MISS LEONARDE'S DEFENCE.

ATTACKING IN REBUTTAL THE THEORY THAT SHE WAS MAD.

A Business-like Letter Written to Cal on the Day She Shot Mrs. Smith—Her Restless Nights and Illusions—Two Photographs.

Miss Helyn Leonarde came from the wired enclosure for women prisoners in the General Sessions yesterday with a pale, wearied face, and the manner of one who had passed a sleepless night. But when she had conversed for some minutes with her counsel her face brightened and colored, and she looked girlish and pretty. She was dressed in black again, with a little standing collar of linen. After Recorder Smyth had taken his seat the court officers admitted only enough spectators to take the places of those who, becoming wearied by standing, went out. Within the bar were Mrs. Sarah C. Smith, whom Miss Leonarde shot on the 15th of June, her husband, Clarence Smith, a liquor dealer of 27 Peck slip, and many fashionably dressed women, some of them young and pretty.

Mr. O'Byrne asked the lawyers for the defense for permission to call Police Justice Duffy to identify the official report of the examination of Miss Leonarde in the police court. Justice Duffy made the identification briefly but sonorously. Then the defence resumed.

Mrs. Caroline Dinkelspiel of 117 East Seventeenth street testified that Miss Leonarde came to board at her house early last spring, and left the house June 9, six days before she shot Mrs. Smith. Miss Leonarde occupied a small room on the top floor, and paid $7.50 a week promptly. She was moody, reserved, and had little appetite. She came to the table, but, as a rule, ate nothing. When she had been in the house several days witness asked her whether the food provided suited her, because she did not eat enough to keep life in a bird. Miss Leonarde said that she could not eat more. "Oh, madam," she said, "I have a sad story. I do not care to eat."

Miss Leonarde buried her face in her hands at this point and sobbed, and the witness added:

A few days later boarders on the floor complained that they could not sleep at night. Miss Leonarde kept her gas burning at full height, and walked up and down her room ceaselessly. I told Miss Leonarde of this complaint, and she burst into tears, and said that she was sorry that she had annoyed any one, and that she would not do so again. But a night or two afterward I saw that her gas was burning and going up and down. I went to her parlor, her room. I rapped on the door and asked, "Why do you not sleep? You are disturbing others." Miss Leonarde replied, "I am sorry. I am not feeling very well. I will go right to bed." And the light was extinguished.

Next morning I told Miss Leonarde that I would like to have her look for another boarding place. Miss Leonarde burst into tears and said—

Mrs. Dinkelspiel, I deceived you when I came to you. I said that I was Miss Helen Harrington. That was not true. I am a married woman. I am the wife of a lawyer named Callahan. He has deserted me for Mrs. Smith, a married woman. Which Callahan proposed to elope, he said that Mrs. Smith knew a secret about him in regard to a will, and had him in her power, and that after our marriage Mrs. Smith must be permitted to visit us. Callahan said Mrs. Smith was coming to call of Mrs. Smith, and he continued to write letters to her. I have seen them in the streets together, and they have gone to the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He has deserted me.

I advised Miss Leonarde to give up such an unfaithful husband as she described Callahan to be, and to think no more of him. Miss Leonarde answered:

I can't give him up. I love him. I cannot without him. My whole future life is bound up in him. I have given my whole life and love to him, and I cannot live without him. He must die, and I must die with him.

The chambermaid found not the Miss Leonarde's room in the morning, because she had spent the night after the breakfast hour. At 2 P. M. the door was locked. I saw Miss Leonarde with her face buried in the pillow, which was wet with her tears. I told her she was foolish to grieve so, and advised her to go out and walk, or sit with a book in the parlors. She went out, but in an hour returned, half an hour later, greatly excited, she said that two men were following her, and that she believed that Mrs. Smith had hired them to follow her. I reassured her, but she begged me to keep the men out of the house.

Then I found that Miss Leonarde had a pistol. She said that she kept it to protect herself from the men who were tracking her, and who had found out where she lived, though she had given the name of Harrington to the house. I offered to take the pistol. Fearing that Miss Leonarde would commit suicide, I traced the rent of the room and she left the house, saying that she could not pay more.

"What impression, madam," asked Lawyer Kintzing, "did Miss Leonarde's actions and words make upon you?" Did you regard her as rational or irrational?"

"Irrational," Mrs. Dinkelspiel answered; and I had to consult my own interest, and get rid of her."

Under cross-examination Mrs. Dinkelspiel testified that a young man visited Miss Leonarde several times. She received him in the reception room, and she said that she had employed him to find Callahan. After the shooting she (the witness) asked Miss Leonarde why she had done so foolish a thing, and Miss Leonarde answered that she could not help it.

Miss Emma Gale of 124 Lexington avenue testified that Miss Leonarde engaged board at her house on June 9, giving the name of Harrington. She was reserved and sad, ate best to nothing, and complained of sleeplessness. When two detectives came to arrest Miss Leonarde on the morning of June 16, Miss Leonarde was greatly excited, and said to the witness, "I killed a woman yesterday." One of the detectives interposed, "No, you are mistaken. You only wounded her."

"That woman," Miss Leonarde rejoined, "and my husband have destroyed everything that is dear to me in life. They have dogged my footsteps. They have hired persons to meet me in the street and speak to me. These men have come here to take me to a lunatic asylum. Won't you go with me?"

The spectators found occasion for laughter in this invitation, but Miss Leonarde, whose face was still hidden in her hands, appeared to be weeping. Miss Leonarde's counsel continued, then asked her to send a letter to a lawyer in Temple Court, and gave her money to pay the messenger.

By Mr. McClelland—What impression did her words and acts make upon you while she was an inmate of your house? A—I thought that she was crazy.

"Now, we wish to recall Mrs. Smith for a moment," Lawyer McClelland said, and Mrs. Smith stepped to the witness stand composedly. She left it after answering one question as composedly:

Q—Are you familiar with the handwriting of Patrick Callahan? A—I am not, sir.

Dr. E. C. Spitzka testified that he had examined Miss Leonarde in the City Prison several times. He found that she was in poor health physically, and that she had been insane for at least several months before the shooting. She is, in his judgment, still insane. She is fixed and unalterable in some delusions. Of these delusions the Doctor said:

One of them is a belief that Warden Finn of the City Prison is in the pay of Callahan, and has attempted to poison her food. She also believes that at least one of her lawyers is paid by Callahan to rid him of her by proving that she is insane. She avows her belief that Mrs. Smith ought to be imprisoned in her stead, and declares that, if she were at liberty, she would shoot Mrs. Smith again. She says that she procured the pistol to defend herself from ruffians, detectives and police, who she believes have conspired to deprive her of her liberty, her home, her reputation, her good name, her property, her life, and her soul. She believes that Mrs. Smith is the cause of all her real or imaginary wrongs. She showed me many notes and telegrams purporting to have been received from Callahan, and a photograph of him.

Mr. McClelland handed a photograph to Dr. Spitzka, and he identified it. Recorder Smyth took it next, passed it to Judge Gildersleeve, who sat beside him, and then it circulated within the bar and through the jury box until it reached the reporters' table. The photograph was that of a large, well-dressed man sitting with one leg across the other at a table. The face was that of a man of middle age and was good-looking. The hair was parted in the middle and brushed back, and the slight mouthpiece was waxed. The photograph bore the stamp of a Paterson photographer. On the back, pencilled in Miss Leonarde's writing, was:

My Lord, my all—Cal.

Miss Leonarde watched the photograph eagerly as it passed from hand to hand.

Mr. O'Byrne—You testified, Doctor, as an expert for the defence in the Guiteau trial that Guiteau was sane? A—Yes, sir. I still think that he was sane. The jury seem differed with me, but one of them has since become insane himself.

Then, under protest and by the instructions from the Court, Dr. Spitzka testified that Miss Leonarde had told him that two months before Callahan abandoned her she was subjected to malpractice while she was under the influence of chloroform.

City Physician Hardy testified that he is the official examiner of insane persons committed to the care of the Commissioners of Charities and Correction. He had corroborated Dr. Spitzka as to Miss Leonarde's demeanor and delusions. In his judgment, Miss Leonarde is insane. In cross-examination he testified that he was retained as an expert by the defence.

Philip Jordan, a lawyer, testified that he had known Patrick Callahan for more than a quarter of a century, and had shared his offices with him. He knew that Callahan was in his 65th year. The photograph was that of Callahan taken five years ago, and the letters shown to Dr. Spitzka by Miss Leonarde were in Callahan's handwriting. He had seen Callahan and Miss Leonarde together in the street a number of times.

Lawyer McClelland offered in evidence Callahan's letters, as tending to show Miss Leonarde a state of mind at the time of the shooting. Recorder Smyth excluded them, saying:

I don't think the letters of a man who sends a thousand kisses are of much importance."

Detective Sergeant McLaughlin testified that he thought Miss Leonarde was "a crazy woman." She showed him reams of paper, scribbled all over with nothing but the syllable "Cal." Miss Leonarde was not called as a witness in her own behalf. The defence rested.

In rebuttal, Lawyer Bird read several letters that Expert Daniel T. Ames testified were in the same handwriting as that of the note that Mrs. Smith received on the 14th of June asking her to meet Miss Leonarde on the 15th, the day of the shooting. One letter was dated on the day of the shooting, and was addressed to Patrick Callahan, counsellor-at-law, 115 Nassau street. It was as follows:

FRIDAY

Cal.—You did not believe the Cuban story because it was not more public. It was a nobleman whose family was at the head of the Irish Bar in Ireland. Blondel's office day will give you an insight into these things. Also what disposition a circle was made by nature to possess. It burns and burns. Now for more serious things.

I purposed to sue you. I changed my mind. I want to be a celebrity—a credit to my sister. But I must have money. If you wish to compromise for $10,000, all right. I will say quits, and I will never mention your name again. I think in time I can learn to hate and loathe you as much as I now despise myself for loving you. Your case at the Court of Appeals will not be on hand until, and perhaps not even for, the calendar of '84. Then we can keep it up to see what I will do. Compromise with me and I will do nothing. I will let you die a natural death, and will be glad when I hear that your little course is ended. My object is to get upon the stage and to be a straight one. Don't you think my life, my awful life, has afforded me some taste for it? Now, at your pleasure. There is an old saw that it is a long lane that has no turning. You seduced me, and promised to love and cherish me. I am bound to have satisfaction. I want to forget you. I want to cease brooding over my wrongs, and I cannot until I am occupied with something that interests me. I am boarding at 124 Lexington avenue, under the name of Miss Harrington. You will communicate through Marsh or any other lawyer, and return my photograph album and my scrap book. HELYN LEONARDE.

The other letters warned Callahan, at the peril of his life, not to appear in court, and cautioned Dr. Eugene Blondel, in whose office at 42 West Nineteenth street, the shooting occurred, that if he persisted in doing "the Smith's dirty work" he would get the worst of it.

Dr. Blondel testified that he had derived the impression from what he saw of Miss Leonarde that she was rational when she shot Mrs. Smith.

Mr. McClelland—Do you know a Mrs. Meacham, Doctor? A—I do.

Q—Did you accompany Mrs. Meacham when the photograph was taken?

"Excluded," interjected Recorder Smyth. The photograph was that of a woman in tights, a jersey, and a Tam O'Shanter cap.

Q—Are you the Dr. Blondel who, while attending a married lady, alienated her affections from her husband and betrayed her?

The Doctor's face flushed. "Excluded," the Recorder said, before he could answer.

Dr. Blondel, being recalled, testified that while Miss Leonarde was living with her, Miss Leonarde was greatly angered one morning by receiving a note from Dr. Blondel, saying that he charged $10 for her visits to his office, but that if she had no money the matter could be arranged satisfactorily. The trial goes on.

CROWDS AT AN OX ROAST.

Fun and Novelty at a Gathering for the Benefit of a Brooklyn Colored Church.

Prof. R. Berry of Philadelphia, a dignified white-haired colored man, roasted a whole bullock in Myrtle Avenue Park, Brooklyn, yesterday, and the First Street African Methodist Church furnished the other attractive features of the long programme for the day. The church is $3,500 in debt, and the pastor, the Rev. James Peyton, having found that ox roasts attracted crowds on three separate occasions in Pennsylvania, hoped to do as well with one in Brooklyn. He is a young man of gentle manners. He stood in the box office yesterday selling the tickets. The colored people flocked to the park in such numbers that he and the deacons and elders smiled all the time they were not laughing. It was August weather, and the loose carpeting of dead leaves upon the green grass in the beautiful grove increased in depth constantly as the mild breeze detached bits of the gaudy foliage overhead and sent them fluttering to the earth.

"How much is der cos', sah," said an elderly African at the head of a band of women and children, "for dis yer fambly party?"

"I suspect I'll have to figure on that," said the laughing parson. "The scale of prices is set out in this bill, which I have printed:

To see the ox roasting, and dinner.....40c.
To see ox roasting, without dinner.....25c.
Dinner for children under 12.....15c.
Without dinner.....10c.

"The poster bore the motto, "Labor Omnia Vincit. Another line was "All can come," and last of all, "N. B—Oct. 11, 1883."

"I think I'll take a 25-cent ticket," said THE SUN reporter.

"Better get a dinnah ticket, sah," said the man at the gate. "You'll find it fust rate, and it cos's a man a quarter of a dollah ter change his mind t'ough he's in de park."

Prof. Berry had come to the park at 7 o'clock in the morning. He had caused to be built a bow-shaped wall of brick out in the open air. A huge iron grate that holds a quarter of a ton of coal was set in the back of the bow, within the curve. A sheet of iron roofed the hind part of the crescent, and served to throw the heat of the fire outward. A wide windlass bar had been set in a couple of upright timbers braced into a movable wooden pattorn. This long bar had a crank on each end. It was run through an ox which weighed 550 pounds dressed. An ox is considered dressed when everything superfluous is taken out of and off it—its head, neck, tail, legs, entrails, and hide. When the fire got well under way the ox was pushed close to the grate, and in an hour and a half the whole ox was beautifully done. After that, every few minutes all day long the great mass of beef was occasionally turned, and first one side, then one end, then the other side, and then the other end were moved near to the fire until the whole animal was done to a turn. Prof Berry threw handfuls of salt and pepper on it and ladled up the drippings that fell in the iron pan under the ox, and poured it over the smoking sides of meat for basting. The delightful savor of the cooking mingled with the perfumes of the grove.

"That's my invention," said the proud professor. "It's a Dutchoven fireplace out of doors. The old-fashioned ways of roasting oxen were either to suspend the carcass over two fires on the ground or to encase it in iron and put it on the fire."

A lazy and asthmatic quartet of brass scared all the birds out of the grove with "Columbia, the gem of the ocean." Mayed so that the aria was a long quavering shriek and the accompaniment a growl of groans. Mr. S. Tieghman and Mr. William Johnson, each behind a white apron and each armed with a savage carver, cut the meat off in tempting slices of brown, red, and yellow whenever the colored women, who acted as waiters, called upon them plates in hand. One of the waitresses while waiting for her slices whispered to another: "Jest to look at Sarah Lib wid dem bangs. Dey look like de stuffings ob a sofa. Did yer ever see sich persumption in yo' bo'n days?"

The crowd looking at the roasting a soft-mannered, well-dressed German, who proved to be a tourist sightseeing in America. He walked over to a big policeman and opened a conversation. His English did not come without an effort.

"Excuse myselfuf," said he; "I am a draftsfeller, und I now first pehold more as one gutlerd man togedder."

"Fwat's that?" said the policeman.

"I haf peen saying dese is der first time I seen more as one nekro togedder."

"Howly smoke! Yer mean the colored people?"

"Der first I haf eefer saw togedder."

"Fwhere were ye?"

"I haf peen from Fderman."

"Is that so?" The policeman bawled at the man as if he thought him deaf.) "D'yez have thim Dinkies in Germany?"

"No, sir."

"Eye-talians?"

"Oh, yes."

"Thim's was than nagurs. Colored folks ain't so bad, wanst ye get used to them. They're like the ague—a mon moight be warse off. So you never saw wan before. Be the powers of mud, I think yer a curiously y'ralf."

The policeman went off to find an acquaintance and point out the remarkable German. The latter said to the reporter of THE SUN that he had seen many negro servants travelling with Americans in Germany and elsewhere, and that in his own journeys he once employed a colored man as valet; but he had never seen in all his life more than two or three colored persons together.

The band played havoc with two or three popular tunes, the people came to the park by dozens at a time, the ribs of the steaming ox began to appear beneath the busy knives of the carvers, and the deacons pointed out muslin signs in the grass announcing a "Promenade in the evening, admission twenty-five cents." The dining pavilion was thronged and everybody praised the meat. There were so many waiters they trod on one another's heels. Mr. Thomas Wilson was the acting head waiter. In his retinue were Mr. William A. Thompson, Mrs. Susan Holland, Miss Gussie Stewart, Mrs. Margaret Treadwell, Miss Sarah Gardner, Mrs. Cara Dudley, and Mrs. Elizabeth Wesley. They were as happy as children.

Early in the evening there was trouble. Mr. Trower, the man who has the emancipation celebration in that park every year, gave a ball. He gave it in the hall inside the park. The colored people who were going to the ball, and would have to pay twenty-five cents at the ballroom door, refused to pay the other twenty-five cents at the gate where the barbecue money was rolling in. They increased in numbers until there was a great crowd at the gates. The colored folks bound for the barbecue kept coming along, and they waited to see what would be done. Capt. Weber, who owns the park, came and threw the gate wide open and all walked in without paying. Parson Peyton said it was an outrage "and nothin' else."

At this time the carvers were yet slicing the ox. It was pretty nearly as clean of meat as the frame of an umbrella.

At about 9½ o'clock the German tourist got another slap on the shoulder, just as he was leaving the park. It startled him.

"Who is der mottor?" he asked.

"I was lookin' for yer," said the policeman. "So they've no colored payple in Germany?"

"Not so many," the tourist replied. "Perhaps on to-day and von negst week."

"Oh surpose! It's because they edn't bairn the language, hey? Be gosh! I'm thinking a mon moight be a smart mon, whoite or black, and not be able to hinge himself understud in Germany."

"O! think," said the policeman, as he saw the tourist board a car, "that feller's a dom'd sight more av a curiosity than the ox roast."

The Illustrated Catholic Family Annual

For 1884 is now ready. It contains over 30 beautiful illustrations, hagiographical sketches, history, anecdotes, &c. Only 25 cents. For sale at all news stands. Publication office, 9 Barclay st.—Adv.

Keep's underwear for fall, in all weights of knit and flannel, in white, scarlet, and fancy styles, at popular prices. Broadway and Bleecker st. Branch stores, 119 Fulton st. and 1,150 Broadway.—Adv.

BRIDGEPORT'S BIG PARADE

FOUR THOUSAND FIREMEN MAKE THE DAY NOISY AND SPECTACULAR.

Fifty-five Companies from Several States Join in the March and Banquet—A Day of Red-shirted Heroes and Martial Music.

BRIDGEPORT, Oct. 11.—Several months ago the old Volunteer Fire Department of this city reorganized, taking the original title, Pacific Engine Company. After participating in the recent Winstead fire parade it was decided at a banquet that a parade be held in this city. Invitations were sent to 100 organizations in Connecticut and adjoining States, including New Jersey and Pennsylvania. Fifty-five companies accepted and participated to-day in the largest parade ever given in this city, and probably in the State. Nearly 4,000 men were in line. Twenty-four brass bands and twenty-four drum corps headed the various companies, who had with them seven steam fire engines, six old-fashioned hand engines, twenty two hose carriages, and fourteen hook and ladder trucks. Six companies appeared without apparatus.

The racket began last evening on the arrival of the steamer Rosedale from New York, which brought Columbia Engine No. 1 of Allentown, Pa., accompanied by the Allentown band; Minnehaha Engine Company No. 1 of Newark, N. J., with Habersang's band, and a delegation from Elizabeth, N. J. Each company brought about fifty men and city officials and honorary members. On arrival the visitors were escorted to the Atlantic Hotel, where a banquet awaited them. As the steamer came up the harbor she was greeted with a salute from every craft that could boast a whistle. On the steamboat wharf a large cannon opened fire, which was continued as fast as it could be loaded. It was 7 o'clock, and red fire on every hand lighted up the shipping, and fireworks were seen in all directions.

At the banquet hall covers were provided for 200 guests. The fine spread was thoroughly enjoyed by the hungry mortals, some of whom had been nearly all day on the road. Major D. M. Read had been selected as President, and a good one he made as he welcomed the visitors to the hospitalities of Bridgeport. He hoped a good impression of the Park City would be taken back, and that for a long time no occasion to use the magnificent steamer brought from Pennsylvania would spoil the shirts of those present. Entertaining speeches were made by a number of the guests.

The hotels were crowded with guests last night, and to-day strangers began to flock here by the thousand. Every train (there being many extra ones) came loaded. The Consolidated, Housatonic, and Naugatuck railroads each ran two extra excursion trains of from fifteen to twenty-five cars each, and all the regular trains were pulled by two engines. Extra trains from the West bringing fire companies, landed them at P. T. Barnum's winter quarters, and those who came from the East received facilities for unloading in Central Park. The parade routes had been well perfected, and as the firemen arrived they were conducted to Park avenue, where the apparatus was placed in position for the start to-day. They were then escorted to their stopping places for the night, where they were visited by the ladies of Bridgeport. Twenty-five kegs were given by each of the three breweries here.

The procession started at 12½ o'clock. The companies formed in three divisions. Following are the names of the fire companies in line:

Pacific Engine Company, No. 1, Pacific Jr., Bridgeport; Columbia Engine Company, No. 1, Allentown, Pa.; Minnehaha Engine Company, No. 1, Newark, N. J.; Burnham Company, Teamsters' Steam Fire Company, Sixth Ward Hook and Ladder Company, Bridgeport; Veteran Firemen's Association, New Haven; Pulaski Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, Kokomo; Hose Company No. 1, Danbury; Washington Hook and Ladder Company, Derby; Quinnipiac Hose Company, New Haven; Quinnipiac Engine Company, Allentown, Pa.; Hotchkiss Hose Company No. 1, E. M. Bassett Hook and Ladder Co., Birmingham; Minnehaha Steam Engine Company, Newark, N. J.; Friend Hose Company No. 2, Thomaston; Eagle Hose Company, Ansonia; Pembroke Engine Company, Hose No. 1, West Stratford; Arctic Engine Company, Milford; Simeon Hick Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, Wallingford; Hope Hose Company No. 3, Wilcox Hose Company No. 4, Meriden; Mutual Hook and Ladder Company, Stratford; Hayes Hook and Ladder Company, Stratford; Greyhound Hook and Ladder Company, Pittsfield; Hook and Ladder Company, Nestown; Steam Fire Engine Company, Ansonia; Atlantic Hose Company, Pacific Hose Company No. 3, Relief Hook and Ladder Company, Stamford; Washington Engine Company No. 1, Mount Vernon; Steam Fire Engine Company, Hose No. 1, Potsdam; Hose Company No. 3, Protection Engine Company No. 3, Sing Sing; Phenix Engine Company No. 1, Monitor Hose Company No. 2, Citizens' Engine Company, Hose No. 1, Ossining; Hose Company No. 1, Kinsie, N. Y.; Fountain Hose Company No. 1, Ansonia; Steam Steam Engine Company, Bristol; Putnam Engine Company, Hose No. 2, Putnam; Hose Company, Hose Company, New Milford; Union Hose Company, No. 1, Deluge Hose Company, No. 2, Cascade Hose Company, No. 3, Rescue Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, Winsted; Hope Hose Company, No. 1, Delegation Irving Hose Company, No. 2, Conquerer Hook and Ladder Company, Terrytown; New Bedford Hook and Ladder Company No. 2, West Stratford; Putnam Hose Company No. 1, South Norwalk; Hope Hose Company No. 2, Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company, Danbury; Hook and Ladder Company, No. 1, Greenwich; Echo Hose, and Hook and Ladder Company, Shelton; Engine Company, Vigilant Hose Company, Pioneer Hook and Ladder Company No. 1, Westport.

The residences, stores, and public buildings on the line of march were profusely decorated. At many points the procession passed under elaborate arches with mottoes bearing words of welcome. Chairs were placed in the show windows of the stores, and were rented at high prices to spectators. Peanut peddlers, balloon sellers, fakirs, cheap jewelry men, and all sorts of money-making devices were to be found at every corner.

Countrymen and their sweethearts walked hand in hand through the streets, and hugely enjoyed the day.

After the parade the companies brought up at Highland Park, where six large tents, capable of holding 4,000 people, were erected. Here tables were loaded with food furnished by the citizens, and all hands received a good square meal. There were in use 3,800 plates, 3,500 cups and saucers, 500 pitchers, 2,000 tumblers, and 1,000 beer glasses.

This morning a number of Mayors and officials of other cities were received by Bridgeport's Mayor and Common Council, and were shown the various points of interest. The Hon. P. T. Barnum was on hand, and enjoyed the fun as much as the youngest of them. He says he never felt better in his life, and there is only one thing that troubles him, and that is old age. If he could live thirty years longer he would show the people what could be made of Bridgeport.

It is estimated that 35,000 people were present. No such crowd has been seen here in many years. Everything passed off smoothly, and with the exception of the arrest of a couple of New York pickpockets, there was nothing to mar the occasion.

The Wisconsin Tornado.

LA CROSSE, Wis., Oct. 11.—The *Republican and Leader* has received further details of the terrific tornado which struck the little town of Arcadia at midnight on Monday. The storm came from the southwest, and on its approach the air was so charged with electricity that lights could not be made to burn, and people rushed to their cellars in the darkness to avoid the danger which seemed imminent. The entire outward atmosphere was of a peculiar reddish green color, with a strong sulphuric odor, and the deafening roar of the tornado is utterly indescribable. Barns and outbuildings were lifted from their foundations, torn to fragments, and scattered promiscuously in all directions. Broken boards, trees, bricks, and stones filled the air, and were hurled with such violence in some instances as to drive them into the earth as a wedge would a nail. Nothing and a farmer named Olsen lost everything, including their houses, barns, and outbuildings. John Bingham lost all, and his family escaped with their lives. Four horses, and some blooded stock, John Robertson's house, barn, and outbuildings were destroyed. James Gaveny lost an orchard valued at $5,000. Senator Coonstock's mill was destroyed and his barn wrecked.

Wharton Barker's Financial Hobby.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 11.—The *Times* to-morrow will tell this story:

Mr Wharton Barker yesterday purchased a colored coachman in a Chestnut street haberdasher's. Mr Barker's fastidious taste occupied him long enough in choosing his neck gear to make his delivery complete. The following:

"The truth is that my plan of distributing the surplus revenue among the states has not received proper respect from the Philadelphia newspapers. There are, in fact, no newspapers in Philadelphia. The New York papers took up the idea. I am determined, however, that the matter shall be ventilated locally.

"How will that be?" asked Mr. Barker's companion.

"In this manner, replied the financier, swinging on his heels and striking up his purchase. Senator Mitchill shall deliver a speech on the subject if I have to write it myself."

Shooting Affray Between Ward Politicians.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 11.—At noon to-day a crowd of ward politicians and official hangerson were gathered about the City Hall discussing the result of the Democratic primaries held yesterday afternoon for candidates for Sheriff and other city officers. Among those present were James F. Busey and William Harig, both of South Baltimore and well known ward politicians. These men favored rival candidates for Sheriff, and as the discussion warmed between them to day both drew pistols and began firing, discharging in quick succession six or eight shots. Busey received two balls in his left arm, one in the stomach, which is pronounced fatal. Harig was not touched. J. A. Flanagan was shot through the arm, but not seriously hurt. As soon as the firing began the crowd scattered, seeking safety in the passages and around the corners of the City Hall.

Evading the Payment of Bonds.

ERIE, Oct. 11.—The city of Corry has succeeded in evading the payment of $100,000 ten per cent bonds issued ten years ago in aid of manufacturing enterprise. The bonds recently became due and were repudiated. Arbitrators appointed by the court to-day decided the issue of the bonds illegal, and the holders cannot collect their money.

Prize Fight in New Hampshire.

DOVER, Oct. 11.—A prize fight occurred at Farmington this evening between Dennis Delaney of Biddeford, Me., and Denny Cannon of Dover, both well known athletic and pedestrians. There were 800 spectators. Forty-nine rounds were fought in an hour and forty minutes, when the crowd was frightened away by the police and the fight declared a draw. Both men were badly punished and had to be carried away by friends.

ROUSING THE BREYFOORT AT NIGHT.

Hammering at the Doors of Guests While the Engines Come Smoking Up.

Bootman John Riley whistled to himself in the Fifth avenue end of the basement of the Breyfoort House as he shoved the brush over the shoes of the guests just before 4 o'clock yesterday morning. Pretty soon he stopped and sniffed the air. Then, dropping the shoes and brush, he ran out into the passage way leading to the laundry in the rear of the basement, and ran back again more quickly than he had run out. At 4:01 o'clock the gong was ringing an alarm in the house of Engine Company 33 in Great Jones street, and a few seconds later horses, engine, and men were dashing up Broadway. At Clinton place the engine turned short to the left, and then the driver could see that flames were bursting up through a grating from the basement at the southeast corner of the Breyfoort House. Four minutes from the time the gong sounded in Great Jones street Foreman Short was sending out a second alarm from the box on the corner near the Breyfoort House, and the nozzlemen were throwing water on the blazing wooden shutters of a parlor window directly over the grating where the flames leaped up. Upstairs the night watchmen were pounding on the doors of the bedrooms to get out the guests, explaining to each that there was no danger, but that it would be better to get out.

When Chief of Battalion Bresnan had worked his way through the smoke in the basement to a grating near the fire, and had got his head up through it to tell the men to run their hose down that way, he saw a man dressed in a long night shirt only, and carrying a pair of trousers over his left arm, running across Clinton place. It was the first and most excited of the guests from the rooms above. A dozen others followed, but most of them were generally dressed. Nearly all of the people in the house rushed down the stairways in more or less alarm, but the majority went no further than the parlor floor.

The fire originated in the drying room of the laundry. The kitchen ranges are directly over the drying room. The stone bottom of the ash pit of one of the ranges gave out last night, and dropped hot embers down to the dry wooden floor and dry clothing frames below. The damage was less than $1,000.

UNIFORM TIME STANDARDS.

The Railroad Time Table Convention Adopting the Proposed Hour System.

CHICAGO, Oct. 11.—The Railway Time Table Convention, which assembled here to-day, adopted the proposed plan for uniform time standards throughout the country. The new plan has been termed the "Hour" system, and provides for standards differing from each other by exactly an hour. Leaving out the eastern and western extremes of the continent, there are eastern or 75th meridian time, which is four minutes slower than New York; central or 90th meridian time, nine minutes slower than Chicago, and mountain time, or exactly that of Denver. The first will be employed from New Brunswick to the meridian of Detroit, the second as far West as the boundary between Kansas and Colorado, and the third to the time-tables of Utah and Nevada. The only roads voting against the proposition were the Michigan Central, the Detroit, Lansing and Northern, and the Detroit, Grand Haven and Milwaukee, which by unanimous vote adopted the new schedule. It was decided that the present schedules should remain in force until Nov. 18, when the new schedule would go into force. The secretary read a communication from Commodore Shufeldt in which he promised the cooperation of the Naval Observatory in carrying out the new system. He said the Naval observatory would change the time of dropping the New York time ball to the mean time of seventy-fifth meridian, and in addition would send a telegraphic receiver for time for local time in the whole region in which it is to be used for railroads. The observatory, he said, would furnish the time of seventy-fifth and ninety-fifth meridians to railroads throughout the entire country daily.

J. B. Edmonds, in charge of the Boston Observatory, telegraphed as follows: "The city, the railroads, and the observatories have adopted the affirmative vote of the convention before fixing a date for changing all the public time in Boston."

Taken Off for a Jolly Life at Sea.

A general alarm was sent out from the Police Central office yesterday giving a description of George Brereton of 141 Elizabeth street, 13 years old. He left his home on Wednesday morning in company with two other boys, William Decker and Thomas O'Donnell. On Wednesday evening O'Donnell called at Mr. Brereton's home and told him that his son had gone to sea. They had left the city on a canal boat, and had shipped on what they knew as August Dertcane. George Brereton had been talking about his wish to go to sea, and the man joined in the conversation, and told Dan a sailor's life was a jolly one. He asked them all to go with him, and said he would make sailors of them. They all went to a pier on the East River, where young Brereton and Dertcane parted company, when the other boys, becoming frightened, ran away.

The police believing that the boy was still in the city, yesterday an active search for him was made for him. His father walked the streets all night.

August Dertcane, the sailor who the boys say took young Brereton and his companions to sea, lives at Rutgersbeth street. Mrs Dertcane said yesterday that her son had gone to sea on Wednesday, but that she did not know in what ship he had sailed, or where he had gone to.

Couldn't Get to Russell Sage with a Subpœna.

John McCann, a clerk in the office of Russell Sage, was accused at the Tombs yesterday of assaulting John O. Ball, a clerk in the office of John H. Kitchen, receiver of the Underground Cable Company, to which Mr Sage is interested. Ball said that he went to Mr Kitchen's office to serve a subpœna on Mr Sage. McCann asked me what I wanted, and I said I would like to see Mr Sage on private business. "What is the nature of the business?" McCann asked. I said, "I can't tell you. I wish you would tell Mr Sage I am here." Then McCann said, "I suppose you have a subpœna or a warrant for Mr Sage." Something of that kind, I said. He told me to leave it, and Mr Sage would attend to it. I said that personal service was required. McCann told me to get out of the office. McCann took me by the neck, struck me, and put me out of the office."

McCann denied the charge, and asked time to prove a different story. Justice White paroled him.

Business Troubles.

In regard to reports that the Howe Scale Company was embarrassed, it was said yesterday at the office, 325 Broadway, that there had been a quarrel in the company, and that some of those interested in it had lost money by the bank and railroad failures in Vermont, but that the company had been reorganized with ample capital.

Weckerman Brothers, cabinetmakers, at 314 East Seventy fifth street, J. Hardy, Myers & Co., produce merchants, at 50 South Washington street, and E. Russell & Co., lumber, First avenue and Thirtieth street, made assignments yesterday. Mr. Russell gives $68,710 preferences. The liabilities of J. Hardy, Myers & Co. are put at $40,000.

The National Game.

The second game of the series between the Metropolitan and Hartford Clubs was played at Hartford yesterday. The heavy batting of the Metropolitans kept the Hartfords well at work. The Hartfords did the best fielding. The Metropolitans won by 5 to 3.

The four out of town games between League and Association clubs yesterday resulted in the defeat of all the Association clubs, as follows: At Baltimore—Boston, 4; Baltimore, 2. At Philadelphia—Athletic, 2; Buffalo, 0. At Louisville—Louisville, 4; Cincinnati, 3. At Columbus—Chicago, 8; Columbus, 5.

James Devlin, who for several years was considered the best pitcher in the country, left Wilmington at his home in Philadelphia. His last engagement was with the Louisville Club, which expelled him on a charge that he sold a game.

The Alaris of Seton Hall College yesterday defeated the Rose Hills of St. John's College, Fordham, at South Orange, in a sixteen inning game, to the score of 6 to 5. The Rose Hills were retired with blanks ten times in succession.

About the Boxers and Wrestlers.

Black Sam and George Hicks of San Francisco will wrestle at collar and elbow for $250 a side at Harry Hill's on Monday afternoon next. Jack Davis offers George Rooke $100 to stand up for four three-minute rounds at the same time.

Sheridan, the Pittsburg boxer, says he has deposited $250 at the *Clipper* office, and he challenges any man in America to a match with gloves for $1,000 a side, the men to stay in the ring until one of them is defeated.

Dominick McCaffrey of Philadelphia and Jack Hanley of Colorado are matched to spar for $500 a side in Louisville on Oct. 14.

Racing at Newmarket.

LONDON, Oct. 11.—At the Newmarket second October meeting to day the race for the Champion Stakes was won by Mr Lefevre's five year old chestnut horse Tristan. The Duke of Hamilton's three year old bay colt Obstan came in second, and Lord Falmouth's four year old brown filly Dutch Oven third. There were six starters. The betting in the last was 7 to 4 against Tristan, 9 to 4 against Obstan, and 5 to 1 against Dutch Oven. Tristan won by a neck.

The Fly Casters.

The correct and complete list of prizes, published yesterday, to be given to the successful amateur and expert contestants in the angling tournament to be held in Central Park Oct. 16 and 17 on the same little lake as last year, number forty four, ranging in value from $60 to $3. Four gold medals are given by members of the South side Sportsman's Club. In cash prizes from $25 to $5 are also on the list. Nine classes are open for competition.

Intercollegiate Lawn Tennis.

HARTFORD, Oct. 11.—The intercollegiate lawn tennis tournament closed to-day. In the single contests Thorne of Yale beat Hull of Brown, and Taylor of Harvard defeated Applegate of Amherst and Thorne of Yale. As in the doubles, Harvard led in the singles, with Brown second and Yale third.

Sporting Notes.

James F. Carroll of Holyoke, Mass., wants to fight Billy Frazer.

The meeting of the Country Club, an aristocratic association of business men, which was to have been held in Mystic Park, Boston, Oct. 17 and 18, has been abandoned, owing to lack of entries.

"With Grateful Feelings."

Dr. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.—Dear Sir: Your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" have cured my daughter of scrofulous swellings and open sores about the neck, and your "Favorite Prescription" has accomplished wonders in restoring to health my wife, who had been bed fast for eight months from female weakness. I am, with grateful feelings, yours truly,

T. H. Lake, Gilveston, Texas.—Adv.

Mother Swan's Worm Syrup.

Infallible tasteless, harmless, cathartic, for feverish ness, restlessness, worms, constipation. 25c.—Adv.

Avoid disagreeable odors of the paper by smoking "Sweet Bouquet" Cigarettes. Only one thickness of paper is used.—Adv.

FIVE NECK-AND-NECK RACES

A SUCCESSION OF CLOSE AND EXCITING EVENTS IN JEROME PARK.

Girofle's Sister Sets an Example—Mr. Withers's Colt Named—Heeland-Toe's Quickstep—A Hurdler in Fine Company.

Racing has taken a fresh grip on its patrons. Thousands floc