The Sun.

VOL. LII.--NO. 89. NEW YORK, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1884. PRICE TWO CENTS.

MIGHTY SAVAGE FOOTBALL.

THE THANKSGIVING BATTLE BETWEEN YALE AND PRINCETON.

Bloodshed and Serious Accidents a Plenty—The Captain of Yale Carried from the Field After a Period of Frightful Suffering—Blows, Bruises, and Dislocations—Yale Ahead at the Finish, 6 to 4.

Out they came, the giants of the football field, the twenty-two rushers, quarter-backs, half-backs, and backs of Yale and Princeton. The frozen earth rumbled as they trotted. The Polo Grounds rang with acclamations. The grand stand was packed. Thousands of ladies were in it. The scalskins that were there would have stocked the largest of the Broadway stores, and the silks and diamonds were in proportion. The two great stretches of free seats were also packed, and the fences and ropes shutting off the field marked a black mass of humanity, which run dozens deep all the way around. Back of the human fringe on one side extended a long row of coaches. Men and women swarmed upon them like ants, and they were brilliant with flags of blue and with flags of orange and black. Cloths of these colors, the colors of Yale and Princeton respectively, hung over the railings, shutting in the tiers of the grand stand, and ribbons of blue or of orange were at the neck of every matron and girl and in the buttonhole of every man. The sky was cloudy, and there was no wind. The ground was frozen, save for an inch on the surface, which was muddy.

A minute after the game began Capt. Richards of Yale got the ball in his hands and swooped with it, dodging or upsetting all the men who opposed him, to within a couple of yards of Princeton's goal. There he was brought to earth, and the ball was given to Bayne of Yale for a kick. Bayne seemed about to kick, and then like a fox darted on with the ball over Princeton's line, and came safely back with it. This entitled Yale to an easy kick for goal, and Terry of Yale struck the ball with his momentous foot and sent it sailing accurately between the uprights and above the bar. Some sound was uttered at that moment by each of five and twenty thousand throats, and the whole volume of sound was a roar that was like thunder. Yale had won a goal in just three minutes after the opening of the play, and had scored six points, the most that it is possible to score at a single stroke.

The ball was taken back to the centre of the field and the fight went on. For some minutes people did not seem to realize how hot it was getting. The bulk of the spectators could see the elevens periodically hurl themselves together and build themselves in kicking and writing heap of men in the middle of the field. They had a general vision of threatening attitudes, flats shaken in front of noses, dartings hither and thither as when hounds are after a fox, throttling, wrestling, and the pitching of individuals headlong to the earth; and all this was an exceedingly animated spectacle, which drew from them volley upon volley of applause. Those inside the lines, the judges, the reporters, and the attendants upon the teams, were nearer and saw something more. They saw real fighting, savage blows that drew blood, and falls that seemed as though they would crack every bone and drive the life out of those who sustained them; and eyes were getting wilder all the time, and the work was waxing every moment hotter. Wannemaker of Princeton secured a touchdown in goal and scored four for his side, and then both elevens relinquished the last of such restraint as they had up to this time been maintained with them, and let themselves out utterly.

There came a crush on one of the edges of the field, about midway between the goals. All the maddened giants of both the teams were in it, and they lay heaped, kicking, choking, hitting, gouging, and howling. One smaller man was under heap, and the ball bugged to his breast and pressed it to the ground. His chin rested upon it, and his white face looked out from the ruck as the face of a man might look who was on the rack. Gradually the pack separated, and the smaller man lay alone. He lay for a moment still, except that his face was working in a frightful manner. Then he rolled over upon his back, and one of his legs was drawn up until it almost touched his chin. He tried to clutch the ground, and threw his head far back, pressing into the earth and rolling it from side to side. Some of his comrades brought hold of him by the shoulders and raised him to a half sitting posture. His lips were drawn wide apart, showing his teeth tightly clenched. His face was as white as chalk. His hands wandered up and down his body, beating it and pressing it, and tearing at his shirt. Suddenly he threw out his arms, throw himself away from those who were supporting him, and rolled over upon his stomach, rubbing his face into the muddy turf as though seeking for a soft spot in a pillow. In an instant he was on his back again, clutching his breast, and gasping as though each other breath was to be his last. A silent and frightened pack that walked nervously back and forth near him. They seemed hardly to dare to look at him. They would stand for a moment, and then turn their backs. Hardly a loud word was spoken among those who surrounded him while he was down. The man who stands in the lines wondered what was going on, and uttered wild yells and adjurations to those who blocked their vision to clear out. Their protests finally took the form of a chorus, like those which were chanted in the late campaign. "Clear—the—field! Clear—the—field!" It might have been heard in Harlem.

At length four of his companions lifted the injured man and bore him outside of the surrounding small circle. The multitude saw then what was the matter, and the chorus stopped with fearful suddenness. A strange murmur was borne over from the grand stand. Women fainted there. Thick woollen shirts and blankets were thrown down in the open field, and the injured man was laid upon them. Others of the players came sauntering up. They looked like men fresh from a real battle. Big Peters of Yale and Adams of Princeton looked like butchers. Their dirty canvas jackets and knickerbockers were streaked and flecked with blood. All the men were tattered and muddy, and nearly all had bleeding wounds or bruises showing amid the dirt that was crusted on their heads and faces.

The injured man—the one most badly injured, that is—was Capt. Richards of Yale. He had previously injured his leg at the thigh joint, and had been forbidden to play. Now his leg had been doubled under him in the crush, and had suffered injuries that nobody could tell. It did not grow better and Richards was finally carried off to the house which stands in a corner of the grounds and put to bed. He was still there when the game was concluded, and the surgeon who was called to attend him said that he had suffered serious injury.

Another man took the place of Richards, and the game went on. De Camp of Princeton got the ball and got through the Yale barrier with the Yale man on his back and hanging to him like the Old Man of the Sea. The blue legs climbed higher and higher until they finally shot forth in a spasm, and De Camp, unable to maintain his balance, went down. It was a frightful fall. De Camp's head seemed to have been driven into the earth. As the Yale men arose from him he rolled over upon his back and lay motionless. Two of his fellows ran to him, knelt at his side, and slapped him upon the breast, directly over the heart. At the end of a minute he shivered, moved, rolled over, sat up, looked around like a man desirous of becoming acquainted with strange surroundings, and stood up. The multitude roared as he walked off to his place, and the game went on.

Five minutes later a striped legs pitched headlong and failed to get up. It was De Camp again. His left arm hung limp in front of him as he sat. From appearances it had been dislocated at the shoulder joint.

Two minutes after this Toler of Princeton slugged Martin of Yale in the face, grounding him as though he had been shot. The umpire was called upon to take notice of this. It is pretty sure that Martin had previously hit Toler "in touch," but Toler was still not justified in slugging Martin, and so the umpire barred out Wannemaker of Princeton, a perfectly innocent man. The reason why Wannemaker was barred out for slugging that Toler had done was that the umpire believed Wannemaker had done it. Wannemaker's jacket was bloody, and that was against him, for we should have been sorry if it were shown that everybody else's jacket was in the same condition. Wannemaker retired from the field sullenly, his fists doubled, and Edwards took his place. Jennings had taken the place of Richards, and somebody else had taken the place of De Camp. Two minutes later the injured Wannemaker returned to the edge of the field wearing a fleecy shirt with a big "P" on it, and stood with folded arms glaring at the umpire.

The game went on for several minutes more, and then stopped, while all the players and the judges grouped about the referee. Finally a Princeton man, covered with mud and blood stains, issued from this group and passed along in front of the line of Yale coaches, addressing those on top of them vehemently, and shaking his fist at them. It was a dispute over a ruling of the umpire. Princeton refused to play further unless the umpire was changed. The dispute lasted forty minutes. An ex-football player of Yale talked of the game in the interval. He declared that every man on the field was covered under his clothing with plasters and appliances for sprain and rupture. Princeton at last gave in, and the game went on until the moon began to silver behind the mist. It expired in due time, no other points being made, and Yale was the victor by a score of 6 to 4. This makes Yale the champion for the year. Yesterday's players were:

Princeton—Rushers: De Camp, Wannemaker, Harris, Adams, Bird (Captain), Irvine, H. Hodge; quarter-back, R. Hodge; half-backs, Jamon, Toler; back, Moffet.

Yale—Rushers: Wallace, Ferron, Flanders, Peters, Cox, Rosalie, Goodwin; quarter-back, Bayne; half-back, Richards (Captain), Terry; back, Marlin.

Umpire—Mr. Appleton of Harvard.

PENNSYLVANIA AND WESLEYAN FIGHT HARD.

A football match, proposed two years ago was played yesterday by the Wesleyan University and the University of Pennsylvania teams, in Metropolitan Park, 108th street and First avenue. About a hundred spectators looked on from the benches, most of them Wesleyan students and graduates, with the university colors fluttering from the lapels of their coats. To keep their blood at fever heat they yelled in concert once in a minute the university cry, "Rah, rah, rah, Wes-ley-an!" A hotel stage laden with twenty-five University of Pennsylvania undergraduates waving the university colors, rolled through the gates and sent up answering cheers for the Pennsylvania team. About a dozen young ladies on the benches taped their toes on the seats to keep them warm.

Pennsylvania won the toss, and chose their field with their backs to the wind. Aided by the wind and by rushing tactics they carried the ball straight up the field, and in twelve minutes from the first kick off Noble made a touch down, and the first goal for the Pennsylvanias. Then the Wesleyan students woke up. They met the aggressive tactics of the Pennsylvania youths with equal vigor. When they lined out, preparatory to kicking off, individual members of the teams opposed to each other in the line clashed frequently. They jostled, pushed, and struck each other, and often clinched, fell, and rolled over each other. Hamlin of Wesleyan and Harding of the Pennsylvania team had a set-to that lasted five minutes, and brought all the members of both teams around them. They were pulled apart. College yells on both sides encouraged the heroes while they struggled.

Upham for Wesleyan finally gained a touch down. The first half ended with the Wesleyans in possession of the ball in Pennsylvania's field. In the second half the Pennsylvania team in turn braced up and forced their opponents to touch down for safety. They kept the fight in Wesleyan's field, and in five minutes Johnson gained a touch down for Pennsylvania, but Noble, kicking off, failed to make the goal. Then the Wesleyans redoubled their exertions and forced the ball toward the Pennsylvania goal. It was time, if they expected to accomplish anything more in the game, for the score stood: Pennsylvania, 12; Wesleyan, 6.

Scrimmages and rushes followed each other rapidly. In the excitement Bell of the Pennsylvania team struck Saxe of the Wesleyans in the mouth with his fists. Bell was disqualified, but a substitute stepped into his place.

Wesleyan's good playing, led by Saxe, gained the Connecticut boys a goal after a quarter of an hour of rough work, in which faces were scratched, noses bloodied, and pretty uniforms mopped in the dirt.

Wesleyan's goal made the game a tie, 12 to 12. Outsiders were wild with excitement, and half a dozen policemen with difficulty and drawn clubs persuaded them not to rush on the field and take a microscopic view of the proceedings. In two minutes more time would be called. By a grand rush the University of Pennsylvania team carried the Wesleyans back in their own quarters and compelled them to touch down for safety. This gave the game to the Pennsylvanians by a score of 14 to 12, and the boys on the big coach from the big Republican State crowed themselves hoarse.

The score was as follows:

University of Pennsylvania	6	2	4	2	—14
Wesleyan University	4	0	2	4	—12

RECOGNIZING THANKSGIVING.

The Plenary Council Celebrating the Day—Bishop Spalding's Sermon.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 27.—A solemn public session of the Plenary Council was held to-day in the cathedral. Pontifical high mass was celebrated by Archbishop Lamy of Santa Fé, and Archbishop Heiss of Milwaukee delivered an oration in Latin on "The Dignity of the Priesthood," after which Bishop Spalding of Peoria preached a Thanksgiving sermon. He said:

The practice, which with us has now grown to be national, of appointing one day in the year for general thanksgiving to God, the creator and giver of all good, has seemed to the fathers of the third Plenary Council of Baltimore consonant with the principles of faith and with the promptings of the heart of a Christian people, and they have therefore determined to recognize and commend, in a public and solemn way, a custom which declares our dependence upon God, both as a nation and as individuals, while it tends to strengthen the spirit of gratitude, and to increase our confidence in his all-wise and fatherly providence. The appeal made by the chief magistrate of our country, requesting all citizens to cease from work and business on this day and to raise their thoughts to God, while they bring to mind the great and numberless blessings which He continues to shower upon them and this country, is a call to which we gladly hearken. In common with all others we have here a home and a country, in which we enjoy their rights and privileges, and opportunities to use the powers which God has given us in a way never before granted to men, nor offered to them now even, except in America. We do well to celebrate the parts of our fellow countrymen with joy and pride when they contemplate the marvellous growth and ever increasing prosperity of our common country, sends also a thrill of gladness through our Catholic hearts, for we are a part of this great people, and whatever is good for our country is good for us.

Catholics were the first in this world to proclaim and put in practice the principles of religious toleration, and they will be the last to decry or violate the christian charter of the freedom of conscience. American Catholics shed their blood for our independence, and the aid which we received from the Catholics of other lands was the providential means which enabled us to come forth victorious from the struggle, and to establish ourselves as a free and separate people. Catholics, who here as elsewhere in the political affairs of the christian must ever feel that it is their duty to labor to make it perpetual. The Church holds the fulness of God's supernatural benediction, and this fulness is His richest earthly gift to His children. Both have a world-wide mission to purify, elevate, ennoble, and enlighten men, to free them from slavery, whether of soul or body, of bear the glad tidings of God's love to the poor, and the church strengthens the spirit of obedience and devotion to the republic, and both cooperate to make prevail the will of God, which is justice, righteousness, peace, goodness.

The Catholic Benevolent Legion of Baltimore gave a reception and banquet to-night to Bishop Loughlin of Brooklyn, who is the spiritual adviser to the Supreme Council of the order.

Thanksgiving Sports at the Naval Academy.

ANNAPOLIS, Nov. 27.—The usual Thanksgiving athletic exercises took place at the Naval Academy to-day. There was a match game of foot ball, two innings, between the Johns Hopkins University team and the Naval Academy team. The cadets were successful by a score of 10 to 6. During the game Norton of the Johns Hopkins had his collar bone fractured, and Bonsal of the same team sprained one of his ankles.

A wheelbarrow race was won by Cadet Jackson in 20 seconds, with Cadet Ballinger second. Cadet Foust won the speed race in 1:24. A three-legged race, in which five couples participated, was won by Cadets Slocum and Churchill, 100 yards, in 11 seconds. A sack race of 100 yards was won by Cadet West in 56 seconds, and a hop and dash by Cadet Beckwith in 12 seconds. Then came a tug of war between the first and third and second and fourth divisions, which was quickly ended by the superiority of the first and third. Capturing a greased pig, in which Cadet Harris was successful, closed the day's sport.

Chasing the Hares.

The American Athletic Club Harriers and their friends met at the Halfway House, near Carlstadt, N. J., yesterday for their Thanksgiving Day run. At 11:29 o'clock the starter, E. Van Tambacht, sent the four hares, Messrs. D. Campbell, H. Reichers, G. G. Holden, and M. Bishop. They marked the trail with colored paper. The pack, numbering 26, started seven minutes later. The trail lay through ploughed fields and thick, marshy woodlands along the Hackensack River, and into numerous swamps. The direction taken was first to Hackensack and silence went to the New Jersey and New York Railroad track, and finally back to Carlstadt, making the run about twelve miles.

The hares arrived at the hotel at 1 o'clock, after a run of an hour and thirty minutes. The first hound, P. D. Skillman, crossed the line 24 minutes later, Messrs. Stoll and Thomas coming in second and third, and the others following close behind. The runners presented a sorry sight. Their clothing was torn and muddy and their hands and faces were badly scratched by briars.

Little Tammany's Dinner.

Little Tammany celebrated Thanksgiving last night. Exactly one hundred smiling Democrats climbed up the grand staircase of the wigwam at Fordham at 8 o'clock, and pinned on white silk badges, which showed in black and white the way they voted on election day. Then they marched in double file into the brilliant dining hall and said Grace with three cheers before pitching into the Thanksgiving feed. Ninety-nine Democrats stood up straight and craned their necks to view the artistic manner in which Rudolph S. Martine dissected the fat young pig that nestled in a platter in the guests' table. A string band that was perched behind rotund Fire Commissioner Purroy played "Climbing up the Golden Stairs," "Finnegan's Wake," "The Night before Larry was Stretched," and other delicious music, while the diners dined for two hours. Speech making came after dinner.

The Actors' Fund Benefit.

A matinée performance for the benefit of the Actors' Fund will be given at the Academy of Music on Dec. 4, and the following artists have promised to take part: Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, with the Lyceum Theatre company; Joseph Jefferson and company, Fanny Davenport and company, John Gilbert, Osmond Tearle, Rose Coghlan, Gerald Eyre, B. S. Mantell, Miss Effie Ellsler, Henry E. Dixey, and Rice's Big Burlesque company and Harrigan & Hart with their company. Henry Dupree with an orchestra of thirty-five pieces, and other well-known leaders and orchestras will assist. The programme will be made out to-day, and the sale of seats will begin on Monday at 9 A. M. at the box office of the Academy of Music. Admission tickets may be obtained at all theatres in the city, except the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

HELPED TO WEALTH BY A SPIRIT.

The Story Medium James Told About a Big Petroleum Lake.

OLEAN, Nov. 26.—A letter received in this village announces the death in Oregon of Abraham James, an old man remembered all through the oil regions in connection with the singular discovery and development of the once celebrated Pleasantville oil district, at one time the greatest petroleum producing region in the world. James was a spiritualist and a medium. His séances in the Oil Creek territory in 1868 led to his making many converts to spiritualism among leading operators. He was a geologist, and dabbled in oil territory.

One day in the summer of 1868 he called together a number of his followers. He told them that the day before he was riding along one of the Venango county roads, when he felt a peculiar feeling come over him. His horse stopped, and a spirit bade him get out of his carriage. He did so. The spirit hurried him away, across fields and through woods, raising him in the air when any obstacles lay in their course. The spirit finally stopped with him in a lonely spot near Pleasantville. As they stood there the ground opened, revealing an enormous cavern. The spirit led him down into the cavern for a long distance. When it again stopped with him they stood on the margin of a lake of petroleum of unknown extent. After he had gazed, speechless with amazement, on the vast body of oil for a long time, the spirit led him back to the surface. The opening in the earth closed, and the spirit vanished.

James said it was evident that the spirit had shown him the presence of the great petroleum deposit near Pleasantville in order that he might take advantage of the knowledge and have the region developed. He was penniless, but said that if his friends would provide him with capital to put down wells the discovery might be made mutually advantageous.

No one had ever thought of finding oil in that vicinity, but his followers had such faith in his story that some of them provided him with means to put down a well. At the depth of 830 feet the drill struck oil, and a 150-barrel well was the result. The news of this discovery turned the attention of all oildom to Pleasantville. Five wells were put down on the property controlled by the Spiritualists, and every one was a big producer. Other operators flocked to the new oil region, and in a short time Pleasantville district was producing more oil than all the other districts.

The life of the new territory was brief, however, but was long enough to make big fortunes for James and others were associated with him. When this territory became exhausted he left the oil country with nearly $500,000. He never returned, and it is said that by investments in unprofitable mining property on the Pacific coast he lost all the money he made in the oil regions. It is believed that in his prospecting about the oil country the geological characteristics of the Pleasantville region had convinced him that the chances were in favor of the existence of petroleum there. To enlist his spiritualistic friends and their capital in testing the territory he had invented the story about his supernatural visit to the underground lake, knowing that he had everything to gain and nothing but a reputation as a medium to lose in the enterprise.

PRESERVED IRISH.

A Very Pretty Entertainment in the Ancient Tongue at Steinway Hall Last Night.

Steinway Hall was about two-thirds filled last night with a well-dressed assembly of Irishmen and Irishwomen who gathered to hear how the ancient Irish language sounded set to music. It was the first production by the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, and especially composed for the society by Paul Macswiney. It is are retled "An Bard 'Gus an Fo'"—"The Bard and the Knight, a Gaelic Idyl." At 8 o'clock twenty-two young ladies filed upon the stage and arranged themselves into a blooming pyramid on the terraced seats. Then came nineteen young gentlemen, who got into the seats above the young ladies. This was the chorus. After the chorus came Mr. Paul Macswiney, the composer and conductor, and with him the Misses Kine and Stutsman and Messrs. Munro and Kilduff, who were to take the four parts in the composition. A full orchestra came last, and the audience fell to fluttering the leaves of the librettoes to get a good start and try to keep the English words on one side of the page up in a neck-and-neck race with the curious Gaelic pothooks and flourishes where printed on the other.

The pronunciation was so blended with the music that it was quite impossible to get an idea how Irish as it is spoken by the society sounds, except that, barring a few throat-filling gutturals, it is rather melodious. At one time Mr. Munro, in a moment of absent-mindedness, wandered off by himself into the English words, causing a great thumbing of leaves by those who had been left far behind in the race and took this opportunity to make a fresh start. The music of the composition is at times strikingly weird and picturesque, and it breaks out frequently into brilliant rippling melodies and stirring stately marches, which were greeted by the audience with storms of applause. The applause, in fact, was lavish throughout, the chorus as well as the individual singers receiving a share of it. The Idyl took up the first half of the programme, and at its close cheers, clapping of hands, whistles, and calls for "Macswiney" followed that gentleman so persistently into the retiring room that he came upon the stage again and executed a bow of acknowledgment. The first piece of the second half of the programme was a chorus also, in Gaelic, and was called "The Cruiskeen Lán," and after it Mr. Munro sang "Rory O'More." Miss Clara Stutsman sang "Oh, Bay of Dublin," and Miss Currie another song. Both ladies were recalled. Mr. Macswiney wrote the English words as well as the music of the Idyl, and the Gaelic was rendered into Irish verse by a member of the society. It has been in rehearsal about two months. It will be given in English to-night.

Patrolman Smith's Frightful Mishap.

A fire in Charles Weill's restaurant, at 109 Mercer street, yesterday afternoon, extended to Goldberg & Co.'s millinery store up stairs, and resulted in a total loss of about $5,000. Charles H. Smith, of the Great Jones street insurance patrol, while climbing up a ladder was thrown down by the slipping of the foot of the ladder off the roof of a rear extension. He fell into a four foot space between the Mercer street building and the wall of the house. The only opening into this space was a fanlight from the basement restaurant.

From this fanlight he fell could be rescued, but he could not be got out. He was evidently badly hurt, and could only stand the most careful handling in being rescued from his dangerous place. He was weighed down. After three quarters of an hour of hard work a way was dug to him through the thick wall. He was unconscious when he was lifted out, and the ambulance surgeon who had been summoned from St. Vincent's Hospital and awaited his rescue said that his skull was broken.

The Colorado Tows the Wyanoke In.

The Mallory steamship Colorado, from Galveston, arrived at 10 o'clock yesterday morning with the Old Dominion steamship Wyanoke in tow. The Wyanoke left this port for Norfolk on Tuesday. Off Winter Quarters Lightship, at 9½ o'clock on Wednesday morning, her piston rod snapped and she came to a stop. The passengers were unaware of the accident until informed by Capt. Hughes. The Wyanoke dropped anchor and the passengers had a good time listening to piano music and singing until the Colorado came along in the afternoon. A flaw was discovered in the piston rod where the break occurred. The cylinder also was damaged by the break. The Wyanoke's passengers were transferred here to the Roanoke, which sailed yesterday afternoon, and the cargo was put on the Manhattan. John Roach will repair the damage.

Saved by the Electric Wires.

Dennis Cronin, the mechanic who was dragged over the rail of the platform and flung into the street while trying to board a train on the elevated railroad at Third avenue and Houston street, was stiff and very sore yesterday, and confined to the bed in his room at Avenue A and Fifty-second street, but he was not seriously injured. His extraordinary escape was due to his falling upon the electric wires, which broke his descent. He was in a hurry to get home, and tried to climb over the platform gate after the brakeman had closed it. He had almost succeeded when he struck the rail at the end of the platform. The shock stunned him, but his hold did not relax until he had been dragged over the rail and hung above the street. He says that for the future, if the train he desires to catch has started when he gains the platform, he will wait for the next train.

Duly Commissioned to Pass the Hat.

The young colored man, Joseph Martin, who was arrested in Williamsburgh on last Wednesday on suspicion that he was not authorized to collect money for the Ebenezer Methodist Episcopal Church (colored) of Richmond, Va., was discharged from custody yesterday, on receipt of a telegram from the pastor of that church saying that the man was duly authorized to make collections.

Cutting Wages on the Long Island Road.

The Long Island Railroad Company has reduced the wages of trackmen five per cent., of station agents $5 per month, and of employees of the machine shops from five to ten per cent. A number of employees in all the departments have been discharged, which, however, the officials say, usually happens at the beginning of winter.

Business Troubles.

Charles Stewart & Co., pork packers of Cincinnati, have made an assignment to George E. Gray. Assets, $20,000; liabilities, $40,000.

David Sternberg, druggist, of Louisville, made an assignment yesterday. His liabilities are stated at $60,000; assets unknown. Dullness in trade is alleged to be the cause of the failure.

A FATHER'S GREAT GRIEF.

THE STORY OF A HEART BROKEN MAN WHO HAD JUST SHOT HIS SON.

The Wrong Son Wounded—An Old Man Terrorized by a Youth who Had Become a Criminal—Bled Till He Was Poor.

Soon after 12 o'clock yesterday a policeman was told that a shooting affray had taken place, an hour before, in the three-story wooden cottage at 223 West Forty-third street, owned and occupied by Mr. Joseph H. Edwards. The detective who was sent there found that Henry, 21 years old, a son of Mr. Joseph Edwards, had been shot by his father in some sort of a scuffle that had taken place on the second floor. The bullet struck the young man over the right eye inflicting an apparently fatal wound. Dr. Little of 60 West Fortieth street, was sent for. When he had examined the wound, he found that the bullet had not penetrated the skull, but had glanced off, and that the wound, while dangerous, was not necessarily mortal. When it was dressed the father accompanied the detective to the police station.

He was recognized by Capt. Killilea as one of the old and respectable citizens of the Twenty-second ward, who had formerly been in the vinegar and pickle business, where he acquired sufficient money to retire, but who has recently been living in reduced circumstances from causes which he then made known.

"I came into this ward in 1858," said my wife have raised here a family of four boys. They were all boys of whom any father might be proud when they were young, but as they grew old one, Charles, became wayward. Finally he got so bad that, taking up with a detective's son who lived near by, he became the terror of the ward. It got so bad that I used to hear men on the street say, as I went by, 'There, that is the father of Charley Edwards.' The young scoundrel ought to go up the river. I couldn't stand that long, and had to move over to Jersey to get away from my acquaintances. But the boy went from bad to worse, I could not turn him away wholly. He was my boy. I had to give him enough to live on, but he poorly repaid my kindness. Finally he married. We hoped he would do better, but he did worse. I had only another to support, and he another to degrade. Finally in his drunken sprees he got to coming to me and demanding money with threats of violence.

"I would not give him money when he was in liquor, but at last he forced me to it, and life became a burden. He was strong and healthy, and I was old, feeble, and unable to defend myself. To scare him I bought an old-fashioned, double-barrelled pistol, and when he came again I showed it to him. He drew a knife, a knife because he refused to give him money, but the pistol would not go off. If it had been in order I would have shot him. I was so excited. Then I moved back here to my old home. In 1874 he broke into the house. I had him arrested, and he was sent up for two years. Since he got out he has been a tramp, a burglar, and tramp. He has often threatened my life and tried to break into the house. He came at 1 o'clock in the morning not long ago. When I would not let him in he rang the bell steadily for an hour. I did not dare to go out, and he had watched the policeman, who cannot get around his beat in much less than three hours, so that my calls were useless.

"On Thursday evening a week ago he got into the house and rushed at me with a razor. I got away, and when I got a couple of the policemen here to arrest him they said he was not in the house. Then when he had broken the scuttle lock and had escaped to the roof when he saw them coming, but they refused to go up after him. I don't say they were afraid to go up, but I know I was.

"Last night he came again. I told him I had no money, and I hadn't. Then he offered to lend me a dollar, and then turned the coin in my face. He did all he could to irritate me, and I finally borrowed a dollar and gave it to him to get rid of him. This morning he was back again. I do not know how he got in, but he came to my room and from his last night's debauch and demanded more money. Another man, Moses, who is a cripple, was in the room with me, and Harry was about the house. When I refused to give him any more money he made a threatening movement, and Moses started to leave the room. At that Charley drew his pocketing opening knife from under his coat and jumped in front of Moses. I called for Henry, who came at once, and then Charley swore he would kill us all. There was a struggle. I fired at him to save my two other boys, but I couldn't aim. I hit Henry. Then Charley ran away, but he returned with the carving knife. I thought I would have shot him then. I would have put the other four bullets into him, but I couldn't hold the pistol. Perhaps I would have been hanged then. That would have been a relief to me."

Mr. Edwards is a quiet man, with a flowing white beard and a fine face. He wore a massive pin set with diamonds on his shirt front, but was otherwise plainly and neatly dressed. He told his story quietly until he came near the end, and then his hands began to tremble violently and he broke down altogether. Policemen were searching for Charles all last evening.

Henry, the wounded man, was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, where it was said that he was in no immediate danger of death. The mother of the unfortunate boy was wholly prostrated. The police say that Mr. Edwards went over to New Jersey a long ago to bring up Charles, who was convicted of a burglary he had committed there, but the authorities there said the crime had become outlawed.

Mourning the Infrequency of Thanksgiving.

Clerks Kilroy and McDonald were left in charge of Castle Garden yesterday. They were intrusted with the distribution of tickets from the Irish Emigration Society and the German Emigration Society. They distributed 100 tickets among the English-speaking emigrants, who were sent to the Cornish Arms Hotel, and 250 to 16 State street, where the Germans were fed.

At nightfall the emigrants returned in groups to the Garden. Men, women, and children had turkey bones, celery, bread, and some wooden toothpicks, which they seemed to regard with wonder. The Irish emigrants had plum pudding in their hats and their pockets were filled with potatoes, bread, and turkey. The emigrants were happy as they grouped around the stoves.

A red-haired, freckled-faced, I'd-have-you-know-I'm-wide-awake-looking man stepped up to Mr. Kilroy, and, with a County Kildare accent, said: "God bless this country, yer honor, bless and wud it be out of the way to inquire if we can get sich ticketses ye gave us every day of our livves?" He was grieved when Kilroy told him Thanksgiving came only once a year.

Skirmishing for Turkey.

A fat little old woman went laughing to the bar in the Yorkville Court yesterday morning. Policeman Kehler said he had found her sound asleep in a hallway early in the morning. When he woke her up she couldn't walk straight.

"Margaret Carroll's my name, Judge," the woman said. "I'm 60."

"I think I know you, Margaret," said Justice Murray. "When did you come off the Island?"

"Well, your Honor, only yesterday."

"Six months, Margaret."

"Thank ye, yer Honor."

Down she staggered in the prisoners' pen. Margaret said to the keeper, who was taking her pedigree:

"I done it o' purpose. I heard yees were goin' to have a turkey."

Accidents in Central Park.

There was a great rush of visitors in Central Park yesterday afternoon. Capt. Williams had presented his pet raccoon to the Park, and smiling Aleck was the centre of attraction. He received many favors in the form of nuts, apples, and candy.

Several accidents occurred. A horse attached to an undertaker's wagon dashed into the Park at the Fifth avenue entrance, and ran into the seventh department monument at Seventieth street. Policeman Buckley was hurt in catching him. The horse had run away from 1468 Third avenue.

Policeman Thomas yesterday caught a runaway saddle horse, which had thrown Mr. N. Meyers of 39 East Sixty-fifth street. Mr. Meyers was stunned.

A lady was thrown from her horse near the Seventh Regiment monument.

Obituary.

When Central Park was laid out Jacob Smith had charge of the division from Seventy-second street to Eighty-sixth. After the Department of Public Parks was formed he became foreman of repairs on the Boulevard, and walked over it nearly every day till two years ago, when his age compelled him to give up work. He died on Wednesday at 118 East Eighty-fourth street 80 years old.

Willard C. Black, the steward and a member of the Governor's Club at 20 West Twenty-fourth street, died on Wednesday of heart disease at the age of 67. He was at one time Deputy Grand Lecturer of the State Lodge of Free Masons, and was Past Master of Hope Lodge 244.

Thomas Collins, member of the British House of Commons for Knaresborough, died yesterday. He was a Liberal Conservative in politics.

A Pica for Boiled Turkey.

Six big gaudirons, that were filled brimful of boiling turkeys, required the constant attention of Keeper McCormick at the Richmond county almshouse yesterday. "We have to boil the fowls for our inmates," explained the keeper, "because you know paupers are generally old and feeble, and they would find it difficult to digest the turkey if roasted, and so we cook it in this way. They get the full flavor, just the same, and they have plenty of pumpkin pie, and other things."

Rugg's Thanksgiving Dinner.

Sheriff Furman of Queens county supplied the prisoners in the county jail with turkey; after they had attended divine service in the large corridor. Murderer Rugg said it was the first Thanksgiving dinner he had ever eaten in prison, and he thought it would be his last. It was ex-Mayor Debevoise's second Thanksgiving dinner in the jail.

BROTHERS AT WAR.

A Dispute About Money Leading to Endless Litigation and a Suit for Slander.

KINGSTON, N. Y., Nov. 26.—An interesting slander case has just been disposed of at the Circuit Court here, before Justice R. W. Peckham of Albany. Jesse C. Hansee and John Hansee are brothers. The former lives in Ellenville, this county, and the latter in Grahamsville, Sullivan county. They have since 1866 been more or less in business together, the transactions aggregating at least $60,000 or $65,000. They had apparently done business in a slipshod way, and had never been precise in their settlements. As a result, Jesse C. claimed that John was indebted to him in the sum of $15,000. John insisted that he did not owe Jesse a cent, and when Jesse magnanimously offered to throw off $1,000 of his claim to effect a settlement he rejected the proffer and permitted the controversy to go into court. When John spurned Jesse's offer he stated publicly in his presence and in that of several bystanders that he would break down Jesse and also his wife. The latter is a very respectable woman, and is active in Christian work in Ellenville. In 1874 she occupied a store in Waganoch, a suburb of Ellenville, belonging to John. She was then, as now, engaged in the millinery business. For many years the fashionable ladies of that village and neighborhood have purchased their headgear at the establishment of Mrs. Hansee. While attending a church sociable the store was burned to the ground, and her entire stock of millinery was destroyed. In 1882, eight years afterward, in Grahamsville, Sullivan county, incensed at his brother's claim of money due, John accused Mayrette Hansee, the wife of Jesse, of setting fire to the building herself. The husband protested, but John continued to spread the charges over Ulster and Sullivan counties.

The charges affected the business and health of Mrs. Hansee, and, to vindicate her character, she instituted a suit for slander against her brother-in-law, claiming $10,000 damages. The defendant did not appear on the day the case was called, and the plaintiff took judgment before a jury for $4,000, after proving the slander by her husband. Subsequently the defendant, who is reputed to be very wealthy, put in an appearance with several lawyers, and after a long argument the case was reopened. The intensity of feeling between the two brothers has been increased by this $4,000 judgment. Jesse says that at the next trial his wife will get a verdict for at least $8,000, while John says that the jury will not award her a cent. The brothers have been in constant litigation for many years, and several other cases between them are awaiting trial. Judge Wm. J. Groo of Middletown, the famous temperance orator, is one of the counsel for John.

AN ABANDONED BRIGANTINE.

Drifting About in the Gulf Stream Directly in the Track of Navigation.

HALIFAX, Nov. 27.—Capt. Bringham of the brigantine Sappho, at this port from Jamaica, reports that an abandoned American vessel is drifting about in the Gulf Stream, in latitude 32° north, longitude 77°. She is the brigantine O. B. Stillman of Baltimore. She is waterlogged, and her foremast is gone close above the deck, but the mainmast is standing. The vessel seems to have been boarded since she was abandoned by her crew, and everything movable and useful taken from her. Two shrouds of the main rigging on each side have been left standing, which kept the mainmast in position to serve as a danger signal. The other two have been cut down. Only one anchor could be seen on her. The cabin seemed to have been set on fire, but did not burn much. It was very much blackened by smoke.

This is the second vessel Capt. Brinkham has seen drifting about in the Gulf Stream within the past three months, and about 500 miles from each other. The O. B. Stillman is not more than 100 miles from the American shore, and it would not take very much time and trouble to find her and blow her up, which is considered about the best way to destroy those dangerous obstructions to navigation. As can be seen by the latitude and longitude, this vessel is directly in the track of navigation between Hatteras, the Bahamas, and Florida Straits. She seems to have been abandoned some six or eight weeks, to judge by her outward appearance.

A Railroad Company Evading a Judgment.

WARSAW, Nov. 27.—The Tonawanda Valley and Cuba Railroad is a thirty-mile narrow gauge running between Attica, on the Erie Railroad, in Wyoming county, to Cuba, in Allegany county. Since its completion in 1880 it has proved a baby elephant. The Erie not long ago rendered it some aid by guaranteeing its bonds. Its only officer, as far as can be ascertained, in this State is B. W. Spencer of New York, its Treasurer. The rest reside in Pennsylvania. Recently a judgment of $3,000 was obtained against the road for fatal injuries received by Russell Keely, near Rushford. The company refused to pay the verdict, and, to avoid the seizure of its rolling stock, the entire property on wheels was exchanged with connecting Pennsylvania railroads, so that, at the conclusion of the sheriff's sale, which followed the collecting of the execution, the rolling stock had all disappeared from the State. An action was begun on Monday last for the sequestration of the property, and on Tuesday papers were served on Mr. Spencer, who was given notice to the defendant of an application for a receiver. Then it was ascertained that the only officer in the State upon whom the sheriff could serve the receiver's order was the defendant, who had resigned to delay the process. Papers were being prepared to show cause why a receiver should not be appointed. The lawyers and snowdrifts will probably make it a hard winter for this corporation.

The Reduction of Wages.

READING, Nov. 27.—Notices of a reduction of 10 per cent. in the wages of laborers and furnace hands have been posted at the furnaces of the Reading Iron Works. The reduction will go into effect on Dec. 1.

PITTSBURGH, Nov.