FOR LOVE OF THE SPORT.

HARD BLOWS IN THE NEW YORK ATHLETIC CLUB'S GYMNASIUM.

Sturdy Amateurs Sparring for Fun—Tom Henry and Alf Power's Good Fight—The Professional Match Proves a Fizzle.

When the thousand well-dressed society men who climbed up the broad staircases of the big New York Athletic Club last night got to the superb gymnasium on the top floor, they found a handsome twenty-four foot sparring ring built up right in the centre of the floor, with neatly padded posts and a triple row of brand new ropes stretched around it. Eight hundred of the society men sat down in the great hollow square made by new camp stools ranged six rows deep around the ring. Those who were left over climbed up to the gallery under the roof and hung over the railings, so that they could keep their eyes at least on the middle of the ring. Inspector Byrnes's new Derby hat nodded conspicuously among the silk tiles in the front row around the ring, Isaac Bell's moustache was a notable feature of the second row, and Gen. Wiley and any number of crack militiamen in evening dress filled up the rear seats. William B. Travers, President of the club, came in, and got a ringing welcome of three tremendous cheers, and then Waldo Sprague of the Seventh Regiment vaulted into the ring.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are here tonight to see an exhibition of the manly art of self-defence, and athletes will spar for you for the pure love of the sport and nothing more."

As the swell athlete ducked out of sight one of the best sparring exhibitions ever seen in town started off in rattling style. Featherweight Jimmy Kenny of the Pastime Club sprang on the stage in white tights, and played a sort of tattoo on the head and body of J. J. Kerns, Kerns did a little of the tattoo busiess too, and both took a breathing spell. Then Kenny drummed a little more on the nose of his plucky bantam adversary, and finally went for him in a way that made President Travers enthusiastic and the gallery vociferous.

Tom Henry and Alf Power changed places with the bantams, and made the next ten minutes tumultuous with enthusiasm. They were stripped to the waist, and had brand new gloves. Henry charged on Power instantly, and was met and countered with a brilliancy of defence that set a thousand pairs of hands applauding. Each shot his right straight out from the shoulder with tremendous energy in a regular give-and-take round. Power went in with a jump in the second round, and things were as lively as lively could be for the next three minutes. He planted his right on Henry's chest right off with a vigor that nearly keeled the latter over. He left a great red mark on the chest in the memento. The next instant Henry's right flew out from the shoulder and met Power's nose with a violence that sent an echo ringing through the gymnasium. They kept it up in that style through the next round with honors evenly divided. Clean hits and scientific counters made up the pretty sequence to which Inspector Byrnes looked with undisguised admiration.

"By Jove," he cried, as he joined in the deafening plaudits, "that's the best set-to I ever saw in my life."

Bantam Willy Haas of the Pastimes next made things very lively, too, for young J. Flannagan, a featherweight in gram. Haas danced around Flanagan like a grasshopper, tapping his glove on the featherweight's head. Then he went in with a surprising spurt and presented Flanagan with a bleeding nose. Flanagan evidently didn't like it. He suddenly caught the bantam by the neck and tried to make his nose bleed too. Put Haas sent his right whizzing around in a clever way that found it a resting place on Flanagan's injured nose. The bantam wound up the round with a lively attack on Flanagan's head, and then whirled himself through the air in a double back somersault. It was his method of showing that he wasn't tired at all.

Mattresses were spread on the platform, and then Jack O'Brien of the Pastime Club and J. Quinn, ex-middle wrestling champion had a prolonged and exciting bout at catch-as-catch-can wrestling. Wrestling champion Lane of the New York Athletic Club was referee, and for fifteen minutes he watched some of the most surprising and intricate, and picturesque contortion that anybody ever saw in the gymnasium. Quinn forced the first round from the start. But every time he got what seemed a sure grip on O'Brien the latter squirmed free by some new and amazing contortion. When he had at length twisted himself into about as many different curves as was possible without breaking himself completely in two, Quinn got a hip hold on him, keeled him over, and sat on him until sheer weariness forced O'Brien to let two shoulders and a hip rest on the mattress. They went at it again in three-minute times, and after five minutes of contortion and strain Quinn went down flat on his back. It was decided a draw.

Harry Regan, a pupil of Mike Donovan's, who is tutor of the New York Athletic Club, jumped on the stage to make his debut with Jack McCraig. It was hammer and tongs all the way through, and the sides of the platform was splintered twice by the flying heels of the sparrers in their tumbles. McCraig seemed inspired with a desire to change Regan into a battering ram, and kept banging him against the post and ropes till Waldo Sprague sent both the sparrers off angry at each other.

Joe Billings, who twice won the championship, had a rattling bout with his brother Will, and then the short wound up with a six-round bout between Dennis Butler, the man who wanted to jump off the Brooklyn Bridge, and Joe Denning. It was expected that it would be something stunning, but it wasn't. Denning was out of condition, and Butler banged his nose up pretty thoroughly. The referee said it was a draw, but the rest of the people didn't believe it.

HURRIED OFF IN A CAB.

Mr. Hickey Says his Daughter is Not Insane and Tries to Run Off with Her.

A trimly dressed young girl got onfa Third avenue elevated train, bound south, at Twenty-eighth street yesterday morning. On either side of her was a woman dressed somewhat like a Sister of Charity, and next to one of them was a pleasant faced man who seemed to be interested in the group. Opposite them was another little group, a little man, evidently a laborer with his holiday clothes on, two women who acted as if they couldn't spare the time to be there, and a young boy and girl. On the way down to the City Hall the little man talked excitedly, and told the passengers that the young girl opposite was his daughter, that the women were nurses, and the man with them a doctor, and that they had all got up a conspiracy to declare his daughter insane and to keep her from her parents. Not a word came from the other side of the car in reply.

In Judge Andrews's court room E. J. Freedman of the Corporation Counsel's office appeared for the Commissioners of Charities and Correction and Col. Spencer for the little man. They went there to ask Judge Andrews to sign a paper in a proceeding to try the sanity of Mary Hickey, aged 29, the young girl who came down in the train. Judge Andrews said he would, but pending the appointment of the commission Mary must go back to the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island, where she has been since last July.

Little Mr. Hickey was angry at this and began to shout, and Mrs. Hickey and Mrs. Kingston, her companion, joined in actions of expostulation. The daughter said never a word. Judge Andrews ordered the court room cleared. Out in the hallway the shouting grew louder, and it was thought that gathered Mary was separated from the nurses and Dr. Franklin, the physician, who accompanied them from Blackwell's Island.

Several seconds later Mr. Freedman and Dr. Franklin saw Mr. and Mrs. Hickey and Mrs. Kingston hurrying down stairs with Mary. A second later Mary was bundled into a carriage that stood in Chambers street in front of the Court House. In jumped her father and mother and Mrs. Kingston and the young boy and girl. The driver whipped up his horses and made for Broadway, the little man with his head out of the window piping:

"Drive as if the divil was after you, for he is, sure."

Mr. Freedman ran down the steps of the Court House, and put after the carriage. He could run quite as fast as the horse could get along with the load. At Broadway he overtook the fugitives, and hailed Officer Smith of the Broadway squad, who stopped the carriage. Officer Smith got up on the box, and Mr. Hickey and all were driven to the Leonard street station, where Mr. Freedman and Dr. Franklin arrived a few minutes later, considerably blown.

Mr. Freedman said he would not prefer charges against the abductors of Mary, because they didn't know any better. Mr. and Mrs. Hickey and Mrs. Kingston said they knew what they were about, and that Dr. Franklin knew that Mary was not insane. Mary said not a word. She was taken back to Blackwell's Island by Dr. Franklin. Mr. Hickey and his supporters then went to Col. Spencer's office.

Mr. Hickey told a reporter of THE SUN that Mary was taken sick on July 3 last, and was taken to St. Vincent's Hospital. She remained there a few hours, and was taken to Bellevue. After several days there she was transferred to the lunatic asylum on Blackwell's Island. Mr. Hickey said his family's physician, Dr. Gerlman, 320 West Eleventh street, told him that Mary was suffering from brain fever, and that she was not insane.

Mr. Freedman said that Mary had been committed to the asylum on a property endorsed certificate, and it was for a commission to decide about her sanity, not for Mr. Hickey and a Colonel.

STERLING TO HAVE A CHANCE.

The Whole Number Found Eligible for Weighers to be Certified to the Collector.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 12.—The Civil Service Commission has to-day directed the Board of Examiners at New York to certify to the Collector, in the case of the examination for weighers, the whole number, at once, of those found eligible for appointment—some thirty persons—placing the disabled soldiers first, in the order of their grades. This was the unanimous decision of the Commission, there being no division of opinion as to the wisdom in this particular case of having the entire list of eligibles certified to the appointing power, giving disabled soldiers the preference to which they are entitled under the law.

The individual members of the Commission decline to say what reasons influenced them in reaching this conclusion, except that they deemed it "wisest and best in this particular case" to make such a ruling. Their reasons will be made public in a day or two, and they say when the result is known the public will be satisfied. The decision, President Edgerton says, does not abolish or in any way affect the rule requiring the certification of the four highest graded applicants on the list of eligibles, when a vacancy occurs either in the departmental service here or the customs or postal service throughout the country.

The controversy over this appointment has been most interesting and important as regards its bearings on the civil service question. The case involves peculiar difficulties. When the Weigher at New York was included in the civil service regulations the point was raised that this man must not only be a competent and qualified weigher, but that he must have the peculiar executive ability to manage and control the force of two or three hundred laborers under him. No examination test on paper could meet this, and it was then proposed and agreed that the entire list of eligibles should be certified to the Collector, in order that he might select the man who, in his judgment, best met all of these requirements. The Collector was at that time notified by the Civil Service Commissioners—Eaton, Gregory, and Thoman—that an exception to the rules would be made in this case, and such a course would be pursued. No objection was raised to this in any quarter. After the examination had been completed, Mr. Sterling had presented himself for examination, the cry was made that some one had been tampering with the regulation, and that, in order to get Sterling in, the civil service reform movement was to be broken down.

At about this time the President's interview appeared, in which he referred to the matter in plain and vigorous language. From the start, before Mr. Sterling was involved in any way, it was decided that the needs of this particular office were of such a peculiar character that no rule could meet them, and it must be an exception. Then, in some mysterious manner, not yet explained, the information leaked out from the Board of Examiners in New York, the civil service reformers, that Sterling had passed the minimum, and that under the exception Collector Hedden would have the right to reappoint him. At once a general attack was raised along the whole civil service line against the Commission, and by the President and the Commission; but satisfied that the original determination was right and that this office was an exceptional one, the New York Commission has merely gone ahead and certified the whole list to the Collector. The President was clear at the outset that this course was right, to enable the Collector to secure the proper officer, and he has maintained that position whenever his opinion was asked, but the Commission has had no occasion to bring it to him in a formal manner. He has, it is known, shown some impatience with the civil service reformers, who are unable to see anything but Sterling in the move, and could not agree with him that exception can be made to the rules and some modification adopted without breaking down the reform. Moreover, he is not willing to cast any reflection upon his Collector, and is ready to trust him to make the right selection.

A prominent New Yorker who was here the day said: "I think it pretty sure that Hedden will do the right thing, and that if Sterling should be appointed, with his low record in the examination and over the six soldiers who passed, a bitter fight would follow in the Senate and he would be refused confirmation."

EX-RECORDER FORD'S CONFESSION.

He Says that he, and Not his Brother, Fired the Shots that Killed Capt. Murphy.

NEW ORLEANS, Nov. 12.—An interview with ex-Recorder Thomas J. Ford, now in the penitentiary, was published this afternoon. In it he confesses that it was he, and not "Pat" Ford, his brother, who killed Police Captain Murphy. He said:

"On the first trial 'Andy' Fleming, Madam Cellicour, Richard Joel Smith, and two or three others, whose names I do not recollect, testified that I was the one that fired at Murphy on Dumaine street, and that I fired the fatal shots. Well, they were right. I did fire the fatal shots. I ran down from the engine house upon hearing several shots fired, and saw a crowd rushing in the direction of Dumaine street. There was a dense smoke, and I could not well distinguish persons. But I saw one very tall figure, and, jumping at conclusions, I set it down for Capt. Murphy. I saw him coming up Claiborne street, in the direction of Dumaine street, with a pistol in his hand; and he would have continued up Claiborne had he not seen me. I am sure that the sight of me made him turn into Dumaine street. He had scarcely turned into Dumaine when I cut across the street, and, as Fleming testified, fired on Murphy from the corner. I was on the uptown side of Dumaine street at the first shot, and I crossed the street and followed him until he reached a little short, when I fired the last shots, and he fell. I fired several shots, but how many, I was so excited, I cannot tell."

Referring to the conflicting testimony offered at the trial, Ford said it was only those witnesses who knew him and his brother personally who testified that it was he and not "Pat" Ford who fired the shooting. When asked if there was any conspiracy, Ford said: "No, not a bit of it. I went to the engine house on business. I heard shooting, ran out, recognized Capt. Murphy, and, thinking he had killed some friends of mine—not the parties who have been arrested—and that he was escaping, I shot at him. My feelings were worked up over the memory of the great injury he had done me, and, seeing him come face to face with and recognizing me, I fired. I regret exceedingly that he did not have a chance to speak before he expired, for then he would have laid the blame at my door, for it was I who killed him. It was not the cold-blooded and dastardly murder that it is pictured, because he had his gun out when he saw me and I had not, and he certainly divined what I was rushing at him for."

Referring to his brother's confession, Ford said: "Pat, on the trial, acknowledged the killing because he saw what a bitter feeling there was against me."

Ford said he made the confession because the Board of Pardons had refused to commute the sentences of Pat and Murphy. He said that Murphy knew nothing of the affair, and was not armed at the time. Concluding he said: "If they hang him or my brother it will be a judicial murder."

The killing of Capt. Murphy, which occurred on Dec. 1, 1884, caused intense excitement here in consequence of the fact that all of the seven persons accused of participating in it were public officials and officers of the peace. After the hardest legal fight ever known the jury brought in Court Officer John Murphy and Pat Ford guilty with capital punishment, and Judge Thomas Ford and Court Officers Buckley and Caulfield guilty without capital punishment, the difference being due to the fact that, while all the parties had taken part in the shooting, the first two had fired the fatal shots and killed Capt. Murphy. All three maintained that it was he who did the killing. On Monday the Board of Pardons refused to pardon them, and they were to have been hanged to-morrow, but were saved by a reprieve from the Governor to-day. Judge Ford, who is serving a term of twenty years at hard labor in the penitentiary, says in his confession that his brother Pat had borne his sentence in order to shield him, and would have gone to the scaffold before betraying him. His story is confirmed by other evidence, and is generally believed, although it is not thought that it will affect the Governor or the Board of Pardons, for, while Pat Ford did not kill Murphy, he was in the party who attacked him.

The Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled.

The twenty-second annual meeting of the New York Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled was held yesterday at the institution, corner Lexington avenue and Forty-second street, and the following officers were elected: President, William H. Macy; Vice-Presidents—Henry S. Terbell, W. B. Isham, William H. Osborn, Orlando B. Potter, Adrian Iselin; Treasurer, Frederick Sturges; Recording Secretary, John P. Townsend; Corresponding Secretary, Wm. A. W. Stewart; Board of Managers—Chandler Robbins, William M. Kingsland, Samuel Thorne, Cornelius Van Cortlandt, Alexander McE. Agnew, William H. Bradford, William H. Webb, David Wolfe Bishop, Francis A. Stout, W. C. Sturges.

Dr. James Knight's report shows that during the year 8,817 patients were treated, of whom 487 were received into the hospital as patients. In addition, there were 174 patients continued from last year, making a total of 661 who were actually relieved, and 181 continued under treatment. The daily visits of patients continued in outdoor department were 5,573. This is the only institution furnishing trusses and stockings free of charge. Over 600 gave only about two thirds the expense of treating the resident patients, and nothing toward the support of the dispensary department, while over 4,000 new cases of rupture alone were relieved, and where numbers of such trusses and other mechanical appliances were given away.

The well-known strengthening properties of iron, combined with quinine, renders Brown's Iron Bitters a most perfect nervine, are found in Carter's Iron Pills.—Adv.

AMUSEMENTS.

Mr. Thomas's Second Matinee.

The second matinée of the Young People's series took place yesterday afternoon in the Academy, with the following programme:

Symphony No. 5 ..... Beethoven
Aria ("Rose of Sharon") ..... Mackenzie
Miss Marie Van.
Concerto No. 3 ..... Saint-Saëns
Mr. Richard Hoffman.
Waldweben ..... Wagner
Song ..... Gounod
Miss Marie Van.
Selections from "Damnation of Faust" ..... Berlioz

The symphony was given with perfect smoothness, and with so much expression as to win the merited judgment that the rendering amounted almost to an entirely new conception of its meaning. Every nuance was so clearly marked, every phrase so exquisitely balanced, that the meaning of this one of Beethoven's masterpieces was expounded with even more truth than is usually looked for even from the interpretations of Mr. Thomas and his men. So beautiful was the symphony that its duration seemed only a few moments instead of a half hour or more.

Wagner's delicious poem, "Waldweben," was, however, not so delicately played as we heard it from the Philharmonic orchestra last winter. A change made in the arrangement of the band and the abolishment of the high terraced seats formerly used in favor of a very slight incline rising toward the back of the stage caused the volume of sound coming from the instruments to blend with notably better effect into one grand and symmetrical music. The alteration is a decided improvement for which Mr. Thomas's audiences should be grateful.

Of Miss Marie Van it is impossible to speak in terms of praise, unless it may be as regards her very gentle and earnest manner and evidently careful and refined taste in expression. Her efforts show only the possession of a mediocre talent and of a voice absolutely devoid of charming quality. As a result, while we are forced to acknowledge that she emits certain sounds intended to be musical, we are unfortunately aware, while listening to her performance, that she quite lacks the power which alone makes a singer worth hearing, of sending to the mind, through that great highway, the ear, agreeable or happy sensations. In her voice the middle tones are weak and poor, the high ones strained and throaty; her low ones, though best of all, not remarkable for any special excellence. In fact, Miss Van lacked power conspicuously the standard of an otherwise interesting concert, of which, however, the programme was neither as brilliant nor as pleasing as many others of Mr. Thomas's selecting.

Saint-Saëns's concerto for piano and orchestra was, next to the Beethoven symphony, the number most likely to excite the attention, interest, and curiosity of connoisseurs in music, as it was given yesterday for the first time, and is a work of immense technical intricacy. It is written so freely as to be almost in fantasia form, and it is needless to say that Mr. Hoffman played it in the most perfect manner, exhibiting in the highest degree those qualities which are his in such full measure, exquisite taste, and correct judgment, a lovely touch and extraordinary dexterity. There was an immense deal of satisfaction in hearing Mr. Hoffman again in a large piece belonging to the modern school of music—one that is worthy from its scope and difficulty of this artist's rare gifts and exceptional accomplishments. And it is always pleasant to extend a welcome as soloists to musicians of high rank who have long had their home in our city, and who are honored among us, as is the case with Mr. Hoffman.

MRS. VANWAGONER ELOPES.

She is Surprised by her Husband with Irish Comedian Ryan.

PATERSON, Nov. 12.—The wife of Garrett Vanwagoner, a feed merchant of this city, was formerly Miss Maggie Goetschius, a graceful roller skater. She disappeared from home on Monday. She had previously been intimate with Ryan of the Irish comedy team of Gibson and Ryan in the "Muldoon Picnic" company, and her husband suspected an elopement. Mr. Vanwagoner and a detective went to New York on Tuesday and learned from Harry Miner that Gibson and Ryan had gone to Albany. Vanwagoner went there with the detective, and on Wednesday Mrs. Vanwagoner was seen in company with Ryan. Their hotel was found, and at 1 o'clock this morning Vanwagoner and the detective went to the door of Ryan's room and knocked. Ryan asked who was there. The detective said:

"The office boy. Let me in. I have an important message."

Ryan lighted the gas and opened the door. Mr. Vanwagoner rushed in, and, as he had expected, found his wife in bed. She had nothing to say. Vanwagoner told her he had all the evidence he wanted for a divorce. He returned to Paterson last evening, and took the initial steps for a divorce suit.

Trotting in New Jersey.

The first event on the track of the West Side Driving Association of Jersey City yesterday was a trot for a sweepstakes of $150, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness. The starters were C. Devine's b. m. Viola Maid, J. Doane's br. g. Garry Manning, and A. W. Cowan's b. g. A. W. C. In the pool A. W. C. sold for $20; Garry Manning $15, Viola Maid $10. *Garry Manning* won in three straight heats, 2½, 2½, and 2½.

The second trot was for a sweepstakes of $100, mile heats, best 2 in 3, to road wagons. The starters were J. Mendler's s. g. Stadler, G. Jacob's ch. g. Sleepy Joe, G. Hopkins's b. g. Tip, and Mr. Mulvey's b. g. Bonnie Bigler, Jr. In the pool Bigler sold for $48, Sleepy Joe $20, Tip $8, and $8 Stadler won the first heat in 2:42½, and Tip the next two, first and the third in 2:50½ 2:56.

The third trot was for a sweepstakes, best 3 in 5, between W. Fendrick's gr. m. Maud C., to harness, and J. Monroe's b. m. Modena, to wagon. In the pools for $100 Maud C. sold for $20 and Modena $7, won in three straight heats in 2:39½ 2:40 2:54½.

The unfinished trots of Wednesday were completed yesterday on the track of the North Hudson Driving Park, commencing with Stephen R. The first event was the sweepstakes of $150, mile heats, best 3 in 5, in harness, between A. Sperla's bk. g. Stephen R., C. Isaacs's ch. m. Lady Lightfoot, and J. Richardson's s. g. Portland. Stephen R. had won the first heat in 2:29, and the second heat had been declared no heat. The third heat was won by Sperla in 2:30½. *Stephen R.* then won the fourth and fifth heats and the trot in 2:31, 2:40½.

The second event was a sweepstakes of $150, mile heats, best 3 in 5, between W. R. Cook's b. g. H. Sutliff, sold to betters at the time and T. Hayman's ch. g. Jim Blaine, to wagon, and R. T. Churchill's r. g. Selim, to harness. Selim had won the first two heats in 2:40, 2:29½, and Frank C. the third and fourth in 2:36, 2:32½. The fifth was called no heat on account of darkness. *Selim* won the sixth heat and the trot yesterday in 2:40.

Brighton Beach Races.

The first race at Brighton Beach yesterday was for a purse of $250, for maidens of all ages, three-quarters of a mile, fourteen starters. Pools—Theresa, $95; King Robin, $90; Alcibiades, $50; Tacoma, $40; Richfield $40; field, $70. *Theresa* won by three-fourths of a length in 1:17¾. King Robin second, Richfield third. Mutuals paid $12 80; place, $8 85. King Robin, $16 40.

Second Race—Purse $250, for non-winners, selling allowances, seven furlongs, thirteen starters. Pools—Jacobus, $65; Monk, $60; Nonage, $35; Joe Murray, $30; field, $45. *Jacobus* won by three lengths in 1:31¾. Nonage second, Commander third. Mutuals paid $13 50; place, $9 95. Nonage paid $18 40.

Third Race—Purse $350, selling allowances; one mile and a furlong, four starters. Pools—Mary Hamilton, $50; Ladymion, $17; Jennings, $17; John Sullivan, $16. *Jennings* won by three parts of a length in 1:57¾. Ladymion second, John Sullivan third. Mutuals paid $23 40; place, $11 95. Ladymion paid $10 75.

Fourth Race—Purse $400, of which $100 to second; handicap; one mile and a half, eight starters. Pools—Chiselle, $100; Knoxet, $40; Richfield, $30; Dryden, $15; field, $100. *Chiselle* won a hard race by one length and a half in 2:38½. Taxgatherer second, Punka third. Mutuals paid $10 55; place, $8 80. Taxgatherer paid $13 50.

Fifth Race—Purse $350, for all ages; one mile, four starters. Pools—Jim Douglass, $100; Choctaw, $115; field $45. *Jim Douglass* won by three lengths in 1:43. Choctaw second, Judge Griffith third. Mutuals paid $6 20; place, $5 95. Choctaw paid $7 35.

An American Turf Congress.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 12.—The representatives of Western racing associations who met here yesterday continued their session to-day, and organized what is to be known as the American Turf Congress. Mr. J. F. Robinson was elected President and R. G. Bruce of Kentucky Secretary and Treasurer. Racing rules were amended in several particulars, and it was decided to license jockeys. One of the original changes in the rules was one which makes it impossible for any one interested in any of the horses in the races to act as a judge, and that a horse shall not be considered a starter for the purpose of a race until the Board such rules and measures as may be deemed necessary to put a stop to the practice of hazing."

Chief Clerk Hand Missing.

Henry Hand, chief clerk in the office of the master mechanic of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad in Elizabeth, has been missing for several weeks. He lives in New York, and he was married recently. His accounts are correct.

Killed by his Father's Gun.

Isaac Collins of Westfield, N. J., stood his loaded gun in a corner of his bedroom yesterday. His six-year-old son pulled the gun over. It was discharged, and the boy was killed.

Sporting Notes.

George Siler, the veteran pugilist, while engaged in a scrub with one of his pupils in this city last week, jumped back and broke his leg.

William Gaidg and William Bradburn of Chicago have signed articles to fight eight rounds with small gloves for $250 a side near Pittsburgh on Nov. 21.

Jack Aston and Jim Donnelly will meet at the German Assembly Rooms tonight and spar four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, scientific points to count.

George Le Blanche, better known as the "Marine," of Boston, challenges Jack Ashton to spar or fight him for $500 a side, Marquis of Queensberry or London prize ring rules.

"As Good as New."

Are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, leucorrhœa, inflammation, &c., &c., she began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him; and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.—Adv.

FOLKS WHO STEAL BOOKS.

CLERGYMEN AND WOMEN A TERROR IN PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

The Awful Reputation of a Brooklyn School Full of Girls—1,000 Books Lost to the Union Theological Seminary—Rich Thieves.

Library thieves were discussed by the New York Library Club in the Columbia College library yesterday. Librarian Melvil Due said that it was hard to tell a library thief at sight. Well-dressed, gentlemanly looking men steal books. Librarian Peoples said that the Mercantile Library had lost many books.

"One person," he said, "a German school teacher, took a book from my library and I could not get it back. After he had kept the book four years, during which time I had written to him about it repeatedly, I sent my assistant to his house. He returned without the book, but said he had seen it on the man's table. I then went myself. I was shown into a room, in the centre of which there was a table covered with manuscript. There I saw the book. When the man came into the room I showed him our mark upon the book. 'Well,' he said, 'I am using it, and have been ever since I took it out.' 'You won't use it any more,' I said, and I walked out with it."

Mr. Hannah of the Long Island Historical Society Library said:

"I knew of a certain high-toned gentleman of stealing books, but could not catch him. When he died I went to his house and found 200 of our most valuable volumes—just the books I should like to own myself, if I could afford it. Another thief I caught was a prominent lawyer of Brooklyn, a man of affluent appearance and fine manners. He did not steal books; his forte was carrying off newspapers. I caught him at it one day. Shortly after that he moved from Brooklyn, and is now living near Columbia College. I think I shall have to give his name to Mr. Due. Perhaps the reason that I did not expose him was that he has an extremely pretty daughter."

"Speaking about the ladies," said Mr. Hannah, "a number of school girls used to come into my library, but I should never have suspected them of stealing if I had not been told that they did. My reading room was full of these girls one day, when the principal of the largest girls' seminary in Brooklyn chanced to come in. 'Young ladies, look out for those girls,' he said; 'they all steal.'"

"That coincides with my experience," said Mr. Peoples. "I make it a rule not to trust any lady who is a lover of books. Why, the wife of a prominence whom you all know well was caught stealing a book from my library. She begged a lady friend not to say anything about it, and to still allow her to come to the library, that I yielded, and she still reads our books. Another young lady, who is amply able to buy all the books she wants, was discovered going out with one book in her hand, which she was entitled to, and five others hidden under her cloak."

Dr. Buel, librarian of Union Theological Seminary, was asked how he got along with the ministers. He said he was afraid that ministers were as bad as any one else in this respect, for since he had been librarian more than 1,000 volumes had been stolen. "One minister," he said, "kept a book twenty-three years, but finally returned it, with a note to the effect that he needed the book no longer, as he had obtained a better edition."

"My opinion," said Mr. Peoples, "is that ministers are not to be trusted. If in a library any note appears anywhere, they like to write their opinions on the margins of books. I found a book so marked one day, and, recognizing the handwriting as that of a prominent divine, sent a note to him asking to see him in my office. He came, acknowledged that he had written in the book, but said that his writing made it a valuable one."

"Others do not think so," I said; "so if you will get us a new book, you may keep the more valuable one."

Mr. Hannah said that a Staten Island minister came into his library one day to consult some forty or fifty volumes on a certain subject. He placed the books on the table for him and left him. Shortly afterwards, when he saw him again, I saw him throw a volume on the floor, and, looking under the table, saw twenty books lying there. I asked him what he threw the books on the floor for. "Oh, I'm through with those," he answered. I told him I guessed he was, and with the others, too."

Secretary C. Nelson Sylvester was asked what precautions against thieves were used in the Astor Library. He said that since the library was moved into the present building an officer has been kept at the door. "Before we had the officer," said Mr. Nelson, "a thief walked out one day with one of our marble busts under his arm. Many books have been stolen from the library, notwithstanding our precautions. It seems to have been the experience of all those who have spoken to-day that it is not poor people who steal books, but the well-to-do and educated. There seems to be a curious relation existing between bibliomania and kleptomania."

Miss E. M. Coe of the Free Circulating Library suggested that a black list should be circulated among the librarians containing the names of those who steal or mutilate books.

A committee of three was appointed to look into the matter more fully and report at the next meeting.

A NIGHT OF COLLISIONS.

A General Damaging of Steamboats and Sailing Craft—Narrow Escape of a Crew.

When the north side Staten Island ferryboat Bay Queen and the Hamilton avenue ferryboat Brooklyn started out of their slips side by side, at the foot of Whitehall street, on Wednesday evening, the strong tide drifted the vessels together. The bow of the Bay Queen was crushed above the water line by contact with the ferryboat, and the accident would have did not run yesterday. The ferryboat was not injured.

The steamship Stamford, for Cindad Bolivar, while at anchor off the Battery, was run into on Wednesday evening by an unknown three-masted schooner. The Stamford's mainmast was carried away by a glancing blow of the bowsprit and jibboom of the schooner. Sixty feet of the Stamford's bulwarks, the first cabin door, or last her jibboom, bowsprit, and headgear. The steamer was taken to Brooklyn for repairs, and the schooner came to anchor in the bay. No one was injured.

There was still another collision on Wednesday evening. The sloop Citizen, from Northport for Rondout, with a cargo of sand, was run into by an unknown eastbound two-masted schooner off Mill Rock Point. The sloop was struck on the starboard quarter and sunk in about fifteen minutes. The Captain and crew had barely time to escape in their yawl boat. There was a heavy fog prevailing at the time and Capt. Hayman of the Citizen says he hailed the schooner and asked for assistance but met with no response. He also says that if the vessel had been injured all hands must certainly have been lost.

Unveiling of the Hamlin Monument.

The unveiling of the Hamlin monument took place yesterday afternoon at Woodlawn Cemetery. The monument is made of six blocks of Quincy granite. The base is 9 feet long by 5½ wide, and the height is 8½ feet. It bears this inscription:

FREDERICK H. HAMLIN
Born Oct. 19, 1848. Died Nov. 12, 1884,
While Deputy Commissioner of Public Works in this city
Erected by his associates in the department.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church presented the monument to the Hamlin family, and Mr. Edwin M. Sheppard made a fitting response on behalf of the family. Representatives of nearly all of the city departments were present.

The Plymouth Rock Sold for $7,875.

The old excursion steamer Plymouth Rock was sold at auction yesterday by Deputy Marshal Dowley to Seth W. Schofield for $7,875. The Plymouth Rock was built in 1854 at a cost of $300,000, and is said to have carried more passengers than any other vessel in the world.

She was libelled Aug. 20 by twenty-four firms, who had claims against her amounting to $10,000. John E. Develfforre, President of the Knickerbocker Steamboat Company, made the next highest bid, $7,500, for the vessel. Mr. Schofield will probably break the old craft up. Last summer the Plymouth Rock was turned into a floating skating rink, and travelled up and down the Hudson River. It wasn't a success.

The Yale-Princeton Football Game.

PRINCETON, Nov. 12.—The trustees of the college decided to-day that the Princeton football team cannot play with Yale on the Polo grounds in New York on Thanksgiving Day. They refuse to say anything about the boys playing there at any other time. Although this decision was expected, great discontent is expressed among the students. It has been decided that the game shall be played in New Haven.

The trustees adopted the following resolution:

"That a committee of five be appointed to report to an adjourned meeting of the Board such rules and measures as may be deemed necessary to put a stop to the practice of hazing."

Chief Clerk Hand Missing.

Henry Hand, chief clerk in the office of the master mechanic of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad in Elizabeth, has been missing for several weeks. He lives in New York, and he was married recently. His accounts are correct.

Killed by his Father's Gun.

Isaac Collins of Westfield, N. J., stood his loaded gun in a corner of his bedroom yesterday. His six-year-old son pulled the gun over. It was discharged, and the boy was killed.

Sporting Notes.

George Siler, the veteran pugilist, while engaged in a scrub with one of his pupils in this city last week, jumped back and broke his leg.

William Gaidg and William Bradburn of Chicago have signed articles to fight eight rounds with small gloves for $250 a side near Pittsburgh on Nov. 21.

Jack Aston and Jim Donnelly will meet at the German Assembly Rooms tonight and spar four rounds, Marquis of Queensberry rules, scientific points to count.

George Le Blanche, better known as the "Marine," of Boston, challenges Jack Ashton to spar or fight him for $500 a side, Marquis of Queensberry or London prize ring rules.

"As Good as New."

Are the words used by a lady, who was at one time given up by the most eminent physicians, and left to die. Reduced to a mere skeleton, pale and haggard, not able to leave her bed from all those distressing diseases peculiar to suffering females, such as displacement, leucorrhœa, inflammation, &c., &c., she began taking Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," and also using the local treatments recommended by him; and is now, she says, "as good as new." Price reduced to one dollar. By druggists.—Adv.

THE MELLEN CONSPIRACY CASE.

Mellen's Counsel to Have the Boston Officers Arrested when they Reach Baltimore.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 12.—On Tuesday night two detectives left Boston with a requisition for A. L. Mellen of this city, charged with murder conspiracy. They were accompanied by Bose Cobb, an ex-convict, and the principal witness against Mr. Mellen. None of the party has arrived here, and the Baltimore police have consequently abandoned all interest in the case, and will make no further effort to arrest Mellen.

The mystery of the story deepens, and it is not improbable that it will become even more complicated in a day or two. The Boston detectives, if they show up here, will be placed in a position to appreciate the point of the old story of the man who went out to hunt a lion, and had great fun until the lion began to hunt him. Mr. Mellen's counsel say that they will have the Boston officials arrested, for conspiracy as soon as they get on Maryland soil. Bose Cobb, the ex-convict, is wanted here for burglary, and he also will be arrested.

To people here, who recall Mr. Mellen's high character, it seems incredible that he should be guilty of such an irrational, impracticable conspiracy as the one alleged to have been directed against his daughter-in-law's life. Mr. Whyte, of counsel for defence, intimates that the requisition from Massachusetts will never be presented here, and that he will soon move in a Boston court to have it quashed.

Graduating as Nurses.

The fifteenth anniversary of the Brooklyn Maternity and the graduating exercises of the New York State Training School for Nurses were held last night in Historical Hall. The Rev. R. S. H. Camp, who presided, read the report of the Secretary, which showed that 116 women and 15 children had been cared for in the Maternity during the year, and that the receipts were $7,622.36, and the expenditures $7,701.29. Dr. Edward M. Avery presented diplomas of graduation to the following trained nurses: Miss Rose Donaldson, Miss Fannie H. Harkness, Miss Clara F. Hand, Miss Julia Penley, Miss Helen J. La Morce, and Miss Maggie M. French.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

New York Stock Exchange—Sales—Nov. 13.

UNITED STATES AND STATE BONDS (IN $1,000s).

40 U. S. 4½s, r	112½	2 Ga. 7s gold	102
5 U. S. 4½s, c	113¾	10 N. C. 6s, 1919	115½
26 Va. 6s, deferred	10½	110 S. C. Special Tax 7s	2⅜
65 Va. 6s, def., T. R.	10		

RAILROAD AND OTHER BONDS (IN $1,000s).

101 Ala. Pac. 1st	42	10 Mex. Cent. 1st	
101 Ala. Gt. Sou. 1st	82½	4 Do. 2d con	49
5 Am. Dock & Imp	80	7 Mor. & Ess. con	132½
1 Buf. & Ph. 1st	41	5 Mor. & Essex 2d	104½
10 Can. So. 2d, c.	106	13 Mut. El. 1st	115
Coll. T. 5s	98	22 Mut. El. 2d	108
2 Bat. & O. 5s	107	1 Mob. & O. 1st ex	101½
3 Ch. & S. W.	15	15 Mich. Cen 5s	108½
Incomes	80½	4 Mich. Pen. 1st	100½