MATTIE RANDALL BURIED.

TOUCHING SCENE AT THE FUNERAL OF THE MURDERED GIRL.

The Supposed Murderer Still at Large—More than a Thousand Men to Engage in the Search for Him To-day—Strong Talk of Lynching the Fugitive when Caught.

LITCHFIELD, July 24.—All day long men and boys from the surrounding country have been beating the bushes, searching the woods, and ransacking barns and deserted houses in search of Charles Lockwood, who is doubtless the murderer of Mattie Randall, the girl whose horribly mutilated body was found on Thursday morning last in a field near her father's farm house in East Morris. Even during the funeral, which occurred at 9 o'clock this morning, the search was kept vigorously up. Fully 200 persons, not only from Morris but from the surrounding towns, came to take their last farewell of Mattie. She was widely known hereabouts, and had won to a singular degree the affection of all who knew her, and no event that has occurred in this part of Connecticut within anybody's memory has caused so profound a sensation as the ghastly and heartless manner of her taking off. The funeral services were held in the parlor of the little old-fashioned farm house. The coffin, lying in the centre of the room, was covered with wreaths, and a cross, made from some of the simple and sweet flowers which grew in the beds about the yards of all the farm houses. Mattie herself had a bed of this kind, which was her special pride. It was filled with pansies, and the poor girl's last visit to it was to gather a bunch of her very best flowers to give to one of the city boarders here who was fond of her and loved to visit her. The people who came to the funeral all looked as sad as though it was a personal friend they had lost. They stood about in the little low-ceilinged rooms of the farm house and gathered in groups in the wide yard, while their teams, hitched to the fences, stretched far up and down the shady street in either direction.

It was a perfect summer morning, with the sun blazing overhead and the air faint with the odor of the newly cut hay and of the myriads of wild flowers that grow hereabouts. A delicate, perfumed breeze rustled the curtains and swept over the coffin as the minister opened the services. The mother and father and Mattie's little three-year-old sister sat by the coffin's side. Mrs. Randall looked as though she was just up from a long illness, but she had somewhat recovered from the first agony of her grief. It was Mr. Randall's turn to be prostrated now. He had kept up wonderfully during the time his wife was in such keen distress, but he quite broke down as he entered the parlor where the coffin lay. He frantically grasped the hand of an old friend and neighbor who stood by and pulled him with him to a seat by his side. Then his frame fairly shook with sobs. It was so painful a scene that many could not look at it, and they stole away to be beyond the reach of the poor man's heartrending groans. The Rev. Mr. Leonard, who is pastor of the Congregational church in Morris, to which Mattie belonged, took the lead in the services, though he was assisted by the Rev. Mr. Starr of Northfield. The service was the simple one of the Congregational creed, closing with a little sermon full of sympathy, and urging that all take heed by the sad fate of Mattie to be prepared for the death which overtakes us at any moment. Then a hymn was sung and the people filed by the coffin, taking a last look at the pale beautiful face.

The burial was to be in Bridgewater, where Mr. Randell's family originally resided, and where Mattie's great-grandmother, a hale and hearty old woman, still lives. Bridgewater is twenty-two miles away, and the journey was to be made in carriages. The hearse set out over the dusty road a little after 10 o'clock, followed by carriages containing Mr. Randall's family and a few friends who were to accompany him. There were ten carriages in all, and people crowded in their doorways looking sorrowfully as it passed. It was late in the afternoon when the procession arrived at the village cemetery, where a large crowd of people was waiting curiously to see it. The services at the grave were very simple and quickly over and the clods began to fall on the poor girl's coffin. Both Mr. and Mrs. Randall were completely broken down at this and were led away tenderly by their friends. They will return to their home to-morrow, and there kind neighbors are already trying to devise some means to make that return less distressing. It is touching the sympathy that is universally shown for these afflicted parents. People who had hitherto been reported as harsh towards them have put forward with offers of any service they can render them.

Everybody is very sorry at that cruel statement which emanated from Waterbury and which reflected upon Mattie's character. There was never a more innocent, unsuspicious young girl, for the conspicuous characteristic which had more than anything else to do with endearing her to everybody was her pure dignity and nobility of soul. Living near to the Randell farm house is old Uncle Lucius Monson and his wife, and Uncle Lucius, who plays upon the violin, Mattie was very fond of music, and played the piano very prettily. Uncle Lucius used to come down to the house of evenings, bringing his violin with him, and he and Mattie used to have some famous duets together. It was his hand that Farmer Randall grasped when he broke down on entering the little parlor to-day where the coffin lay, and Uncle Lucius is nearly as sadly stricken with grief at the girl's death as is the father. He cannot speak of her without his voice faltering and his eyes filling with tears, and to-day when in a score of the pleasant duets he had had with Mattie at the piano he broke completely down.

"I don't think I can ever touch that violin again," he said. "I cannot have the heart to. I have put it out of sight where I cannot see it, and it is better that it remain so."

Crowds hovered about the farm house all day long, groups strolling now and then up the dark, shady lane through which Mattie walked to her death. Close by the bars is a sort of lair in the bushes, which are thick hazels, where Lockwood slept off his debauch on the night before he committed the murder. He was concealed there like an animal, and any girl or woman who had passed that way would doubtless have met the fate that Mattie met. It was here in this hole that he hatched the plot to entrap Mattie into his clutches, and it was not a rod away that he murdered her. The big stones that strew the ground and the ground itself are stained and soaked with blood, and the leaves and ferns in the fence corner, where Lockwood dragged the dead body that it might be out of sight, are black with clotted blood. There is little doubt that the girl was on the ground and on her knees when the fatal shot was fired. The downward course of the pebbles with which he loaded the gun in lieu of shot fully proves this. It is thought that after struggling in vain to accomplish his object the brute jumped up in a rage and seized his gun, and that the girl fell on her knees and was begging for her life when he murdered her.

It is not too much to say that should Lockwood be caught by any of the bands of farmers who are scouring the country for him that the record of Litchfield county will be stained with a lynching. There is apparently but one opinion expressed on this point, and that is that this is one of those extreme cases where lynching is the appropriate way to express public sentiment. Even public officials have been heard expressing themselves favorably toward that method of punishment, and a minister of the Gospel said to-day that the man ought to be shot in his tracks like a mad dog. There have been rumors on several occasions as to clues to his whereabouts, but the first real trace of him was found to-day.

James Johnson lives about two miles away from the Randall farm, and he and his wife went to Mattie's funeral, locking their house carefully when they left. During their absence the hammer that fastened their back door was wrenched off and somebody entered the house. Evidently the thief's first dive was for the pantry, as nothing else was disturbed. He gorged himself and his pockets with food, stealing a large bowl of doughnuts, absorbing a great quantity of milk, and loading himself down with cheese. There is no doubt in anybody's mind that the hungry one was Lockwood. He had been in the woods for forty-eight hours, and could have had nothing to eat, unless a few berries, though there were reported to a farmer's cow having been milked dry during the night. He is now not only well-fed, but well supplied with food, and fully prepared to stand a siege of several days. He clearly has a good hiding place, as he might very readily find one, having learned the country so well in his capacity of general vagabond. He can hardly escape much longer, however, and it is highly probable that he will be caught to-morrow, as a special effort is being organized. Fully 1,000 men will turn out, it being Sunday, and the farmers not busy. Besides the people hereabouts, many are coming from other towns, among them all the employees of Plume & Atwood of Thomaston, who will be under the direction of Mr. Chatfield, the master millwright of the Plume & Atwood works. It is proposed that not an inch of ground around here shall go unsearched.

Predicting War Over the Fisheries Question.

TORONTO, July 24.—The Rev. Dr. Reilly of Detroit lectured here to the Irish National League last evening. He reaffirmed the sentiments he expressed in a recent speech in Detroit about the Americans going to war with England over the fishery question. He said to a newspaper interviewer:

"My sentiments upon the fishery question are such as the American press generally take to-day, especially The Sun of New York, and what I call the national body of the American press. I said nothing to that speech that I can retract, or wish to retract—not a word nor a syllable. I certainly consider the actions of the Canadian Government as they were then reported, and have since been represented by our press, as unjustifiable. I called that Canadian insolence and said it was one form of English aggression which was showing our fishermen off the seas, and very rightly, and I pointed to the guns, and said the time had come when that in 1812 vindicated the rights of our seamen against English aggression."

THE SUCCESSOR OF WARNER MILLER.

A Dozen Republican Candidates—A Review of the Field.

ROCHESTER, July 24.—The Senatorial campaign is exciting a good deal of interest in the northern, central, and western counties of the State, especially among the Republicans, who think they will carry the Assembly this fall, and capture the glittering prize next winter at Albany. This belief has already brought into the field a great crowd of candidates. It is easy to name a dozen, one-half of whom feel confident of success. Here are the dozen: Warner Miller, James W. Husted, Whitelaw Reid, Levi P. Morton, Andrew D. White, Alonzo B. Cornell, Frank Hiscock, William H. Seward, James W. Wadsworth, Richard Crowley, James D. Warren, and Edwin A. Merritt.

It may seem a little singular to see President White's name in this list, when he is known to be just now far away in Europe. But it is quite as well known to some of his confidential friends that he will return home in due season to make a personal canvass for Mr. Miller's seat. However, there is a general impression that in this case Mr. White will meet with his usual luck. He has often aspired to high offices, but has never reached them.

Candidates are resorting to all sorts of expedients for success. It is generally supposed that, inasmuch as Mr. Evarts lives in New York city, the next Senator must be taken from some other place. Therefore, Mr. Morton is reported to be getting up "a local habitation and a name" at or near Saratoga. To make a candidate eligible on the score of locality it would not be necessary for him to reside far out of the city. There is the Bald Eagle, for example. He dwells at Peekskill, and nobody disputes his right to roost in Miller's chair, provided he can persuade the Legislature to put him into it. So Mr. Reid having a cottage at Rockaway on Long Island, is clearly within the rule. As to the rest of the dozen, they are sufficiently remote from the metropolis, if that is all that stands in their way.

The main question is as to the political complexion of the next Legislature. In the present Senate, which holds over, the Republicans have a majority of 8. The whole number of members in the Senate and Assembly is 150, a majority whereof is 81. There are 12 Democrats in the present Senate. To obtain the requisite 81 in the next Legislature the Democrats must elect 69 members of the Assembly next fall. These, with their 12 hold-over Senators, would give them the 81 in the two Houses, and with these they could elect the successor of Warner Miller.

What are the prospects of the Democrats for electing as many as 69 Assemblymen? In the present Assembly they have only 50. Can they make a gain of 19 in this fall's contests? The Republicans say this is utterly impossible. Some very sanguine Democrats assert that it can be done. A cool calculator could point to a dozen seats now occupied by Republicans which Democrats might hope to capture with good candidates. But they will require 7 more to give them control of the Legislature.

It was the loss of the Senate by eight majority last year that imposed upon the Democracy this heavy task now. They should look the situation squarely in the face, close up their ranks, bring out their strongest candidates for the Assembly, and open the campaign with the full purpose of winning a victory. There is no other way to beat the Republicans and get a Democratic Senator from the President's own State before the close of his term.

THE TREASURY SURPLUS.

Republican Senators Agree to the Substitute for the Morrison Resolution.

WASHINGTON, July 24.—The Republican Senators had another conference at the room of the Committee on Finance this morning, to discuss the proposed substitute for the Morrison resolution, which has been prepared by the committee appointed for that purpose. The resolution, as it passed the House, requires the Secretary of the Treasury to use all the money in the Treasury in excess of $100,000,000 for the redemption of bonds. The substitute does not contain any compulsory clause. It simply "authorizes" the Secretary to use the surplus in the Treasury for the payment of the public debt whenever it shall exceed the sum of $110,000,000, but provides that at no time shall the surplus over and above outstanding liabilities and trust funds exceed the sum of $135,000,000. The discretion of the Secretary is therefore limited so that the surplus cannot be more than $135,000,000, and not less than $110,000,000, which would give him a working balance of $25,000,000.

There was a considerable difference of opinion in the conference, as was the case at Senator Sherman's residence the other night. Senators Allison, Dawes, and Jones want the resolution passed as it came from the House. Senators Edmunds, Miller, Dawes, and others do not want anything done, and urged that the action of the Treasury should not be influenced even by the passage of the substitute, which they hardly more than expressed a opinion. Several Senators spoke of the pressure that was being brought upon them by the Democratic members of the House to pass the resolution, and their anxiety is so great that Senator Coke has introduced a resolution directing the Finance Committee to report on the subject at once.

One Senator declared that it would be more dignified on the part of the Democrats to sign a petition to the President to either remove his Secretary of the Treasury or direct him to expend the surplus, than to beg the Republican Senators to assist them in compelling him to do so. But the Western Senators urged that a political necessity required something to be done, as the feeling in their section was unanimously in favor of reducing the surplus, and so it was decided that the Finance Committee should report the $135,000,000 substitute on Tuesday next. The House will refuse to agree to this, and if the Senate insists the resolution will not get through this session.

GOSSIP FROM BERLIN.

Socialists to be Tried for Secret Plotting—Bismarck and Kalnoky.

BERLIN, July 24.—The trial of the Socialist Deputies—Bebel, Stollmar, Viereck, Frohme and others—will open at Freyberg, Saxony, on Monday. They are charged with having organized a secret society whose aim is to impede the execution of the laws. The police of Leipsic will prohibit the Socialists recently expelled from visiting that city within six months.

Political interest centres in the conference at Kissingen between Prince Bismarck and Count Kalnoky, the Austrian Prime Minister. Count Kalnoky will return to Vienna to-morrow. The conference, it is thought, will cement the alliance between Germany and Austria, while it will tend toward a breach with Russia.

Prince Bismarck is said to be desirous of closer relations with England under a Conservative Government. The *Cologne Gazette*, Bismarck's organ, rejoices in Lord Salisbury's restoration to office, and says it assures the peace of Europe.

The St. Petersburg journals are discussing the probabilities of a coalition between Austria, Germany, and England against Russia.

The General Assembly of German Catholics will open at Breslau on Aug. 21. The Assembly will discuss and vote on the demand for the re-establishment of a Catholic section in the Ministry of Worship, the abolition of the law reserving to the State the right to appoint teachers in the Catholic schools, and the abolition of the ordinance subjecting Bishops to the taking of the civil oath. The Assembly will formulate a platform declaring the complete independence of the Catholic clergy.

The failure of Messrs. Remy, the Dortmund iron founders, appears to be crisis in German iron industries. The Rhenish, Westphalian, and Silesian works are at a standstill. The dissolution of the convention between German and English rail works is causing the English manufacturers to compete for railway contracts in Germany. Great alarm has been occasioned by an English tender of steel rails for the Alsace-Lorraine Way, the price bid beating Krupp's lowest offer.

The German Cabinet has forbidden Prussian officers betting with bookmakers, riding horses owned by professional horsemen, or figuring in races in uniform.

A Change in the Niagara Suspension Bridge.

NIAGARA FALLS, July 24.—A difficult engineering feat is about to be attempted on the Niagara Railroad Suspension Bridge. The four great towers of stone, on which are cradled the thick supporting cables of the bridge, are to be replaced with iron supports. The cost will be $40,000. The iron work is being made in Detroit, and shipments of material are expected in a couple of weeks. The reason given for the change is that the frost causes the disintegration of the stone.

Butcher Faust's $1,000 Vanishes.

Katie Fisher, who was arrested a month ago for harboring Martha Meurau, a girl under 16, in her disorderly house 106 West Thirty-first street, and was released on $1,000 bail furnished by butcher John D. Faust of 375 Seventh avenue, is missing. It is said that she has gone back to Germany. Justice Smith forfeited her bail bond yesterday.

The First Rank.

"Madam, here is an article—
Difference scarce a particle
Twixt this tooth-wash and famed Soxo—
"Don't care for it, thanks, sir.
None with that one trick, sir.
Fact—and everybody knows so."

Ladies take a pardonable pride in beautiful teeth, which exaltures the beholder when they speak, smile, or sing. This charm is conferred by pure, aromatic SOZODONT, which has no compeer, though articles represented to possess properties identical with it are sometimes sold to the unsuspecting as substitutes.—Adv.

DIVVER BAILS OUT BRODIE.

THE BRIDGE JUMPER WON'T RUN AGAINST HIM FOR ALDERMAN.

Thinks of Going Starring Instead—How he Felt when he was Failing—In Favor of Prohibiting Other Folks From Trying It.

Alderman P. Divver showed yesterday how a man with a pull and a great head can make himself solid and shine in the lustre of a noble deed by going on the bail bond of Steve Brodie, who jumped from the Brooklyn Bridge on Friday. Steve had thought of moving into the Second district to run for Alderman, and had consulted with his friends about it, but after the magnificent action of P. Divver he came up to THE SUN office and announced: "I'm for P. Divver, and it's not me to go back on a friend and run against him for Alderman before he's got his share."

Brodie is himself a member of the Tammany district committee. He slept soundly in his cell in the lower tier in the Tombs on Friday night, ate a hearty breakfast yesterday, and wanted more. The Tombs court room was packed as soon as the doors opened by reformed filibusters and other Fourth warders. A bridge policeman brought a note to Justice Kilbroth from the trustees, asking that the hearing of Brodie's case should be postponed until next Wednesday, when their lawyer can be present. The Justice told the policeman to go and fetch a copy of the bridge ordinances, or something that would show what offence against the bridge Brodie had committed when he jumped off. He was held on the charge of attempted suicide, which is a felony, and Jimmy Oliver's brother Frank, who looked after him, could not see what the bridge ordinances had to do with it.

In the mean time Brodie was holding a reception to privileged friends and his family in his cell. He made a little speech and said:

"Boys, hain't I done it? Ye's all knows that I jumped de bridge. Didn't I? I'm de only man that ever jumped de bridge."

In an hour and a half a squad of bridge policemen appeared in the court carrying a pasteboard card 10 inches by 8. It was an official bridge ordinance poster and was reverently laid before Justice Kilbroth. It recited that wagons must not drive on the cart tracks and that passengers must not walk on the roadway or smoke in the cars or whittle the iron rails or chip pieces off the towers.

Justice Kilbroth read it over carefully and handed it back, saying there was nothing there to hold Brodie. Frank Oliver asked for Brodie's release. The Justice refused, and remanded him in $1,000 bail for a hearing next Wednesday morning. Jim Brennan, who was arrested at the same time, and is also out on $1,000 bail, will appear at the same time.

Alderman P. Divver was in Brooklyn when he heard of the trouble his promising ex-constituent and competitor was in. He flew to the Tombs and went Brodie's bail. Brodie was brought up to sign the bond.

"How do you do, jumper?" said the Justice.

"How do you do, Judge," said Brodie.

Commissioner Porter was standing near by and said: "It was a great thing, but don't you do it any more."

Brodie said he would consider the advice. As soon as the bail bond was signed he was released, and went at once to a neighboring gin mill where he drank four sarsaparillas, one seltzer, and an occasional hard drink, while he told his story with the curtain. "Didn't you see me jump de bridge? Well, I done it, and I kin do it again."

A lot of museum men swooped down on him with offers to exhibit. Nathan Morris offered to give Brodie half the receipts and take him to Coney Island to exhibit when everybody on the Bowery had seen him. Brodie wanted a guarantee of $150 a week for a ten weeks' engagement. Morris would not give over a hundred, and no bargain was made.

After he was released, Brodie said: "No more short horses for me. I've dropped $700 on the races in the last two weeks. I had but one dollar when I jumped off the bridge, and I spent that on drinks. I'm going to get the $200 that was up on this and return $100 to the man who put it up for me. The other hundred I'll live on till I get into a museum. I'd be satisfied if I didn't make a cent. Allowers museum man offered me $100 a week, and a Baltimore man has offered me $200 a week to be exhibited, but I think I'd go with Tom McCoy and travel over the country for twenty weeks on shares.

"You'll see a lot of shacks jumping off and getting killed," he went on. "There ought to be something done to stop it. Odlum would have got along all right if the police hadn't hurried him. That's all there is to it. Any man who is a trained jumper can do it. It wouldn't do for him to jump head foremost. He could just keep falling and falling enough to prevent his head, and if he struck square on his head the water would smash his skull and kill him. Why, even in my shoes hitting the water made my feet feel as if they had got a big shock of electricity. There's the only place that it caught me—on my feet. The bruises on my chest and shoulder were caused, as The Sun said, by my climbing into the boat and being hauled around.

"The first time I went up in the morning I looked down and saw the boat four piers below. I was about twenty feet out from them, but I knew they were too far off to get to me in time if I should be insensible when I struck. I went back and stationed them off the bridge dock, and told them to keep about forty feet away. Then I went back and got on the wagon to go over the bridge. I didn't want to pick a particular place to jump from. If the policeman was in the middle of the bridge, I was going to try it near the tower. If he was near the tower I was going to the middle. When I got off the wagon I got feeling queer. That's what made me a little thinking that bigger than Jim Corbett's battery, Jim Corbett's governor; William Weihe of Pittsburgh, President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, for Auditor-General; J. Simpson Africa, the present Secretary of Internal Affairs, for re-election to the same office, and Maxwell Stevenson of Philadelphia, the Congressman at large. Stevenson is the champion of the Knights of Labor, and Weihe is connected with the most powerful trades unions in the country, and it is expected that their names would draw the labor vote almost unanimously. Besides that, Wallace is the inventor of the legal method of settling labor disputes now so generally endorsed by workingmen, and in the last Legislature offered an amendment vigorously a bill to prevent discriminating on the part of railroads and other corporations.

Racing at Washington Park.

CHICAGO, July 24.—First Race—Three-fourths of a mile. Betting—Lucien, $100; Ira E. Bride, $75; Truant, $60; field, $85. *Truant* won handily by half a length, Sailor Boy second, Lucien third, Lillie Hardy third. Time, 1:17. Mutuals paid $30.40.

Second Race—One mile and an eighth. Betting—Hattoo, $100; Eloise, $60. *Hattoo* was never headed, and won easily by a length, Eloise second. Time, 1:59. Mutuals paid 20.

Third Race—The Great Western Handicap; one mile and a half. Betting—Lucky B., $150; Jim Guest, $125; field, $150. *Jim Guest* won after a close finish by one length, Punka second, Lucky B. third. Time, 2:34. Mutuals paid $13.

Fourth Race—Gentleman's race. Did not fill.

Fifth Race—Three-quarters of a mile. Betting—Shadow, $100; Warrenton, $60; Hollanthus, $75; field, $75. *Moonlight* won by a half length, Eclipse Queen second, Shadow third. Time, 1:16½. Mutuals paid $23.25.

Extra Race—Three-fourths of a mile. Betting—Violin, $105; Tony Pastor $100; Our Friend, $90; field, $130. *Charley Lucas* was never headed, and won as he liked by two lengths, Our Friend second, Henrietta third. Time, 1:14. Mutuals paid $12.

Sixth Race—One mile. Betting—Jim Gray, $100; Glenaire, $75; Logan, $65. *Glenaire* won by a head, Jim Gray second, Logan a bad third. Time, 1:41½. Mutuals paid $16.90.

Cricket at Seabright.

The beautiful new grounds of the Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket club on the Rumson road, Seabright, were opened yesterday with a cricket fete. There was a fashionable attendance, and the match between Mr. Charles E. Wallack's team of Jolly Duffers defeated the home side in a one-inning game by 44 runs.

The scores were: Seabright—62, first innings; 65, second innings; for six wickets. Jolly Duffers—116, first innings. Among those who played for the Seabright eleven were John F. Green, one of the Vice-Presidents of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company; Lawyer W. N. West of Philadelphia, and A. C. Townsend, late of the Montreal Cricket Club.

Cricket with the Canadians.

The Philadelphia international cricket match committee have decided not to have the great match between Canada and the United States played in Hoboken, but on the grounds of the Seabright Lawn Tennis and Cricket Club at Seabright. It will take place on Aug. 13 and 14.

The committee met yesterday and sent out eighteen notes to players, and on Tuesday next the United States eleven will be chosen from those who respond. New York will be represented by J. L. Post of Staten Island, and Boston by L. Mansfield. The rest of the team will be Philadelphians.

Yachts on the South Shrewsbury.

RED BANK, July 24.—The breeze on the South Shrewsbury River this afternoon was very fresh. The first of the series of races for the championship of the river was sailed. The first and second boats at the finish were: First class—John Borden's Maud I. and Mr. Hoffman's Mascotte. Second class—Bracken Brothers' Fern, and Fred Oakes's Fink. The victory in the protested regatta on the North Shrewsbury yesterday has been awarded to the Westleigh.

Cholera Infantum.—The greatest causes of this dread disease are excessive heat and improper food. Infants who are fed upon Mellin's food will pass through the hot summer safely. A physician in one of our largest cities brought up his baby on it and wrote the following as his experience: During these two years, while living in the most densely populated and most sickly part of the city, during the intensely hot and intensely cold seasons, at no time has our child been seriously affected in comfort or health."—Adv.

Every day increases the popularity and sale of Carter's Little Liver Pills. The reason is that when once used relief is sure to follow. 25 cents.—Adv.

Have you taken home that box of Seabury & Johnson's Ready-made Mustard Plasters yet? Cheapest and best. Oil is water; then apply.—Adv.

VANISHED MAGIC AND MINSTRELSY.

One has Gone to the Capitals of Europe and the Other is in the Country.

"There's no more chance for magic or minstrelsy in New York," said the manager of an up-town theatrical agency, "than there is for an honest politician. There was a time when the famous prestidigitateur of the world found the richest field right here, and the best negro minstrels in the country worked with the object of getting a New York opening. When they finally located here they felt that their ambitions were gratified. Of late years this particular form of entertainment has been scowled upon so fiercely by the public that it takes a very bold manager indeed to bring a company into New York for a season of more than two weeks, even when bolstered up by slugger Sullivan, who poses as Greek statues. The taste of the people has undergone a complete change.

"So it is with sleight-of-hand performers. Heller's death and Goldberg's dementia and his subsequent taking off removed the two most popular of our masters of magic, and there has never been enough encouragement shown to those who have tried to fill the places of these two men to enable them to keep going. Herrmann, who is really a marvellously clever man, was unable to draw here toward the last, even when run in conjunction with a good variety show. He is in Europe now, and has had two seasons there of almost uninterrupted successes. In a letter from him which I saw recently he complained that the art of prestidigitation was not properly appreciated in this country, and that professors of it had not the social position they had abroad. It's quite customary there, you know, to make a social lion of a famous conjuror, instead of placing him on a level with an organ-grinder's monkey.

"Goldberg was well liked in New York, and he was very often received with great enthusiasm by little parties of rounders and men-about-town who were supping at Delmonico's or some of the other night restaurants up town. He went mad in a night and no one knows how or why. This man never received the attention he deserved from the papers or the public, because he preferred the parlor to the theatre and snapped his finger at great mechanical tricks. As a manipulator of cards he was unrivalled. For twenty-five years he had packs of cards constantly in his hands and he could accomplish wonders with them.

"One accomplishment of his has never been attained by any one else. He could take a fresh and perfectly true pack of cards and, after shuffling them a moment, manage to work three of his left-hand nails under three aces, or any other three cards he chose, and then deal them from the pack so that no one could detect the fraud, no matter how closely they watched. He could always deal himself three of a kind when playing poker, and this was, of course, an overwhelming advantage, particularly if he held up a pair. Goldberg never played for money of course. A favorite plan of his was to insist, when with a party of men, that no man could possibly win if he played against professional gamblers. In order to prove that luck was useless against skill in dealing he would send for the nearest pack of cards and deal four or five poker hands, giving full hands and flushes with great prodigality, but always showing up himself with four of a kind at least. And yet it was impossible to see how he did it. He was a clever man, but he's as completely forgotten as though he had never lived.

"I tell you, New York's no place for magicians. Paris, London, and St. Petersburg have them all now, and from present indications they are likely to keep them."

PENNSYLVANIA DEMOCRATS.

A Strong Ticket Proposed, with Senator Wallace at its Head.

HARRISBURG, July 24.—The Democratic State Convention will be held on Aug. 18. That is nearly a month ahead, but the lines are being drawn looking to the selection of a ticket. The Republican party is greatly demoralized. The nominations are unsatisfactory. Beaver, the nominee for Governor, has been banished to California to close his imprudent mouth. Norris, who is the nominee for Auditor-General, has been silenced as the result of a speech made at Gettysburg the day after he was nominated. But banishment and silencing have not been effective. Beaver fell into the hands of a reporter at Denver the other day and gave voice to his fears, and Norris writes nonsense to any paper that will give him space to print it.

Recent developments in the Democratic party point to the nomination for Governor of William A. Wallace for Governor. There has been a strong influence working in this direction for six months, but until within the last few days he had not agreed to enter the contest. It is believed that his hesitation was caused by an apprehension that Mr. Randall would insist upon his presence in the selection. It is understood now that Mr. Randall has, through his friends, satisfied Mr. Wallace that he will cordially support him, and the result is the avowal of Wallace's candidacy. The only other candidate seriously talked of is Lieutenant-Governor Chauncey M. Black. Gov. Black has a strong grip on the affections of the Democracy of this State, but the impression prevails that Wallace's organizing qualifications make him the most desirable candidate.

A number of the leaders of the Democracy of the State were in this city to-day talking about the ticket. It was agreed among them that Wallace should be supported for Governor, with Bruce Rickett, the famous artilleryman of the Pennsylvania Reserves and commander of Rickett's Battery, for Lieutenant-Governor; William Weihe of Pittsburgh, President of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers, for Auditor-General; J. Simpson Africa, the present Secretary of Internal Affairs, for re-election to the same office, and Maxwell Stevenson of Philadelphia, the Congressman at large. Stevenson is the champion of the Knights of Labor, and Weihe is connected with the most powerful trades unions in the country, and it is expected that their names would draw the labor vote almost unanimously. Besides that, Wallace is the inventor of the legal method of settling labor disputes now so generally endorsed by workingmen, and in the last Legislature offered an amendment vigorously a bill to prevent discriminating on the part of railroads and other corporations.

FRAILTY AT THE RUB.

A Boston Millionaire's Wife Seeks a Divorce on the Ground of Adultery.

BOSTON, July 24.—The wife of a millionaire, who is with probably one exception the most widely known merchant in New England, has this week filed a libel for divorce accusing her husband of adultery. The millionaire's alleged immorality with several women of well-known beauty and formerly of excellent social position had been a source of gossip in certain circles for a long time. An incident not long ago at a fashionable summer resort shows how notorious the matter had become.

A Back Bay lady, the wife of one of the most respected gentlemen in Boston, appeared at a lawn party the first afternoon after her arrival, clad in a new and elegant costume, quite appropriate to such an occasion. Most of the large company of ladies stared at her almost to the extent of rudeness as soon as she appeared. The situation became exceedingly embarrassing to the lady, who could not help seeing that she was the subject of observation and comment by nearly all the ladies present. She could not understand the situation, and she soon withdrew and sent for a friend, who had been there for several days, to ask an explanation.

"What is the matter, that every one stares at me so," she inquired. "Is there anything wrong about my gown?"

"Indeed there is," was the reply. "Where on earth did you get that dress? Did you know that it is the exact counterpart of one worn by Mrs. ——, who is one of Mr. ——'s particular friends." She is here, and she comes down every week to spend Sunday with her. It's the talk of the whole place. He dresses her like a queen, and I didn't see how you happened to get a toilet that just duplicates one of hers. You resemble her just a trifle, and with that dress half those women out there mistook you for her. Everybody here cuts her dead, and if I were you I'd change my toilet and avoid any embarrassing mistakes."

The lady followed the advice given her. The divorce case will come up in the Supreme Court for hearing at the October term. It is not yet known whether it will be contested.

A SHARK AT FULTON FERRY.

He Swallows Hook and Two Feet of Chain Leader in his Greed for Porgies.

The nerves of the unnumbered small boys who, with unstudied grace and no clothes, plunge from the pier at the foot of Beekman street into the green waters of the East River at all hours of the day, were greatly shocked yesterday morning, and for several minutes even the boldest forsook the water.

Capt. Charles Hines and Michael Hanlon, commonly known as "Little Mike," were fishing from a Whitehall boat with a fifteen-inch hook, baited with two porgies and a herring, at the end of several fathoms of railing stuff. Three feet of chain served as a leader. While the boys floundered around the fish crates Hines got a bite, and the next minute a shark with a two-foot mouth raised his ugly head out of water and shook it. Then he sought the cooling depths of the ferry slip, and Hines passed the end of the fishing stuff to interested crowd on the pier. The shark had swallowed the porgies and the herring and two feet of the leader.

The small boys climbed out on the fish crates and encouraged the men who held the line. The shark was game, and it was not until after playing it for half an hour that the fishermen were able to get a noose around it and land it, flopping vigorously, on the pier. It was thumped on the head with a sledge hammer and then eviscerated. The liver, valued for the oil it contained, weighed forty-one pounds. The fish was about ten feet long. Its hooked teeth were over an inch long and quite equal to the task of bisecting any one of the lads that had been keeping company with the two porgies and the herring that were used as bait. The fish was exhibited at the Fulton Market all day. The Commissioners of Fish, Game and Game Birds, and the largest ever captured in the harbor. Smaller ones are killed there every year at this season.

Who Was This Senator?

From the Evening Post.

The receiver of a once bankrupt but now reorganized and highly successful Western railroad, soon after entering upon his trust, found himself in disagreement with another connecting and powerful railroad corporation in respect to the interpretation of certain contracts. And as the parties were unable to agree, the traffic of a great region was of importance to the stock and bond holders of the bankrupt road, was taken by the receiver into court for adjudication.

The tactics of the opposition from the first were evidently not so much to depend on the merits of its case as to procrastinate, on the theory that the receivership could not last indefinitely, and that the receiver, sooner or later, would consent to compromise or yield in order to settle and terminate his trust. The case, although the proceedings were uniformly in favor of the receiver, was repeatedly delayed and appealed, until it reached the United States Supreme Court, where, after the further and usual long delay, the time came for its hearing, and where, under ordinary circumstances, it might be expected that the litigation would be finally terminated.

When the docket was called, however, a Senator of the United States, who was not previously known to the receiver to have any connection with the case, arose and said to the Court that he expected to appear for the defendants, but that his appearance in official utterances had interfered with his preparation therefor; and, further, that his absence at that particular time would greatly delay important legislative business, and under the circumstances, therefore, he asked the indulgence of the Court, and that the case might be postponed for the hearing. And this modest request—with one Judge on the bench who undoubtedly owed his nomination to the Senator, and with two others whose confirmation the Senator had favored—the Court joyfully and immediately granted.

The result was just what the Senator had anticipated, and which the Senator, beyond doubt, was hired to effect: for the receiver, feeling unwilling to submit to a further and indefinite delay, promptly settled with his adversaries by giving up what he felt that, both in law and equity, he was entitled to have, while the Senator pocketed a fee of not less than five minutes' court service, which none other than himself could possibly have rendered.

The receiver, in telling the story, added that all the consolation he got from his friends to whom he stated his grievances was that he ought to have known enough to have anticipated his adversaries in retaining the Senator, or to have headed him off with a larger fee.

The Half-grown Girl Who Took Poison.

Fourteen-year-old Mary Joyce was a prisoner in the Harlem Court yesterday. On July 20 she attempted suicide by taking Paris green. She refused to tell why, but it is believed that her home was not a happy one. Her mother, Margaret Sullivan, lives with a second husband on Tenth avenue near One Hundredth street. It is alleged that a border at the house was pressing his attentions upon the girl against her wishes. Mayor Hewitt refused to allow Mr. Gerry's society to investigate her troubles.

Two $10 Drunks in One Night.

John Martin, a big, handsome merchant of Paterson, came to this city on Friday night with plenty of diamonds on and a big gold watch in his pocket. He had West street whiskey aboard when he was locked up in the Prince street station house. One of his friends bailed him out and he resumed his spree and was arrested again in the Ninth precinct early yesterday morning. When arraigned in Jefferson Market he was fined $10 by Justice Smith. He paid the fine and started for Paterson.

New Buildings.

Rhinelander Waldo will erect a five-story flat house 100 feet square on the northeast corner of Second avenue and Eighty-ninth street. It will be in the Italian Renaissance style of architecture, and have accommodation for forty-five families.

A new theatre is about to be built on Manjer street, between Union avenue and Lorimer street, Brooklyn, by W. A. Gray at a cost of $75,000. It will be 200 feet front by 200 feet deep, and will have a seating capacity of 2,000 persons.

A Good Chance for Nellie Barry.

BOSTON, July 24.—Edward Reardon, an oleomargarine manufacturer, residing in Cambridge, who is worth $500,000, visited the father of Nellie Barry, the ten-year-old child who, on the night of July 6, rescued her four little brothers from their burning tenement in North Cambridge, and offered to adopt her. He also offered to educate another of the children and provide for him during his minority. Mr. Barry is considering the proposal.

Tried a Fatal Experiment on his Children.

HUTCHINSON, Minn., July 24.—Several persons have died here suddenly, and the people feared an epidemic. An investigation showed that the victims had been eating pickled beef containing poison. The butcher protested that he had not sold poisoned meat, and to prove the assertion, gave some to his two children, who quickly died. The excitement rises high, because the man gave his children meat which was suspected of containing poison.

Mr. Groite's Will Proved.

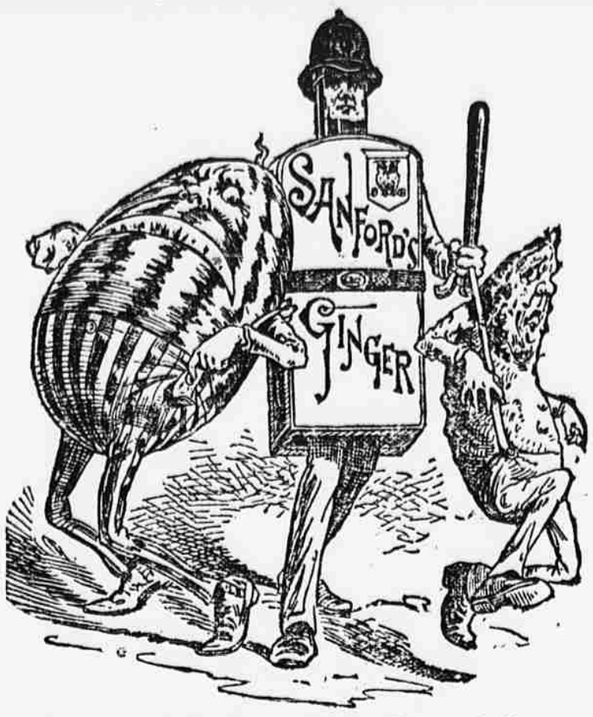
Surrogate Rollins decided yesterday to admit to probate the will of Frederick Groite, leaving property valued at $100,000 mainly to his sons. The will was contested by Mrs. Mary C. Rauch, a daughter, who was almost disinherited.

For Centuries the Fashion

Was to feed victims of malaria with poisons. The world has grown wiser. Sufferers who do their own thinking use Dr. Hostetter's Bitters.—Adv.

To-day, Long Island ground, Grand st., Long Islands vs. Bridgeports, 4 P. M. Admission 15 cents.—Adv.

Bridgewoods will play from Office of Newark at Bridgewood Park ball grounds to-day at 4 P. M.—Adv.



Arrest All Summer Complaints

Many delicious fruits and vegetables are tabooed by thousands who fear to eat them, because some one has pronounced them injurious.

What more appetizing on a hot day than a freshly sliced cucumber, hard, cold, crisp, temptingly served on cracked ice?

Or what more refreshing to the irritated and parched mucous system on a sultry day than a cold