconds over to Robbin's Reef buoy, which she passed at 3:21:42; Goodwin, 3:27:11. Fort Lafayette was turned at 3:38 by the Brothers, and at 4:01:38 by the Goodwin. The rain came down harder than ever on the return to the home stakeboat, partially killing the wind, and the yachts also had the young ebb to buck against.

The Brothers won the $500 by 18 minutes 27 seconds, and also takes a pennant presented by Commodore Frank Bell of the Long Island Yacht Club. The double victory of the Brothers over the Goodwin was hailed with joy in Commuppaw last evening, but the New Yorkers are not yet satisfied, and will probably challenge again.

Louisville Jockey Club Races.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 24.—This was the first day of the fall meeting of the Louisville Jockey Club. The weather was cool and windy, the track fast, and the betting spirited. In the first race, Association Purse $200 for all ages three quarters of a mile, Force took the lead, and was never headed, winning in hand by a length, with Freeland second, and Nora M. third. Time, 1:18. French pools paid $7.20.

In the second race, purse $250, for all ages, selling allowances, mile heats, was won by Lord Edward, the first heat by four lengths and the second heat by a length, with Monticello second and Egyptian third. Time, 1:45¾ and 1:50. French pools paid $6.60.

The Turf Stake, for all ages, one and one-eighth miles, was won by Gleamer by a length, with Harry Gilmore second, and Avender third. Time, 1:57¾. French pools paid $20.10.

The Maiden Stake, for 2 year olds that have never won a stake, three quarters of a mile, was won by Mamie by half a length, with Loftin second, and Admiral third. Time, 1:13¾. French pools paid $13.60.

The fifth race, Association Purse, $250, one mile, was won by Long Knight by a length and a half, with Lizzie Daly second, and Mat McGinnis third. Time, 1:45¾. French pools paid $20.20.

Foie Scratched for the Cesarewitch.

LONDON, Sept. 24.—Mr. F. Gebhard's bay colt Foie has been scratched for the race for the Cesarewitch Stakes, to be run at Newmarket on Oct. 16.

Sporting Notes.

Jack Stewart writes from Utica that he will meet Jack Davis at Harry Hill's on Sept. 27, to accept his challenge to spar four rounds under Queensberry rules.

Jem Mace says that just before starting for America he spar with Prof. Wm. Miller at a benefit in Sydney, Australia, and made him cry "Enough!" in two rounds.

John F. Kearney and Joseph Gilmore of Boston had a dispute in a dance hall there, and to settle it, met on a raft, which they had agreed to spar according to Queensberry rules. In the first round Kearney picked Gilmore up and threw him over the stringpiece into the river. The police got Gilmore out and arrested the whole party for assault and battery and prize fight.

A wrestling match for a sweepstakes of $600 and a trophy was arranged yesterday. The contestants are H. M. Dufur of Marlboro, Mass., Duncan C. Ross of Cleveland, O., and Geo. W. Fisher of Burlington, Vt., from each of whom Mr. Richard K. Fox has received $200 as stakeholder and referee, adding an extra $500 himself. The contests are to take place in Rochester next month.

Mike Cleary is going through New York and New England with an exhibition company of boxers and athletes, and will offer $100 to any man to spar with him. Marquis of Queensberry rules. He says he will hold himself to his promise of a meeting after Mitchell gets through with the Prussian. Cleary's proposition is that he will spar Mitchell four rounds with soft gloves. Marquis of Queensberry rules, for half the business and a bet of $1,000, or will fight him for $2,500 a side bare-handed.

Capt. E. E. Stubbs says he accepts all of Dr. Carver's challenges if Carver will shoot each match for $1,000 a side. The first match is for 100 pigeons each, Knight championship rules, to take place at Louisville Nov. 6. Capt. Bogardus Price has taken up the offer of Capt. Bogardus, and will shoot a similar match for $250 a side at the same place the day after the Carver-Stubbs contest. Capt. Bogardus says he will shoot with either Stubbs or Price for from $250 to $5,000 a side, or will match his son Eugene against Stubbs for $250 a side at 100 balls.

The Pistol Pocket.

This pocket is too fashionable. They are harmless if empty, but, unfortunately, they are too frequently filled. Woe is the result. It is all well enough to be armed if you are called into dangerous places, deep woods where Indians prowl or wild cattle roam. A wise man will then spend his money for a pistol and cartridges. The unarmed man system is always in a woods where diseases are in ambush. They are a dangerous and insidious breed, always attacking when you are weakest, always ready to take advantage of your indisposition. The only way to baffle them and protect yourself is to go around with a bottle of Ferry Davis's Pain Killer. Wear it in your vest pocket, and use it on the first provocation. It is the best Derringer in the world. You can despatch a whole army of summer diseases with it at a single shot.—Adv.

Base Ball Pole Grounds To-day.

Grand League championship match New York vs Chicago. The last appearance of the champions. Game called at 3 45 P. M. Admission, 50c.—Adv.

Base Ball To-day—Manhattan Grounds.

66th at and 8th av. Delawares, 5 men, vs 16 young ladies of Philadelphia. Game called 3:30. Admission 25c.—Adv.

JOIN HANDS ALL ROUND.

DEMOCRATIC UNION THE ONLY MEANS TO TURN OUT THE RASCALS.

The Appeal Made by a Democratic Mass Meeting to the Democrats of New York—Speeches by Wm. Dorsheimer, O. B. Potter, and D. D. Field—The Resolutions.

Harmony marked the great Democratic meeting at Cooper Institute last night. In the pouring rain outside a throng listened to music until the doors opened. Promptly at 8 o'clock, while the band played "The Star Spangled Banner," and the great crowd in the hall applauded, Judge Spencer walked upon the platform, followed by David Dudley Field, Congressmen Wm. Dorsheimer and Orlando B. Potter, Thomas C. E. Ecclesine, Gideon J. Tucker, Royal Phelps, and other well-known Democratic leaders. Judge Spencer called the meeting to order, and upon his motion David Dudley Field was chosen Chairman. Mr. Field, on taking the chair, spoke of the urgent need for Democratic unity.

"Why is the success of the Democratic party important?" he continued. "Because its principles are most in accordance with the theory of our Government, and most likely to promote the welfare of our people. Ever since the close of the civil war the Republican party has mismanaged our affairs, and for the last six years has kept itself in power by fraud. The fruits of its mismanagement are visible on all sides. Taxation is excessive and unequal, expenditure is extravagant and reckless, and Federal authority is steadily encroaching upon the authority of the States and upon the people. The American flag, which once floated from the masts of innumerable ships, has nearly disappeared from the sea. Labor is menacing capital, and capital is disquieted because of the menaces of labor. Above all this misgovernment stands the fraud by which the Republican party has kept its hands upon the nation. The seating of Mr. Hayes, who was not elected, in place of Mr. Tilden, who was elected, was accomplished by false returns made or procured by Republican leaders. It is unnecessary to enlarge upon the necessity of a change. But Democrats divided cannot displace the Republican party; united they can. Why are they not united? The Democrats of this city are divided into three sections, each claiming that its members are the true Democracy. Are there any differences between them on principles? None. What, then, are their differences about? That they are not about principles we know, and that is all we need to know. Let the minor differences, whatever they may be, be laid aside for the present, at least. Whether Tammany shall get the better of the County Democracy, or the County Democracy the better of Tammany, or Irving Hall the better of both, however important to the members of these respective organizations, is as nothing compared with the question whether the Democratic party shall get the better of the Republican. This is the question, and the only question now. It is the question which concerns the State, and the question which concerns the nation. We must stand together if we would win. Let us then stand together—all of us—Tammany and anti-Tammany, County Democrats and Irving Hall Democrats. Let bygones be bygones. Let us present one ticket, a good ticket, and then let us all vote for it. So we shall all be victors."

Mr. Potter offered the resolutions. The preamble declared that the success of a party depends upon the willingness of its members to subordinate their preferences to a given general agreement upon political questions. The Republican party was arraigned for its frauds and misgovernment, and it was declared that the only means of putting an end to its misrule is the return of the Democratic party to power. The resolutions invited all citizens who believe in the principles of democratic government as taught by the fathers to lay aside all differences for the time, and unite for the common object of displacing the Republican party. They declared that every Democrat who, in the present condition of the nation, refuses to unite with all his fellow Democrats in such an effort at union, however he may disagree with them on minor and local questions, forgets his duty to his party and to his country. The resolutions concluded as follows:

In the name and on behalf of the Democratic masses, we declare that they will not follow or tolerate leaders or organizations that do not exert positive action and give practical effect to the same in favor of the entire and complete union of the Democracy of this city in support of one State and county ticket at the approaching campaign.

Resolved, That a committee of twenty-five be appointed by the Chairman, who shall present the proceedings and resolutions of this meeting to the Democratic State Convention now assembled at Buffalo, and urge their earnest consideration and positive action in favor of Democratic unity throughout the State during the approaching campaign, and also, in furtherance of the same purpose, to present the same to the several Democratic organizations and conventions of this county, and urge entire and complete union and harmony of the Democratic masses of the city of New York in the support of one ticket at the ensuing election, with power to said committee to fill vacancies and to call any future meetings of the Democracy to hear their reports and aid them in this good work.

Mr. Potter and Mr. Benjamin A. Willis spoke earnestly in support of the resolutions, and they were enthusiastically adopted. The Chairman appointed the following committee of twenty-five:

O. B. Potter, Charles A. Dana, Charles M. Fry, E. R. Lawrence, Benjamin A. Willis, Royal Phelps, Samuel D. Babcock, Stephen A. Walker, S. S. Cox, E. P. Wheeler, John T. Agnew, Wm. Dorsheimer, Gilbert C. Walker, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, Joseph Pulitzer, Jordan L. Mott, Isaac Bell, Thomas C. E. Ecclesine, Aaron J. Vanderpoel, Benjamin Wood, James C. Spencer, Jesse W. Fower, Dr. J. M. Carnochan, L. J. V. Stark.

Congressman Dorsheimer urged all Democrats to agree that nothing that can be put out of the way should stand in the way of the success of the party, now and hereafter. There was no difference of opinion, he said, among the Democracy as to the purposes to be accomplished. He agreed with THE SUN that the rascals should be turned out and the internal revenue taxes taken off. He was, however, opposed to taking off the tax on whiskey so long as the things consumed by the poor are taxed, and would have the whiskey tax collected by the Custom House. He said this was practicable because there is a Custom House in every State.