The Sun.

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NOISY SUNDAY IN CHICAGO.

BAND MUSIC IN THE STREETS AND UPROAR IN THE HOTELS.

The County Democracy and Tammany Men Arrive, and March to Their Headquarters With a Flourish of Trumpets—The Missionaries of the Rival Camps at Work—Kings County Turns the Scale in Favor of Cleveland—The Opposition Trying to Concentrate on Mr. Bayard.

CHICAGO, July 6.—Last night was uproarious. The Butler procession trailed through the streets until after midnight. The General himself, after a vain effort to make himself heard on the platform at the ladies' entrance of the Palmer House, re-entered the building, intending to speak from a front window. As he was moving along the corridor, surrounded by a jubilant body guard, one of them saw the door of a front parlor ajar. In poured the body guard and planted the General at an open window overlooking the great crowd below. Wild cheers rent the sky as his well-known figure appeared. Gen. Butler had hardly begun speaking when Hubert O. Thompson moved in from an adjoining parlor. For a moment he stood aghast. The Butler men had unwittingly taken possession of Daniel Manning's parlor, and the General was addressing the crowd from Daniel Manning's window, standing under a picture of Grover Cleveland. In vain Mr. Thompson protested. Ben's body guard would not listen to him. The General kept on talking, and the body guard drowned Thompson's protests in their cheers. Finally Thompson shouted:

"Well, gentlemen, Mr. Manning courteously gives you the use of his parlor until 11 o'clock. Be so good as to leave it at that hour, as he wishes to retire."

Bold Ben finished his speech amid terrific yells. He was then whisked back to the Bay State Headquarters as red as cochineal from his overexertion. There he sat for an hour fanning himself and picking his boutonnière in pieces while receiving the congratulations of his enthusiastic admirers.

The noise had died away in the early morning, when the echoes of the night were reawakened. The New York County Democracy had arrived. A fresh outburst from three brass bands startled the early sleepers. Down the streets poured the sturdy New Yorkers in a steady column, with Barney Kenney, the sturdy blacksmith of the Eighth district, at their head. Their Cleveland banners gleamed in silver and gold in the glare of the electric lights. Another great crowd swarmed around the Palmer House, receiving steady accessions from neighboring saloons. The New Yorkers were escorted by the Cook County Democratic Club. Altogether they made a Democratic column over a thousand strong. It was 4 o'clock on Sunday morning before everything became quiet.

Day broke with a cloudy sky and a cool breeze pouring in from the lake. It was not a quiet Sunday. The morning trains brought in a host of distinguished Democrats. The Connecticut delegation arrived, headed by Tod Robinson. The Indiana Democrats came, with Durbin Ward and the old Roman, Allen G. Thurman, in the van. The eagle-eyed John W. Bookwalter, loaded to the muzzle with revenue reform, was with them. Then came Wade Hampton at the head of the palmetto legion, Pope Walker and Gen. Joseph Wheeler with the Alabama contingent, and ex-Gov. Jeriah Magoffin as a camp follower of the corn-cracking brigade. The hotel corridors were filled with statesmen of national reputation greeting the fresh arrivals. Among them were Lyman Trumbull, thin-faced and blue-eyed; William R. Morrison, deep-eyed in the trade enthusiasm; Henry Watterson, still tossing his mane and claiming the "age" in the free trade deal; Francis Kernan, with suave manner and foxy face; William H. Barnum, bearing a striking resemblance to the President of the Chicago Democracy; John A. Morris of New Orleans; the watchful Vilas of Wisconsin; ex-Gov. Carroll of Maryland, grandson of Chas. Carroll of Carrollton; the dignified Judge Abbott of Massachusetts, with one of the immortal Hoar family in his wake, shouting justly proud; the antiquated Frank Jones of New Hampshire; the always-defeated-but-never-disheartened Smalley of Vermont; horse-jockey John R. McPherson of New Jersey, with his bushy moustache as usual in the background; Brooklyn's political beau Brummel, Archie Bliss; buff Francis Kernan; the Three of the Old Forty State; Sam Wm. A. Wallace and quick-witted Hensel of Pennsylvania; colossal and energetic Dick Hubbard of Texas; grave John S. Barbour and fire-eating Page McCarthy of Virginia; G. W. Glick, the only Democratic Governor of Kansas since the days of James Buchanan, and the brave division commander of Georgia, Alex. R. Lawton. Among such men Nelson J. Waterbury, Tom Costigan, Wm. C. Whitney, Thomas F. Walsh, Edward Cooper, James Oliver, Hubert O. Thompson, Charles Reilly, John R. Fellows, John Keenan, and similar New York statesmen, looked like pigmies; yet they are the men who are trying to convince men of national fame that Cleveland is the strongest candidate for the State of New York.

While the church bells were ringing, the American Club of Philadelphia alighted from the cars and marched to their quarters, headed by a magnificent brass band. They wore white hats, dark clothes, gorgeous badges, and blooming boutonnières, and carried natty rattans. Stalwart black men bore their colors to the front. An hour afterward the Bayard men of Delaware came in solid column. Each wore a white hat, ornamented with a tiny blue feather. Tiny blue hens were painted on their satin badges. At midday the Palmer House was so crowded that it took a quarter of an hour to force an entrance. Thirty of the State delegations have their headquarters here, and all of them were in full blast. Crowds surrounded the Cleveland, Bayard, and Flower headquarters and slopped over into the State delegations near them. The chin music was terrific. The North Carolina headquarters was so exquisitely draped that scores of ladies visited the room. Apollinaris water was liberally dealt out to them by negroes in white jackets. In addition to the State headquarters, there were suites from every point of the compass have headquarters in the Palmer House, and these add immensely to the confusion.

The corridors of the hotel are labyrinthine, and guests, confused by the crowd which fills them, wander about by the hour like countrymen in Boston looking for their rooms. A great live eagle was brought into the corridors on a two-foot platform. The man bearing the platform vainly inquired the route to the Kansas headquarters. The eagle belonged there, and its escort was thoroughly confused. The royal bird became restless, uttered a shrill cry, spread its pinions, sailed through the corridors, and alighted tail first on the threshold of the McDonald headquarters. Tom Fenlon of the Kansas delegation tried to corral the bird, and the eagle snatched his necktie. There was great tribulation and a greater crowd. Suddenly the crowd scattered. The eagle was tearing down the corridor. It chased a blue hen's chicken into the Butler headquarters before it was captured and turned over to Gov. Glick. It was then chained to the platform and left in the rooms of the Illinois delegation. For three hours it sat on its perch without winking. The spare was finally broken by the entrance of David B. Hill of Elmira. He was doing a little missionary work on behalf of Cleveland. The eagle winked repeatedly and cried, "Glick! Glick!"

The missionaries from the rival camps were astir with the opening of the various State headquarters. Cleveland men, Flower men, Butler men, McDonald men, and Bayard men stepped on one another's heels and watched each other like hawks. Gen. Lester B. Faulkner led the Flower emissaries, and the Cleveland men had lively work to keep up with him. Wisconsin, Michigan, Tennessee, North Carolina, California, and Kentucky were visited in quick succession, and to each Gen. Faulkner made a rattling speech, setting forth the danger of nominating Cleveland and the necessity of taking a man who would unite the New York Democracy. He regarded Mr. Flower as such a man. The Wisconsin men listened sympathetically. They are divided between Flower and Cleveland. The Michiganders were impassive. As between Flower and Cleveland they prefer Cleveland, but two or three of them squint toward Ben Butler. Faulkner's eloquence availed nothing for Flower. Attorney-General O'Brien of New York was on his track surcharged with Cleveland eloquence. Tommy Lynch, a true son of Jefferson county, and a Flower enthusiast, dropped in and accused O'Brien of breaking a promise not to speak against his fellow townsman. The lie was given, and the dispute came near ending in blows. The silver-tongued Grady came along and spouted to the Michiganders before they recovered from the excitement. A shaggy Wolverine showed his teeth to the young statesman, and charged Tammany with selling out Hancock. The controversy attracted the Bayard rangers, who clustered about the doorway, and yelled, "Bayard!" "Bayard!" "Harmonize on Bayard!" The outside crowd joined in the cheering. The Tennesseans received the emissaries quietly. The Flower men found Morris J. Power sowing tares among them which promise to sprout into Cleveland votes. The Cleveland men found Gen. William H. Ludlow of Oakdale, Long Island, apparently very much at home in the Nebraska room, and passed by, evidently with the impression that anti-Cleveland sentiment would develop in that quarter. The missionaries could make neither head nor tail of Ohio. It was worse split up than New York.

"How do you stand here?" inquired a Flower worker, softly, of a Buckeye delegate.

"Three for harmony and forty-three for hell," was the prompt reply.

Whether Thurman, Hoadly, or Payne had the most votes he could not tell.

The visiting statesmen got their first rebuff from the sovereign State of South Carolina. Gen. Wade Hampton told them that South Carolina would receive no committee from either faction in New York until the entire delegation from the Empire State had agreed upon its course. The Flower men waited outside the door, however, and buttonholed the South Carolinians one at a time.

The Indiana delegation kept up a bold front for McDonald for the first place on the ticket. Some of the Flower men had hinted that New York might be satisfied with McDonald and Flower for a ticket, and the Hoosiers liked that better than Cleveland and McDonald. When the Cleveland men were questioned about the possibility of the Flower men thus stealing the Indiana vote they intimated that perhaps certain eminent Hoosiers would be better satisfied to see McDonald take second place than first.

The afternoon was enlivened by the arrival of the Randall Association of Philadelphia, and by the Irving Hall Democrats of New York. The Randall men wore navy blue coats and trousers and white hats and waistcoats. Velvet badges, with portraits of Randall enwreathed in fresh flowers, were pinned on their breasts. Their canes were carried at a "shoulder arms," and they marched in tip-toe time to the music of "The Banks of the Brandywine." As they were filing into the Grand Pacific Hotel, they passed the Irving Hall delegation, who had entered the city escorted by the Cook County Democratic Club and the County Democracy. Three brass bands furnished the music. They saluted the Randall banners, and swept down round the Palmer House and up the lake front to the Leland Hotel, their headquarters. Over 1,500 Democrats were in line. Col. Michael C. Murphy and Sheriff Davidson headed the Irving Hall column. It bore Cleveland banners and emitted reform war cries. The streets were blocked with spectators, and the cheering was loud and frequent. An hour later the Tammany brigade appeared with flying colors, Charity Commissioner Breunan acting as Marshal.

John Kelly marched at the head of the column, arm in arm with Fire Commissioner Croker and Police Commissioner Nichols. Although not as nattily attired as other delegations it presented a fine appearance. It marched to the music of "Brannigan's Band," startling those who were returning from afternoon church services. Conspicuous in its ranks were the Rochester delegation. The delegations were loudly cheered by the Bayard men as they marched through the streets. The Cleveland men, however, looked on like Englishmen at a Fenian procession. They seemed to understand that if Cleveland was nominated dynamite explosions might be expected in November.

The situation is practically unchanged. New York is still the pivot on which everything turns, and Kings county appears to be the pivot on which New York turns. The Cleveland men are claiming a bare majority outside of Kings, but they need more than a bare majority to bring in the South and West up to Cleveland's support. The fight seems to be narrowing down to Bayard and Cleveland, with Butler and Randall switched off for use as circumstances may require. McDonald is nowhere. The Bayard men in the South appear to be taking heart. They apparently begin to see that they have a stronger candidate in New York State than Cleveland. The Jerseymen are also developing Bayard proclivities. A few of the Southern leaders are getting through their heads the fact that Bayard, unlike Cleveland, can certainly poll every Democratic vote in New York and the most of the independent Republican vote. Their hearts are with Bayard, but the Cleveland reports concerning Samuel J. Tilden's wishes have blighted their action. The situation was tersely explained to a prominent member of the Alabama delegation to-day. He was informed that Tilden's friends had succeeded in taking the confirmatory power from the New York Board of Aldermen. It had evidently been done to injure Tammany Hall, which holds a bare majority of the Board. The Governor's action thus left the incoming Mayor of New York an autocrat. He will have the power of appointing Park, Police, Fire, and Health Commissioners without restraint. If Cleveland is nominated defeat must happen. Tammany could never really support him. His election would certainly be the death-knell of that organization. Tammany would be driven to desperate means to save itself, and could be done only one way. It must nominate a pure Tammany county and municipal ticket, with John Kelly or some unquestioned adherent for Mayor. By trading with the Republicans Tammany could surely gain complete control of the city patronage, even if it gave Cleveland. Thus the Governor would be hoisted with his own petard. Tammany would win by the very means that the Governor had used to choke the life out of it. With Bayard as the Democratic candidate for President, however, the case would be different. It would be to Tammany's interest to elect Cleveland. It would be to its interest to elect Bayard. The County ticket could be divided with the Country Democracy and Irving Hall as heretofore, and all three organizations could move shoulder to shoulder in support of Bayard, with the Federal patronage in view.

Such arguments as these backed by accounts of the better feeling against Cleveland in the Monroe district and the intense hostility of the trades unions, are having a perceptible effect. A prominent New Jersey delegate with Cleveland leanings said to day that it looks as though the Democrats had to nominate the Democracy could act in the light of the experience of the last quarter of a century and put up a clean-limbed Democratic statesman against Blaine. There is as yet no organized attempt to concentrate Bayard's strength, but it looks as though he is now the only man who can make a fight against Cleveland in the Convention with even a shadow of success. The men of New Jersey, New York, and Connecticut will have none of McDonald. They say that such a nomination would mean sure defeat in their States. Meantime Morrison, Watterson, Hurd, and others are doing their best to make a clean free trade issue in the platform. Easterners say this would kill any candidate, however popular.

Midnight.—The Kings county pivot has turned for Cleveland. This gives Cleveland about forty-five of New York's seventy-two votes. The Kings delegation held a conference in William J. Gaynor's room, at the Grand Pacific, to-night. The eight delegates from the county and John C. Jacobs, delegate at large, were present. Mr. Kingsley was made Chairman. He said that the delegation had wisely held aloof from the controversies over candidates until now, but that it would have to make a choice at the caucus of the New York delegation to-morrow, and it was necessary that they should agree how their votes should be cast. An informal discussion showed that Gen. Slocum was the first choice of every member of the delegation, but the possibility of his nomination was doubted by many. Some gave as the reason of their choice of the delegation that they cast their votes in the New York caucus for Henry W. Slocum. Henry J. Cullen moved that the name of Grover Cleveland be substituted for that of Gen. Slocum. He said that he was the intimate personal friend of Gen. Slocum, and would rejoice at his nomination, but he knew that at present there was no possibility of such an event, and he did not want Gen. Slocum put up to be slaughtered. Mr. Kingsley directed that the roll be called, and that each delegate express his preference. The vote was as follows:

For Cleveland—Messrs. Campbell, McKane, Kingsley, Van Wyck, Cullen, O'Keefe, and Bliss.

For Slocum—Messrs. Kane and Jacobs.

No attempt was made to have the vote of the delegation cast as a unit. The Cleveland men expect, however, that Mr. Kane will vote with them to-morrow at the caucus, making the delegation solid. Mr. Jacobs as a delegate at large, may not go with his county, but he has been closeted with Manning and Kingsley, and there is no telling what a day may bring forth, even in this case.

This action of the Kings county delegation was supplemented by renewed activity on the part of the Cleveland missionaries. They are now crowding the rooms of the Southern and Western delegations, and are getting in their fine work.

Meantime, Hubert O. Thompson is attracting the usual attention by taking his fifth lunch to-day in the Palmer House restaurant. He had been eating an hour and a half when he received the news of the action of the Brooklyn delegation. Thereupon he ordered a fresh broiled chicken, two heads of lettuce, and a schooner of Buffalo bock beer. The guest of Dan Lockwood, law partner Bissel, particular friend Goodyear, and old Sole shoe of Buffalo found vent with one exception at a bar where mixed drinks are prohibited.

The Tammany chief is said to be sharpening his hatchet and putting an edge on his scalping knife. His box of war paint is near by, and if fresh feathers for his head dress are wanted the Kansas eagle is not far away, and the man who stole the Saratoga game cock has rooms near the jay bird tribe. Many of the outside Brooklynites are incensed at the action of their delegation. One of them proclaims that it "does not nominate Cleveland by a confounded sight," and he "hopes to thunder it won't."

The Oregon delegation, at a meeting tonight, decided to divorce itself from the California delegation, with which it has been acting, and stated that it would present the name of Justice Field to the Convention.

The McDonald Club of Indianapolis visited the rooms of the Massachusetts delegation tonight and its spokesman, after touching lightly upon the political situation, said that Indiana liked Massachusetts, but liked Butler more than Massachusetts and would not object to see him the nominee of the Convention; but Indiana was frank to say she would rather see McDonald lead the Democratic hosts. Gen. Butler responded in person. He said the workingmen of Massachusetts regarded with great satisfaction the career of McDonald, and particularly liked him for the aid he rendered in their fight against organized capital in 1879. If nominated, McDonald would be heartily supported by Massachusetts.

The Executive Committee of the Democratic National Committee held a brief meeting tonight. Chairman Barnum and Messrs. Scott, Prince, Brown, and Armstrong were present. The session was occupied entirely with a discussion of the distribution of the tickets. The demand was largely in excess of the anticipations of the committee.

The question of the temporary chairmanship is being quietly discussed by the individual members of the the National Executive Committee. Among the names most frequently mentioned are those of ex-Gov. Hubbard of Texas, Col. W. F. Vilas of Wisconsin, and ex-Senator J. R. Doolittle, also of Wisconsin.

Some of the delegates, especially those from the South, refuse to accept Tilden's letter of withdrawal as final, and urge his nomination. The *Daily News* will say on this subject:

It may be said authoritatively that Daniel Manning has in his pocket a letter from Tilden to meet just such a contingency as this. Should Tilden's adherents insist on bringing his name before the Convention, this document will be read, and it is safe to say it will reiterate and emphasize his letter of declination. It is further understood that this paper will be a flat declaration for Cleveland, and all favorable to the State of Graystone will be asked to transfer their allegiance to Cleveland.

Jimmy Oliver has just bet $1,000 with a friend of Mayor Murphy's of Troy that Cleveland will be nominated.

BUFFALO'S CONTINGENT.

Twelve Cars Provided for the Cleveland Shouters, but Five Only Required.

BUFFALO, July 6.—The Cleveland special train for Chicago left at 2 this afternoon over the Erie road. Comparatively few Cleveland men went to do their duty at Chicago. The Cleveland managers expected 500 stanch advocates of the Governor, but they failed to show up at the train. Just before noon three Pullman coaches and nine day coaches were placed on a side track in the Erie depot. On one of the sleeping cars was a banner bearing the words, "Central Cleveland Club," and on the other a banner with the inscription, "Buffalo Cleveland corps." Although the faithful were drummed up with much earnestness, few signified their willingness to go. As the hour for departure approached the managers looked anxiously for the immense crowd they expected. Among the passengers were a number of anti-Cleveland men, who went on the excursion because it is cheap enough and because a number of their friends were to be with them. Soon after 2 P. M., when it was seen that the big crowd was not coming, the banner on one of the leading cars on the train, bearing the inscription, "For President, Grover Cleveland," was taken down and carried to a car near the rear end of the train. Six day coaches and one sleeping car were then cut off, leaving only three day coaches and two sleepers to carry the small crowd. Even these cars were only half filled, and among the passengers were many ladies who took advantage of the low rate to visit Chicago. "I'm not going to Chicago to boost for Cleveland," said one of the men who had his hat ornamented with a Cleveland badge. "I thought it a good chance to see Chicago and visit some of my friends, and for that reason joined the party."

In striking contrast was the scene at the Central depot, where the greater part of the passengers were opposed to Cleveland. The Lake Shore had four sleepers and four day coaches filled with men bound for the Convention. The Michigan Central had six sleepers and four day coaches filled with men of the same stamp. The anti-Cleveland men were in a large majority.

VIOLENT WIND STORM IN ILLINOIS.

Buildings Blown Away and Crops Destroyed—Loaded Cars Lifted Off the Track.

ST. LOUIS, July 6.—Despatches from Decatur, Springfield, Shelbyville, and other places in central Illinois, report that a severe wind storm swept over Macon, Sangamon, and Christian counties between midnight on Friday night and daylight on Saturday morning, destroying much property. No loss of life was reported. In the neighborhood of Illiopolis, Sangamon county, several farm houses were badly damaged, barns and outhouses were carried away, and crops were ruined. Corn was beaten flat to the ground and blown into ribbons, and wheat in shock was blown away and levelled with the ground. The loss in Sangamon county, as far as heard from, is estimated at over $100,000.

In Macon county the dwellings of Mrs. Evoy, Pat Ryan, John Cooms, John Kraft, Aaron Widick, Nancy Stickle, Leo Whittick, Lemuel Walker, George Eckhardt, and Henry Aufterhide were completely wrecked. A number of animals were killed and the crops were ruined. Mr. Aufterhide's wife and baby were blown 200 yards and deposited under a hedge. They were completely covered with mud, but were unhurt. Two of John Kraft's children were badly injured and one of them may die. The wind lifted loaded cars off the track at Brady Station and the Madison Presbyterian Church and parsonage were entirely destroyed. The loss in Macon county is estimated at $200,000. Christian county is said to have suffered severely, but no details are given.

THE OTSEGO LAKE SUICIDE STORY.

Crocker Said to have Hired a Man to Tell it that he Might Escape from Three Wives.

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, July 6.—George Crocker is not dead. At a public house to-day at Three Mile Point, Otsego Lake, were a large number of guests from Richfield Springs, and during a conversation with the host about George Crocker, who was supposed to have tied a large boat anchor to his leg and jumped overboard into the lake, a statement was made by a stranger, supposed to be Walter Livingstone, his companion in the boat, to the effect that the supposed suicide, having three wives, and expecting a lively time in a few days, hired the man Livingstone to cross the lake in a boat with him in the dark and return late in the evening with the story of the suicide. The statement that he left four letters is verified, but it is impossible to verify the story of the suicide, as the lake at the place pointed out by Livingstone is over 500 feet deep. Great efforts have been made to find the body of Crocker, five boats having been employed in dragging the lake. The story of the stranger, who refused to give his name, is that Crocker, who has for some time been expecting wives numbers two and three, decided to have a plausible story told of his act, and hired this man to tell it. The stranger was slightly intoxicated when he told the story. Crocker evidently did not jump into the lake, as reported, but was rowed across by Livingstone and left on the opposite side of the lake, whence he escaped into the country. Every effort will be made to verify the story of the suicide by the Richfield Springs and Sharon Springs authorities.

An Opium Joint in the Big Flat.

The Big Flat in Mott street, near Canal, is a huge tenement that shelters more humanity than many a village, and is also more cosmopolitan. Almost every nationality contributes to its swarming apartments. Fights are not unusual under its comprehensive roof, and seldom attract much attention. But a fight which developed in one of its rooms last evening was of such proportions that it roused even the denizens of the Big Flat, and echoes of it reached the outer world.

Word was sent to the Elizabeth street police station, and a handful of men, led by Sergeant Young, were sent to quell the disturbance.

When this had been done, it was found that no one was hurt. It was also found that the fight had occurred in an opium joint, and the inmates were arrested as disorderly persons, and opium fiends. The prisoners are Nicholas Yung, Lee Haw, John Bailey, Joe Fung, and Wah Sing, Chinamen, and Mary Ann Yung, Daisy Lewis, and Lottie Meyers.

Gov. Abbett Gone to Chicago.

Gov. Abbett of New Jersey, who is a delegate at large, started for Chicago yesterday morning in a special car attached to the limited express train from the Pennsylvania Railroad depot in Jersey City. He was accompanied by his son William F. Abbett and the Hon. Alex. Sharp Sisler, who came up from the seventh district. They will arrive at Chicago at 11 A. M. to-day, and New Jersey's headquarters will then be opened at the Palmer House. A Democratic meeting of delegations will hold a caucus, and a decided majority of them will favor Abbett, and he will get the compliment of a unanimous vote in the Convention unless Flynn of Passaic bolts. After this tribute to a favorite son has been paid, seven of the Jersey men will support Cleveland, two will be for Bayard, two for Randall, one for Flower. The others have not yet made known their preference.

A Missing Girl's Body Found.

ALLIANCE, Ohio, July 6.—Gertie Phillips, aged 18 years, whose character of late has not been above reproach, was found dead in Farmer's Grove, one-fourth of a mile south of Sollnerville, Columbiana county, last night, with a bullet hole over her left eye. The remains when discovered were badly decomposed. Two young men, named Hunter and Parish, who are suspected of having committed the crime, have been taken into custody. Hunter confessed that he was in the girl's company on Sunday afternoon last, since which time she has been missing.

MUSIC AT LAST ON SUNDAY.

THE SABBATH STILLNESS OF CENTRAL PARK BROKEN.

The Park Board Make the Grass About the Mall Common—All the Babies There—Thousands Listening and Singing Old Hundred.

There was music on the Mall at the Central Park yesterday afternoon, the usual Saturday afternoon concerts having been transferred to Sunday by order of the Park Commissioners. Early in the afternoon crowds began pouring in through all the entrances to the Park, and more especially on the east side. Tired mothers, glad of the opportunity afforded for rest and enjoyment, came with their entire families, the youngest in baby carriages, others in their fathers' arms, and three and four-year-olds skipping like colts in all directions. Droves of pretty shop girls who had been breathing the air of Grand street or Sixth avenue all the week were laughing and chatting as though fractious customers and strict floor walkers were things of the imagination.

The concert was to begin at four o'clock, but earlier than that the Mall held the largest crowd that the most venerable Park policemen remember. Every seat within hearing distance of the stand was occupied, and people were looking for more. For a distance of fifty yards around the stand it was almost impossible to move, and the goat carriages had to leave their customary haunts, and take to the smaller and out-of-the-way paths. The baby business was brisk with them as usual, however, and the poor William goats, with their gilded horns, had as hard a time as ever.

It was evident that the Park Commissioners had determined to give the people a good time in every way possible. The old, brown, time-worn signs, "Please keep off the grass," which have long been the dread of nurses and children, had almost entirely disappeared, and bright new blue signs with a white star were posted up everywhere, telling the boys and girls they might go on the grass as much as they pleased. Hardly any grass at all was to be seen; it was all covered up. Babies by the score and boys and girls by the hundred were rolling over it. Big men, with their coats off and handkerchiefs over their faces, were stretched out on their backs, and ladies who didn't put on airs were sitting all around with elastic gaiters, resting comfortably on the turf, and everyone was behaving and behaving well.

The day was perfect, the grass was soft and green, and just enough breeze was blowing to stir the tops of the trees and keep the air cool. The Park policemen were about the only uncomfortable people. They usually look upon Sunday as the day of rest, and yesterday they didn't. Their faces were red and worried. Their hair was wet, and rivulets of perspiration rippled over the fancy black braid on their stylish gray uniforms. The nursemaids pitied them, and thought it was a shame to turn all New York in on them in that way.

"Yes, sir," said a fat, red and dampest policeman, as he fondled his buffalo horn whistle, "this is the worst day I ever had. Never saw such a crowd here before, except, perhaps, when they put up the obelisk. But that crowd was nothing like this. Hanged if this aint half babies. Never knew there were so many in the city. No, it aint a bad crowd to handle, if there weren't so many, because they're having fun, and when people are having fun they don't make any trouble. It's the ones that come here in the week, because they haven't got anything else to do, that give us the most trouble. What's the difference between this crowd and the one on the week-day concerts? Well, the only difference, as I said, is the babies, and then these people look as though they earned their clothes, and so they don't have quite so many of them."

The policeman stopped here, because the band had just begun to play "Old Hundred," the first piece on the programme. After the air had been played once, all the people took it up, and sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow" with an enthusiasm that made the leaves tremble, and induced the bands to play it all through twice.

After "Old Hundred" had died out, and the people had got through applauding, and the band had had time to breathe, Mr. C. A. Cappa, the leader, waved his baton in a rather more artistic and aristocratic way, and the musicians played the overture to Rossini's "Stabat Mater." This was the rest of the programme: Selection from Balfe's opera, "Elijah;" Gounod's "Ave Maria" as a cornet solo, by Mr. J. Mithauer; Haydn's "The Heavens are Telling;" larghetto from Beethoven's Second Symphony; scherzo from his Eighth Symphony; "Consecration of Music," a poeminium solo by Mr. H. Whittier; Lochner's Festival March, "Caterina Cornaro;" Handel's "Hallelujah Chorus."

The crowd lasted as long as the music did, and even longer. It was only after the sun had set and the grass was getting damp that the hired carriages turned their front wheels homeward, and the anxious policemen had a chance to cool off.

PHILADELPHIA, July 6.—Fairmount Park was filled with people to-day. Probably 50,000 strolled through shady walks or loitered under trees. Several thousand gathered near the Girard avenue entrance, where Gardner's band gave a concert. This was the third Sunday of public music in the park, and the attraction draws larger crowds each Sunday. The music is not furnished by the city, but by private enterprise, which has in view to some extent the swelling of the receipts on certain street railways. The Park Commissioners, who have right along opposed Sunday music in the park, finally gave in, and the consequence is that the people will enjoy Sunday music throughout the summer. The programme to-day was a varied one, ending up with "Old Hundred."

BOSTON, July 6.—Boston's fourth Sunday band concert on the Common this afternoon was enjoyed by several thousand people. This feature of Sunday in Boston has become extremely popular. The expense is borne by the city, which spends several thousands annually for music in public parks, and for six years the Sunday afternoon concerts on the Common have been the most elaborate of all. The innovation met with much opposition at first, and, in deference to religious prejudice, during the first two or three seasons the character of the selections given was more or less sacred. In fact, they were termed sacred concerts, like the musical performances in the theatres and at Music Hall. In the last three years this has been dropped, and the programme which the Boston City Band to-day played very finely includes such numbers as Milliken's galop, "Jolly Knights," Fahrbach's waltz, "Frauen Liebe," Berlioz's minuet, "Will o' the Wisp," and Meyerbeer's "Robert Le Diable." The concert that could perhaps claim to rank as sacred music was the grand march from Mendelssohn's "Athalie." The great crowds that go to listen to the music are always quiet and orderly. People of high and low degree are there—church members and scoffers: for the playing is the chief public protest on the ground of desecration of the day that is heard of late. When the concert is over, thousands spend the intervening hour before dark in strolling about the Public Garden close by.

Narrow Escape From a Frightful Disaster.

POUGHKEEPSIE, July 6.—The Summit Steamboat Express of the Ulster and Delaware road, which left Grand Hotel station at 3:40 P. M., stopped at Phœnicia and took on board three car loads of New York business men and others. The train was composed of engine, baggage car, Pullman car, two West Shore cars, and three ordinary coaches. There were about 300 passengers on board. After leaving Mount Pleasant, going down the grade at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, the engineer, on rounding a curve, saw a mass of rocks partially covering the track. He applied the air-brakes, pulled the reverse lever, and opened the throttle, stopping the train in less than its length, but not before the rocks had stripped off all the steps from the left side of the train and broken every cast iron journal box away from every truck from the engine to the rear of the train. Not a truck was dislodged, nor did any of the passengers know of their perilous position until after the train stopped. They assisted the laboring men in removing the obstructions, and the train reached Ulster one hour behind time. On the way thither, after the accident, the passengers gave a vote of thanks to the engineer for his coolness and bravery.

Obituary.

The Hon. C. G. Fairman, ex-Superintendent of the New York Insurance Department, died in Wellsboro, Pa., yesterday, of gastro enteritis. He went to Wellsboro ten days ago from Batavia, N. Y., to start a new Republican newspaper, and was attacked the second day after his arrival. He was about 60 years old.

The Hon. Walter N. Mason, a prominent lawyer and State Senator of Massachusetts, died in Natick yesterday of pneumonia, aged 56. He was an Odd Fellow and a thirty-third degree Mason.

Murder and Threatened Lynching.

DODGE CITY, Kan., July 6.—K. B. Schoat of Goliad, Texas, was killed at 2 o'clock this morning in a quarrel with Dave St. Clair, a gambler. The latter was arrested and lodged in jail. Schoat was a member of the cattle firm of Boren & Schoat, which has 6,000 head of cattle on this market. The excitement among the cattle men is intense, and the lynching of St. Clair is threatened. The Sheriff has placed a special guard at the jail to protect the prisoner.

Paterson's Polyglot Church.

PATERSON, July 6.—The corner stone of a new Catholic church, called Our Lady of Victory, was laid here this afternoon at 6 o'clock. Bishop Wigger addressed the assemblage in Italian. Other priests spoke in French and English. The church is to be nominally French, but services will be held in German, English, French, and Italian.

Sunday Ball-playing Stopped.

Many young men visited Ryan's ball grounds in Long Island City yesterday, but, because the injunction restraining the police from making arrests for Sunday ball-playing had been set aside by Justice Bartlett, the proprietor refused to allow games to be played.

BLACKMAIL IN EXTRA PLACE.

The Gang and the Boarding House Conceive a Curious Return to Highland Customs.

Extra place is a small alley beginning at 10 First street and running north half way through the block. The east side is occupied by two huge buildings, with a hallway like an entrance to a vault opening on First street. These two buildings are rented by a Mrs. Gunther, who pays $480 a month rent. She has at present 175 boarders and lodgers.

When Mrs. Gunther first began business here two years ago William E. Carey was a pugnacious youth of 18. The police say that he was the leader of a gang that controlled the daily affairs of Extra place. Mrs. Gunther's boarders are principally mechanics. When they sent out for beer after supper they got it sometimes, and sometimes they didn't, according to the inclination of the gang. The gang frequently waylaid the messenger and his pitcher in the gloomy hallway, and deprived him of the beer. After this had occurred several times the boarder, unless he was unusually docile, would pack up his traps and seek some other quarters.

Mrs. Gunther appealed to Capt. McCullagh of the Seventeenth precinct. He advised her to seek the aid of the policeman on post. She did so, and the policeman drove the gang away once. They remained away about five minutes, and then returned and battered Mrs. Gunther's doors and broke her windows with stones. Again Mrs. Gunther sought the aid of the police, with precisely the same result.

Then Mrs. Gunther hit upon a plan of self-defence. She called Carey into her kitchen, and told him that if he would not trouble her guests any more she would give him whatever he wanted to eat and $1.50 a week to buy beer for his gang. Mr. Carey agreed to this, and the boarders enjoyed their beer unmolested. Carey presented himself in Mrs. Gunther's kitchen in the morning for breakfast, at noon he had dinner, and at night he enjoyed supper at Mrs. Gunther's table. After each of these meals his habit was to collect a number of sandwiches or whatever was lying around and carry it out to the gang. Eventually he became friendly with several other gangs, which he used to feed as impartially as he did his own flock. Whenever Messrs. Stock or Johnson, prime spirits of the other gangs, endeavored to get into the good graces of Mrs. Gunther, Carey would arrogate to himself the power of a regularly appointed watchman and club them away.

On the morning of July 4 Carey beat Gotfried Gardner, a peaceable German tailor in the neighborhood, and was stabbed for his pains. Both were arrested. Gardner was discharged by Justice Patterson in Essex Market yesterday, and Carey was locked up in default of $1,000 bail. This was in spite of the number of witnesses he produced, one of whom was his landlady. She says he is a nice man.

A CROWD AT HIS HEELS.

Pursuit and Capture of the Man who Assaulted Miss Schmidt at Woodhaven.

Capt. William Carpenter of the Rockaway Beach police was walking from Jamaica to the Woodhaven depot, at 9 o'clock yesterday morning, to take the train to the beach, when a man ran past him toward the depot. Next minute a crowd came upon the man's heels and called on Carpenter to arrest him for assaulting a young girl. Carpenter chased the man, and halted him with a pistol shot fired in the air. The crowd followed to the Woodhaven depot, threatening to lynch the prisoner. Lena Schmidt, a young woman of 20, was brought to the depot. Her face was badly bruised and her clothing was torn. She fainted as she saw the prisoner. Afterward she said positively that he was the man who had assaulted her.

Carpenter smuggled the prisoner off in a coach to the Town Hall at Jamaica. The man said he was William Lyman of Brooklyn, 30 years old. He was neatly dressed and good-looking. Miss Schmidt, who lives with her father on the road between Woodhaven and Ozone Park, said to a reporter:

"I went to the grocery store in Woodhaven about 8½ o'clock, and on my way home that man sprang from the underbrush, and catching hold of me threw me violently into the bushes. I struggled and screamed, and he tried to stuff my apron into my mouth, but I was too strong for him, and he then grabbed me by the throat, saying, 'I'll kill you if you don't keep quiet.' I kept on screaming, and pretty soon I heard some one running, and he let go of me."

THREE THIEVES IN HER ROOM.

Mrs. Adolphi's Midnight Alarm Followed by a Couple of Futile Pistol Shots.

Charles B. Adolphi, the official accountant of Hoboken, lives on the Mountain road, Weehawken Heights. Adjoining his house is the residence of ex-Freeholder Baldwin. Mrs. Adolphi is an invalid. She sleeps in a separate room, and the gas is kept burning low all night. Early Saturday morning she was awakened by a noise in her room. The gas was turned on full, and three men, whose faces were covered, were bending over the open drawers of a bureau examining their contents.

The old lady screamed, and her cries awoke her husband, who ran in from an adjoining room a moment after the burglars had run out. Hearing their footsteps on the stairs, he followed them and fired a pistol down the stairs. The men vanished through a side door leading to Mr. Baldwin's grounds.

The pistol shot aroused Mr. Baldwin, who, seeing the three men hurrying down the road, fired at them on his own account without effect. It was found that they had stolen $300 in jewelry and $175 in money. The police of Jersey City yesterday arrested Brock McDonough, John Walsh, and Timothy Toomey on suspicion.

Mercury at 102 and Water Scarce.

DALLAS, Texas, July 6.—This was the hottest day of the season, the mercury registering 102° in the shade. Robert Atkinson was overcome by the heat, and is now at his home under medical treatment. Bertha Bernstein, a Jewish girl, aged 14, fell in the street, and it is feared will die. One of the Anheuser horses, valued at $250, fell dead from sunstroke while being driven in the streets. The water famine in the city is alarming, as the city water works are almost dry, and all out fire supplies are cut off, and for that purpose there is not more than half the ordinary quantity. A great many families have no wells, and there is great inconvenience. The City Council is being bitterly denounced for its slowness in securing a sufficient supply. Dust is almost stifling, there being no water for street sprinkling purposes. Insurance men report that there will be enough to guard against fire by to-morrow