# The Sun.

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## A FINE MEMORIAL PARADE.

*LOOKING ON WITH GOV. HILL AS THE LONG COLUMN PASSED.*

**The Sun Comes Out Gloriously and Helps the Picturesque Effect which Everybody was Astir Early to See—Incidents of the March—Fine Decorations in Union Square.**

Big with noise and big with anticipation was the city yesterday morning, when it is ordinarily only breakfast time. The noise was that of sounding brass and the rolling of little drums, punctuated with the thundering thumps of the bass. This was the accompaniment of the gathering of old soldiers and young soldiers to form for the parade that was in the popular mind the main feature of the Decoration Day ceremonies.

Everybody was elated when the reluctant sun finally came out for good, as though unable any longer to restrain his curiosity to see what was going on. Nothing more was needed to made everything glitter gloriously. Even the flags took on an added brightness in the sunlight, and they were alike in only this respect. In the matter of position they varied from half-mast to masthead, as though some of the celebrators considered only the memorial, and others only the holiday.

It was unmistakably a holiday down on the ground, however confusing might be the interpretation of these fluttering symbols. The stores were closed, except those devoted to refreshment and nourishment, and the chief business done was in the way of transportation and entertainment of the people.

The time of march of the parade, which has gradually become shortened year by year, was this time shorter than ever. The route of last year, from Central Park to Washington square, selected because the Broadway Railroad had spoilt the old route down to the Battery, was not available yesterday. The paving going on in Fifth avenue below Fourteenth street made that street the lower limit of the march, and the procession coming down the avenue from above Forty-second street moved through Fourteenth street to Broadway and around the up-town side of Union square, and dispersed at Washington monument, the young soldiers to their armories and the old soldiers to decorate the graves of their comrades gone before.

While there were thus plenty of points to see the parade from, almost everybody wanted to get near the reviewing stand at the Worth monument to see Gov. Hill, Mayor Hewitt, and the rest of the reviewing personages and the passage of the column. To many this was a sad mistake, for the Brobdingnagian members of the Old Guard and their bearskin hats of heroic size were ranged between the spectacle and several thousands of would-be spectators. After escorting the Governor to his position, the Guard were deployed and drawn up on the east side of the avenue along the curb in front of the folks who had struggled for hours to keep a position there. It has always been the complaint of the citizen soldiers that the stand south of the triangle of sidewalk below the monument is very awkwardly placed, and it is certain that the poorest marching seen yesterday was right in front of the reviewing officers. There was no order to "oblique" away from the stand, but it seemed as if everybody "obliqued" a little instinctively.

The record of delays in such demonstrations was broken yesterday. The signal to march was very promptly given. Brig.-Gen. Louis Fitzgerald and his brilliantly uniformed staff led off, followed by the Seventh Regiment, which wheeled out of West Fifty-third street, and the Sixty-ninth, which wheeled from East Fifty-third street, when the twenty companies of white-helmeted boys of the Seventh had stretched on down the avenue. Then the other militia organizations followed from their stations in the streets below, taking up the march as soon as the column got by. From Forty-eighth street down to Forty-second the G. A. R. organizations were similarly disposed, and they filed into their places as their turns came, until the column was complete.

At the foot of Murray Hill the column halted, and was held for a few minutes. As seen from the avenue below, the Seventh occupied the hill, and made one of the finest effects of the day, the even rows of white helmets on the rising ground looking like marble steps. In every direction sidewalks, stoops, windows, and roofs were loaded with spectators.

The arrival of the Old Guard, with Gov. Hill and staff in carriages, and the other notables who they had escorted from the Hoffman House, was the signal for another start, the new comers now leading. The Governor was cheered all down the line, and heartily applauded as he reached the reviewing stand. A flag draped space reserved for this purpose, and already occupied by Mayor Hewitt and President Beekman, was soon crowded by the men from the carriages under Major McLean's escort. The first contained Gov. Hill, Chairman Copp of the Memorial Committee, and Adjt.-Gen. Porter of the Governor's staff. The second carriage contained Gen. W. T. Sherman, Gen. N. W. Day, and Gen. Hussey. Gov. Hill had waited for them to alight, and they all ascended the stand together, the Governor lifting his hat in response to the greeting of the crowd. Gen. Rufus Ingalls, Gen. Franz Sigel, Col. H. C. Hodges, Gen. Robert Nugent, Gen. Abner Doubleday, Gen. Francis C. Barlow, Capt. Shimmel, and Secretary Atkinson of the committee were also among the other left the carriages and took places on the stand.

Across the avenue and just below the reviewing stand was a more commodious structure, the fortunate holders of tickets to which were mainly interested in the G. A. R. features of the parade. The gentler sex and their brilliant costumes were greatly predominant there.

It was precisely 10:25 when the review began. Gov. Hill, in ministerial black, and with a black silk hat constantly raised to flags and to salutes, was foremost in the reviewing stand. The Seventh, led by Col. Clark, evoked the usual admiration and applause. The Sixty-ninth was scarcely less well received, though at this point neither regiment did itself justice in the matter of marching. The Eighth was next, followed by the Ninth, which made a very fair showing as it passed, while the Twelfth showed the effect of its new armory in its increased numbers and the steadiness of its ranks.

The Seventy-first, with its black hussar coats and heavy braid frogs, looked very soldierly. Its commissioned officers had the liveliest mounts of any regiment. One young officer's horse seemed about to get beyond control in front of the reviewing officers. He communicated his restlessness to a fine horse that Jacob Hess rode, but the Subway Commissioner's animal did not get his head for a moment. The Eleventh Regiment appeared in heavy marching order, with knapsacks and blankets, and looked correspondingly hot and unhappy.

The Twenty-second and Gilmore made a sensation as the gorgeously uniformed band, white-coated and red-legged, swung by. They played "The Campbells are Coming," as the most of the other bands did. P. S. G. had to take his hat off and bob his head, to the imminent danger of his eye glasses, before the people quit cheering. The regiment, with the same white coats, but blue trousers, made a fine appearance. When the batteries went by, to the notes of their buglers, Capt. Earle's company was greatly admired. The new red saddle blankets on the horses, and new red pompons on the men, were no brighter than the guns and the equipments.

The Grand Army posts were promptly on hand next to the batteries, for Grand Marshal Gen. William DeLancy and his aides had done their work well. His staff officers and aides-de-camp, mounted, were grouped behind him, and a representation from the ranks of Post Department Commanders and Post Grand Marshals followed. The Old Guard's duty as a guard of honor to the Governor had been relieved by a detachment of G. A. R. men, two from each post, and these stood at parade rest, facing the Guard as their comrades went by.

The veterans turned out in force, and in one division only two posts were necessary to make up the required number, so full were the ranks. Ten thousand men is the lowest estimate of experienced observers who saw them go by.

An interesting feature of the review was when one of the few delays in the movement of the column brought the Exempt Firemen's Son's Drum and Fife Corps to a stand still in front of the stand. Their youthful leader saw his opportunity, and the way he put the boys through "Marching Through Georgia" was not slow. They really played very well, and Gen. Sherman smiled approvingly and listened with as much interest as though the tune were new to him. Some of the veterans wore buttonhole decorations of immortelles, and John A. Dix Post followed its custom of each bearing a wreath of these flowers. The show of tattered battle flags was very large, and each group was greeted with applause. Rollins Post, the largest in numbers, had the most of these, some of them almost threads. There were sixteen of them. Noah L. Farnham Post's men were all uniformed, except Under Sheriff Barney Martin, whose new pearl Derby and well-fitting spring overcoat were equally pretty. The Zouave squads, Pioneer Corps, and other squads outside of the regular G. A. R. uniform always elicited applause. The Naval Post with a fire laddy rope along their line, drew a model of the Constitution inscribed "Don't Give Up the Ship." An aide of the Eleventh Division had his reins buckled to the stumps of his arms. A Scotch company with bagpipes and the green decorations of Meagher's Irish Brigade Association gave variety to this part of the parade.

In Union square, Abraham Lincoln Post had been assisted by a delegation of the Old Guard in the decoration of the Lincoln statue. Their combined efforts brought together an immense mass of flowers. The corners of the pedestal were entwined with evergreen. On the north side was the inscription, Post 13, G. A. R., in red, white, and blue immortelles. Two wreaths, with roses in relief on their green ground, decorated the upper part of the pedestal, and an evergreen figure the lower. These designs were repeated on the other three sides. A multitude of flags rather marred the effect. The conspicuous feature of the west side was a mass of white flowers, with the initials O. G. (Old Guard) in the middle in red. The south side of the pedestal had two swords crossed over a horseshoe, all composed of roses. On the east side the chief figure was a huge heart of red immortelles, with a white and a red anchor in relief. Above was a yellow star, inscribed in purple, "Post 13." The national shield of red, white, and blue immortelles surmounted this. The enclosure around the statue was filled with a wilderness of flowers in pots.

At the lower part of the base of Lafayette's statue in large letters of violets, made conspicuous by contrast with the white immortelles that surrounded them, were the words: "Notre Amie." All unconscious that an extra e on Ami had unsexed him, the face of Lafayette overhead towered serenely above a ship's bow, made of blue flowers with yellow portholes. Rosettes of red, white and blue immortelles ornamented the space below, while the corners were entwined with smilax. Clasped hands, one of yellow with a purple cuff and the other of yellow with a red cuff, surrounded by rosettes, rendered the east side of the pedestal conspicuous. Rosettes and a wreath of evergreen were on the north side, and the tri-color in red, white and blue immortelles on the west, surrounded by rosettes. Tropical and other shrubs, with here and there a group of flowers, were thickly massed on the fence surrounding Washington's statue, and the pedestal was hung with green wreaths of flowers on the sides. On the front was a floral fac simile of the memorable hatchet.

NEWPORT, May 30.—The Duryea Zouaves of New York to-day decorated the grave of their deceased comrade, Gen. G. K. Warren. The General's widow received the company at her residence this afternoon, and warmly thanked the members for coming to honor the final resting place of her husband. The Zouaves returned to New York to-night.

DECORATING DISTINGUISHED GRAVES.

LANCASTER, Pa., May 30.—Flowers were placed on the graves of Gen. John F. Reynolds, who was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, ex-President James Buchanan, Thaddeus Stevens, Gov. John A. Shulze, Gov. Thomas Mifflin, and Gov. Thomas Wharton, Jr., who are buried in different cemeteries and graveyards of this city. Gen. Reynolds's grave was elaborately decorated by the Grand Army of the Republic, and the placing of flowers on Gov. Mifflin's grave was also one of the regular orders of the city. Gov. Mifflin succeeded Benjamin Franklin, as President of the Supreme Executive Council of Pennsylvania in 1788, and was the first Governor under a State Constitution in 1790. The last Legislature appropriated $5,000 for a monument to him. Thomas Wharton, Jr., was the first President of the Executive Council in 1777. John A. Shulze was Governor of the State from 1823 until 1829. He and James Buchanan are buried in the same cemetery. Thaddeus Stevens's grave is in a small and humble cemetery, he having ordered his remains to be interred there because it was the only burying place in Lancaster which did not exclude colored people from its privileges.

*AT THE TOMB OF GEN. GRANT.*

**Flowers from the Chinese Premier—A Visit from Gen. Sherman—A North Side Speech.**

Gen. Grant's tomb in Riverside Park was filled yesterday with flowers and potted ferns, which were set upon the sarcophagus as well as filling every inch of the floor space. A broad band of white immortelles covered the arch over the entrance, bearing in blue lettering the words "In War a Foe—In Peace a Friend." A white cross was placed against the metal cross which surmounts the tomb. On the sides were a profusion of flowering plants in pots, and at the rear a great mass of ferns of all kinds. On either side of the entrance, on low platforms, were displayed the contributions from abroad. Among these the most noticeable were these:

From Francis Cheney, Seneca Falls—A globe of white immortelles, with the land filled in with various colors. On the broad ocean space were the words, "The World Decorates his Grave."

From Chang Yen Huen, Chinese Minister—An open book, with Chinese designs of various kinds, including the dragon and sundry frightful warlike figures worked in colored blossoms. It was sent to the committee with this note from the New York Consulate:

"As an expression of respect to his late distinguished friend, I am instructed by Viceroy Li, our Premier of the empire, to forward you to-day a floral tribute to be placed at the tomb of Gen. Grant. Accept, dear sir, the assurance of my highest esteem. Respectfully yours,

"YE SHOW HOW."

From George G. Meade Post No. 1 of Philadelphia—A large hoop-like design, enclosing a five-pointed star. The white ground of the hoop bore the words in blue. "The Star of America—Our Comrade." On the points of the star were the letters, "G-R-A-N-T."

A pillow of blossoms from the New York Commandery of the Loyal Legion; a shield from the ladies of the G. A. R. of the state of Illinois; a pierced heart from U. S. Grant Post No. 4 of Massachusetts; a large rustic urn with a beautifully flowering hydrangea, with mosses and vines depending around the base, from Francesca de Barrios.

Among the early arrivals was Gen. Sherman, who inspected the tomb and surroundings and then went away, saying that he only wanted Grant to know that he remembered him. Col. Fred D. Grant with his wife and children, and Mr. and Mrs. U. S. Grant, Jr., had seats upon the platform during the ceremonies. There were 20,000 people present when, under the direction of Commander Henry W. Knight of U. S. Grant Post No. 327, the Grand Army ritual was begun. The oration was by the Rev. Hiey Thompson, D. D., who was but eight years old when the war began. He said:

We are not here to apologize for the late civil war or for the part borne in it by the strong, triumphant North. We have fallen upon strange times. We hear strange things. It is an age of commercial prosperity, of money talk and land talk. A new generation has grown up around us. Why, I can hardly trust to my eyes any more. I read such strange things. So with my ears. What is it I see and hear? It is a mistake; simply a misunderstanding of brethren. No vital issue was at stake. They were as honest, as brave, &c., as we were. From their side they were right. We were right from our standpoint; they were noble, patriotic, fighting for their country's liberties and rights. It was all the result of a misunderstanding.

And have we lived to hear such words? Men who can remember the war and have served in it, I wonder what soldiers must feel as they listen to this miserable twaddle—this weak pusillanimity.

I would not review the awful memories of the war for any sectional or partisan purposes. I would not supply fuel to the fires of human hate. I would not speak a word or write a line that could by any means be construed into an occasion for strife among brethren. God forbid it! But, my friends, one side or the other was right. Right is right. The side we were on was right. The war for the Union was right, everlastingly right. So will I teach my children.

*AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.*

**Dr. Talmage Delivers an Oration and Mayor Hewitt Leads Off the Cheers for Gov. Hill.**

The exercises at the Academy of Music in the evening were conducted by the Memorial Committee of the G. A. R. Mayor Abram S. Hewitt presided. Gen. Schofield and staff and Gen. Fitzgerald and staff were in boxes.

After a medley of war songs by the U. S. Depot Band, led by Otto Prasser, Gen. Sherman came upon the stage to the tune of "Marching Through Georgia," and took a seat beside Mayor Hewitt. Mayor Hewitt was unable, because of hoarseness, to deliver his address, but the Rev. Dr. T. DeWitt Talmage delivered an oration. He said, among other things:

The soldiers of the Grand Army and the soldiers who fought on the other side are all now in kindly brotherhood. Let no man by word or deed try to open the old wounds. The last trace of sectional acerbity has gone out of the Decoration Day service. The graves of the blue and gray are adorned alike, and a benediction is on them both.

Hail to Gen. Sherman and to Gen. Sheridan! It is high time in this country that we stop postponing until after death the prize we try to men while they are living. In the name of a Union restored we thank you.

Soon after Dr. Talmage had finished Gov. Hill walked on the stage accompanied by Judge Muller and Gens. Wylie and Varian. The audience applauded, and Mayor Hewitt led off with three cheers.

During the exercises there were songs by Miss Jennie Dullon and Edward O'Mahoney and a violin solo by Miss Maude Powell. The Beethoven Maennerchor of 125 voices sang the "Hymn to the Night." Miss Harriet G. Webb gave a recitation.

*PETERSON'S LAST SPREE.*

**He Pawns his Watch to Buy Liquor and Ends with a Bullet in his Head.**

George W. Peterson, the thirty-year-old son of George Peterson, a wealthy real estate dealer of 492 Columbia street, lived with his wife and four children, all boys, in apartments on the first floor of 107 Luqueer street, and for some time he has been employed in the shipping department of the Cheseborough vaseline works, in Richard street. He had been a hard drinker for two or three years, and had failed in several business ventures in which his father started him.

Yesterday, after breakfast, Peterson told his wife that he was going down to Fort Hamilton to fish. Instead he went to a pawn shop on Atlantic avenue and pawned for $2 a watch and chain which his father had given him two weeks ago on condition that he would keep sober. He then visited several saloons and drank frequently.

Between 11 and 12 o'clock he called on Patrick Gilmartin, a bachelor, aged 51, at 90 King street, and during the afternoon two or three pitchers of beer were brought up from Julius Pope's saloon to Gilmartin's first floor. About 2½ o'clock Mrs. O'Keefe, who has a room on the same floor, heard a pistol shot, and going into the hall she met Gilmartin coming out of the front room. Gilmartin said:

"Peterson has shot himself."

Mr. Pope and his wife found Peterson lying on the floor bleeding from a wound in the head. Gilmartin, who was slightly intoxicated, was arrested. Peterson died in the ambulance.

The revolver was found on the floor where Peterson had fallen. Only one chamber was empty. It was identified as Peterson's by his father.

The bullet had entered the right side of Peterson's head, about two inches above the ear. There is a bullet hole in the rim of the straw hat he wore, and the rim and lining are stained with blood. No powder marks are perceptible, which indicates that the pistol must have been held some distance from the head. Capt. Lowery is convinced that Peterson shot himself. Gilmartin says that Peterson was flourishing the pistol and that he tried to get it away, but couldn't. Then he started to run out of the room and Peterson shot himself.

*HAZELTINE ATTEMPTS SUICIDE.*

**The Young Man who Shot Two Girls in a House in Baltimore.**

BALTIMORE, May 30.—Gilbert W. Hazeltine of Jamestown, N. J., who is serving an eight-year sentence for the murder of Mamie Thorpe, attempted suicide yesterday. Toward evening he was found unconscious, suffering from the effects of a dose of chloral. How he got it is a mystery. The penitentiary physician saved his life. Hazeltine said he had suffered greatly, and wanted to die. It is well known that he was an opium eater previous to his incarceration, but the physician in charge had succeeded in curing him of the habit. Today he said he would give the world, if it were his, for another ounce of the drug. His mother is here trying to get a pardon.

In July, 1884, Hazeltine, with a young lawyer named Van Witsen, brought Mamie Thorp and May Waite here from Buffalo. They drank freely en route, and on arriving here stopped at a house of bad repute. Hazeltine had spent all the money on the girls and, having given her, among other presents, a diamond ring. Running out of cash, he asked her to loan him the ring, so that he might pawn it. She refused, and he deliberately shot her dead, and severely wounded her companion, May Waite. Hazeltine was ably defended by ex-Gov. Whyte and, although every effort was made to prove him insane, he was convicted of murder in the second degree.

**Fighting Four Hours with a Constable.**

LINCOLN, Neb. May 30.—Constable Jacoby was at Mrs. Glenan's house last night to notify her to appear in court to day. A short time afterward Mr. Glenan came in, and a row ensued. The constable retreated, but Glenan pursued. He then grappled with Glenan, receiving a terrible cut over the head with a club. Here the struggle for life began, which ended a mile from the house at about 3 in the morning, after four hours' fighting. Jacoby's skull was fractured, and his face beaten in. He will die. Glenan is badly used up, but not fatally injured. One of Glenan's children was struck by a rock thrown by him and will die.

## GAUDAUR OUTROWS HANLAN

*THE VICTOR'S STAYING POWERS WIN HIM THE CHAMPIONSHIP.*

**Hanlan Leads for Two Miles and then Falls Six Lengths Behind—His Vain Spurts—The Winner Beats the Three-mile Record.**

CHICAGO, May 30.—Three hundred yards from the finish at Calumet course this evening Hanlan, the oarsman, turned an instant from the pelting rain only to see thrown in his face a stunning defeat from Jacob Gaudaur. The oars of the ex-champion dropped nervelessly into the choppy waters as with drooping head he pulled along dejectedly through the rain six lengths behind the winner.

When the two oarsmen first came out on the course, ready for a three-mile pull to decide who should be called the champion of America and carry away $5,000 in stakes, the sky was leaden, but apparently did not threaten rain. A slight roughness of the water had no deterring influence, and the start was made with promptness. Hanlan was at once a trifle in the lead, pulling a short quick stroke, forty-two to the minute. Gaudaur kept close to him with a long, steady sweep, about thirty-eight to the minute. Gradually Hanlan forged ahead, and at the end of the first mile was fully a boat length in advance. It had been the gossip that if Hanlan could lead to the turn he was nearly a certain winner, but if Gaudaur reached the buoy first Hanlan would never catch up on a stern chase. Great, therefore, were the expectations of Hanlan's friends to see him nearing the turn clearly ahead of Gaudaur, and gaining all the time.

While all eyes were straining after the blue and scarlet specks in the distance, the wind suddenly freshened and drops of rain began to fall. The lake was soon lumpy from end to end, and the downpour was almost blinding. Hanlan turned first, two lengths ahead. Time, 10:02. He was pulling about thirty-five strokes a minute at this point, and rounding, too, Gaudaur struck about the same gait. Hanlan stopped an instant here for some purpose, but did not lose the lead. He kept well to the front, as from the start, until entering the third mile. There Hanlan commenced to flag. So uneven did his stroke become, and so great an exertion did it seem to require, that many believed his boat was leaking or had shipped one of the choppy seas.

Gaudaur was rowing magnificently. He showed the same long steady sweep he had taken at the outset, but faster. With machine-like precision he passed poor struggling Hanlan. A boat's length of water could be seen between them, then another, and at last one more additional. "Hanlan's beaten," murmered the crowd. "No, no," shouted others, "See him spurt; see him spurt." And spurt Hanlan did with a vengeance. The multitudes on shore and afloat held their breaths, then, regardless of rain, tossed hats and umbrellas in the air and started to yell like Comanches. The cheers died on their lips. Hanlan could not stand the pace, and again Gaudaur's great sweep began to tell. It was then that Hanlan lay back just an instant, and, turning his face from the rain, shot a glance over his shoulder at Gaudaur. The single glance was enough. Hanlan saw himself irretrievably beaten. Gaudaur was six lengths to the fore.

Seeing Hanlan surrender all hope Gaudaur slackened speed, and passed the stand an easy winner by four lengths. Time, 19:30.

Gaudaur broke the record, the best previous time being his own against Teemer over the same course, 19:54. On every side to-night expressions of admiration for the feat are heard. Hanlan was seen by a reporter immediately after the race, and was asked what he thought of the result.

"I do not think the best man won," said he, "though I acknowledge I was fairly beaten. I have been suffering from a cold, and it told on me exactly when I most wanted it not to."

In sharp contrast to the grim appearance of Hanlan was the cheery, sun-browned face of Gaudaur. "That was the hardest race I ever rowed," said he. "I just had to do my level best, and I did it."

The referee of the race was Hanlan's choice, Hamilton Busby of New York. Hanlan gets 40 per cent. of $3,500, the total gate receipts. The remainder goes to Gaudaur.

*WHERE IS MAGDALENA?*

**Missing in her White Mother Hubbard Dress and Red-ribboned Straw Hat.**

Magdalena Zorn, the ten-year-old daughter of Winand Zorn of 401 East 122d street, a wood carver for Herter Bros., went with a May party on Saturday morning to the picnic grounds on 192d street, near the Hudson River. The May party was composed of the 100 students of the German kindegarten school in 119th street, near Second avenue. The teachers of the school went along, too.

The children romped and played at the grounds, and the teachers frequently saw Magdalena taking part in the games. But at roll call, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, Magdalena did not answer. Search was made for her, but she could not be found.

The teachers thought her disappearance a very singular one, as she had been seen playing with the other children only fifteen minutes before. The party went home at 6 o'clock, leaving one of the teachers, Mr. Hiller, to continue the search for the missing girl. Mr. Krause, the principal of the school, informed Mr. and Mrs. Zorn of the girl's disappearance, and Mr. Zorn, with Krause and Hiller and several neighbors, searched for Magdalena through the night and until late Sunday morning, but without avail.

Then the police were called on. Two policemen of the 145th street station continued the search until yesterday morning, and yesterday afternoon Superintendent Murray sent out a general alarm.

Magdalena is a very intelligent child and knows where she lives. Her picnic dress makes her appearance noticeable. She wore a white cambric Mother Hubbard dress and straw hat with a wide red ribbon around it. She wore white stockings and black button shoes. She has brown eyes and brown hair. She wore her hair in two plaits with a white ribbon on each. There is a little scar from a recent cut on her right cheek.

*DANFORTH KNOCKED OUT.*

**Warren Wins the Minneapolis Fight in the Sixteenth Round.**

MINNEAPOLIS, May 30.—The fight between Tommy Warren of Louisville, the champion featherweight pugilist, and Tommy Danforth of New York took place at the Washington Rink to-night. Warren is a quarter of an inch taller than Danforth, while the latter is a little broader across the shoulders. The men were weighed this morning. Warren tipped the scale at 118¾ and Danforth at 119¼.

The articles of agreement called for a sixteen round contest with two ounce gloves, Marquis of Queensberry rules, and the man having the best of the fight at the end of the sixteenth round to be declared the winner. The fight was for a purse of $600 and the entire gate receipts, the winner to take all.

Warren knocked Danforth out in the sixteenth round.

Warren was seconded by Patsy Cardiff and John Donaldson, and Danforth by John P. Clow and Daniel Needham. Both men appeared in perfect condition, and when time was called responded promptly for the first round. For about five minutes the men were pretty evenly matched, and it was give and take, with the odds, if anything, in favor of Warren. The last three rounds Danforth was plainly beaten, but fought gamely to the end, when he was laid out for good by a blow on the jugular.

**A Laurel Wreath for Tom Moore.**

A laurel wreath was placed on the brow of the bronze bust of Tom Moore in Central Park by the Gaelic Society yesterday, and trailing vines were hung about the granite pedestal. A harp of flowers stood at the base of the statue. The Rev. James J. Dougherty of St. Monica's Church made an address, the occasion being a celebration of the 178th anniversary of Moore's birthday, which fell on Saturday last.

In the evening Moore's melodies were sung at 17 West Twenty-eighth street and Prof. Thomas McAdam made an address. Messrs Cargouls, O'Brien, Fox, and Corrigan and Messrs. Magee and Cromlen took part in the musical programme.

**Kilrain and Mitchell.**

ALBANY, May 30.—Several thousand persons witnessed the sparring match between Kilrain and Mitchell at 6 o'clock this evening at Young's Grove, Lansingburgh. The exhibition was of the tamest character, neither man striking with any power, and both of them smiling throughout the entire contest. No science was displayed, not one blow being given that attracted any special notice. Both men were hissed off the platform at the end of the fourth round. The affair was decided a draw.

**Walked 157 Miles to be Tried for Murder.**

LONDON, Ky., May 30.—Sam Bernard, who was confined in the Louisville jail serving out a sentence for moonshining, expected a case in which he was charged with murder to be called here to-day. Three days ago he was released from jail. He had no money, and walked 157 miles in two days, reaching here in time to appear in court this morning.

*FORTY-NINE'S TANGLED FINANCES.*

**The Assistance Fund $5,700 Short—Running Expenses had to be Met.**

Each Knight of Labor pays to the Financial Secretary of his local assembly any sum of money the assembly may agree upon, except that it must be at least seventeen cents a member for each three months. Of the seventeen cents six cents goes to the district assembly for running expenses, six cents to the General Assembly, and five cents to an assistance fund, which is in the custody of the Treasurer of the district assembly, and is sacred by the laws of the Knights to the purpose implied in its name.

The Financial Secretary of the local assembly pays to the Treasurer of the district assembly, or should do so. It is not uncommon, Knights of Labor say, to find shortages in the accounts of these two officers, and half the trials in the courts are over these shortages.

At the meeting of District Assembly 49 a week ago last Sunday delegates who had been asking for months for a statement of the financial condition of the assembly, and had not got it, made trouble. Though there are about as many versions of what actually happened in the sanctuary of the District Assembly as there were persons in attendance, all agree in saying that for a time it was very hot weather there. One Knight of Labor gives this statement of what actually happened. It is coincided in pretty nearly by statements of others.

Delegates asked for a statement of the district assembly's financial condition. In the coal handlers' strike a great deal of money had been paid in by local assemblies and individuals. No statement was ever handed in of just how this was disbursed. It was agreed that with Master Workman Quinn the statement would be made at the latter end of April. When the latter end of April came, Master Workman Quinn said he would not make a statement. The anti-Administration party rallied their forces, and appeared at the meeting on Sunday week. They were led by William O. Cloyes and D. J. Naughton. In the speeches it was said that the income and expenditures of the district assembly had never been given since John G. Caville resigned from the district assembly, over eighteen months ago. It was charged openly that the moneys of the district assembly had been used illegally.

Another matter of inquiry was the condition of the assistance fund. This ought to have been of great proportions, notwithstanding the big sympathetic strike, for 50 gave none of its own funds to the support of the strikers. The striking silversmiths were now in need of assistance. To questions about this fund Master Workman Quinn replied that he did not think there was more than $1,000. The expenses of the District Assembly were never so large, and the income had fallen off 50 per cent. He could not account for this except by saying that hundreds of local assemblies were in arrears in their per capita tax, and had got an extension of time. Through the Master Workman's questions it appeared that Treasurer Hugh Carey and Recording Secretary Edward E. Kunze, if they could give a detailed statement of the actual financial condition of the District Assembly. They said that they could in Time was granted. They began by making a report of the disbursements of sums of money without saying for what purpose they were disbursed. Then they jumped up, crying out that they were not children, and that the officers must not think they were. They wanted to know what had become of the money. Some delegates asked to know what had become of the $17,000 in the assistance fund. They demanded that Hugh Carey, the Treasurer, should show where the funds had gone. This rattled Mr. Carey, who told them to look for themselves, and "be blanked to them." After a little, they persuaded Mr. Carey to take up his books again.

Carey said that George W. Dunne, chairman of the Board of Arbitration, was receiving $100 a week. Dunne promptly called Carey a liar. Then the delegates all lost their heads. There were fists shoved in the faces of the salaried agitators. All around the room the cry of "40 bankrupt!" was repeated again and again.

When quiet was restored the Chair on motion appointed a committee to go over the books of Mr. Carey and Mr. Kunze for the past eighteen months. Martin H. Hanley, otherwise Martin A. Austin, who was 49's candidate for Commissioner of Statistics in Peck's place, was made Chairman. This appointment drew a groan from the kickers.

Hanley is in sympathy with the administration, and is Master Workman of the new District Assembly 197 of Jersey City and Hoboken. He was kept on the committee. The other members were also in sympathy with the administration. The meeting adjourned to give the hall up to the school of instruction and lecture, which meets at 8 o'clock.

All through last week the committee sweated over the Treasurer's and Recording Secretary's books in Pythagoras Hall. The delegates who opposed the selection of the Committee of Investigation laid plots to upset the committee last Sunday and have a new one appointed. They were at the meeting of the district assembly on Sunday. Continuing his narrative, the Knight of Labor says of this meeting:

There was some doubt in the minds of the opposition as to how to proceed. Some were for asking for the selection of a new committee at once. Others wanted to wait and hear the report of the committee. It was settled that they should wait. The wind was taken out of the sails of this opposition by the committee handing in a report that the assistance fund was short $5,700. Later on they explained that the assessments from local assemblies were slow in coming in, that the district assembly had to have funds to keep things going, and that it had drawn money from the assistance fund. The advice was given that if the delegates would attend strictly to their own affairs in their local assemblies, there would not be those scandalous rows in the district assembly.

This provoked a squabble, delegates insisting upon the withdrawal of this expression. It was then also said that so many local assemblies had lost so much of their membership that it was useless to try to keep up their assessment to the district assembly. No recommendation was made to supply the deficiency further than to advise the paying it back into the assistance fund as soon as possible.

*A NOTORIOUS THUG SHOT.*

**The Proprietor of a Dive Mortally Wounded in a Fight with a Bartender.**

WILMINGTON, Del., May 30.—William Carroll, familiarly known as "Billy," the most notorious thug of this city, proprietor of the Casino of Music, a low dive, was shot early this morning by Robert Frankford, a bartender at the National Hotel, another notorious resort. There has been bad blood between the two men for several years, originating, it is said, in domestic troubles. The two men were playing cards, when a dispute arose over some point in the game. This brought up a dispute over a prize fight which was to have taken place last winter in Carroll's place, but did not come off, owing to the influence of Frankford.

After both men had become abusive, Carroll sent a friend after a revolver. When it came he started for Frankford and struck him twice with the pistol, discharging one barrel. Frankford jumped aside and the ball grazed his cheek. Frankford then drew a revolver from under the bar and coolly shot Carroll in the mouth. The ball broke a tooth, passed through the tongue, palate, and through the neck to the spinal column, probably fracturing one of the vertebræ. He has been unconscious most of the time since. No sympathy is felt for the man here. His dive was the lowest resort of thieves and thugs in the city. His wife said:

"Billy deserves what he got. He has been looking for his match for twelve years and now he has found it."

Carroll is rapidly sinking and will probably die before morning. Frankford surrendered himself to the police and was locked up.

**Obituary.**

William Van Wyck, a well-known New York lawyer, died on Saturday of a complication of diseases at his summer residence at Cold Spring-on-Hudson. He was a Democrat in politics, and was a member of the Tammany Hall organization. He was President of the Young Men's Democratic Club of New York city in the Tilden Presidential campaign. He leaves a wife and three children. His funeral will be held to-morrow at Cold Spring.

The Hon. Harry L. Slape, City Solicitor and ex-Mayor of Atlantic City, died of Bright's disease on Sunday night. He was the leading lawyer of the Atlantic county bar, and one of the most prominent citizens of Atlantic county.

Jacob D. Hoffman, fifth in descent from the famous John Peter Hoffman, who settled in the Lykens Valley, now Dauphin county, Pa., in 1750, and twice Sheriff of Dauphin county, died in Harrisburg yesterday, in his 75th year.

William Bills, a member of the Exempt Firemen's Association, died yesterday at his home, 94 Eckford street, Greenpoint.

Fraschini, the Italian singer, is dead.

**Suicide of Elbridge McConkey.**

HARRISBURG, May 30.—Elbridge McConkey, Corresponding Secretary of the State Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania, and one of the most prominent citizens of the State, committed suicide this forenoon in the room of the society by hanging himself from one of the doors. He had been despondent for some months, and the verdict of the Coroner's jury was that he committed suicide while temporarily insane. Mr. McConkey was the son of one of the wealthiest citizens of Chester county, and was a graduate of Harvard College. He was a lawyer by profession, and was resident clerk of the House of Representatives in 1875, 1876, and 1877, when the House was Democratic. One of his sons is in Yale College, and on Friday last was elected a member of the Scroll and Key Club. Mr. McConkey was one of the most popular men in the State. He was 49 years of age.

**Ten Eyck-Laing Boat Race.**

WORCESTER, Mass., May 30.—The three-mile race for $500 a side between James A. Ten Eyck of Worcester and Joseph Laing of Montreal was rowed over the old college course at Lake Quinsigamond this afternoon. Ten Eyck finished first in 20:41, official time. As a result of this race Ten Eyck has accepted Hubert's general challenge to all American oarsmen (excepting Gaudaur, Teemer, and Hanlan), and has deposited $500 with Freeman Brown of this city for a three-mile race for $500, to be rowed on Lake Quinsigamond June 17.

**Don Carlos in Lima.**

LIMA, May 30—Via Galveston.—Don Carlos de Bourbon, travelling incognito under the title of Count de Breu, has arrived here. After a sojourn of fifteen days in Peru he will go to Bolivia, and thence to Chili, the Argentine Republic, and Brazil.


That bearing down pain is cured by Carter's Iron Pills. At druggists.—Adv.


*NEW YORK GLAD TO SEE THE GOVERNOR.*

**A Reception, a Sail, a Serenade, and a Final Cheer, Led by the Mayor.**

After Gov. Hill left the reviewing stand yesterday he held an informal reception in the parlors of the Hoffman House. Joseph J. O'Donohue, Commissioner Croker, County Clerk Flack, Sheriff Grant, Aqueduct Commissioners Ridgeway and Barns, and Jefferson M. Levy were some of those who grasped his hand. Afterward he accepted an invitation to go up the Sound as far as Glen Island on Ed Stokes's steam yacht Fra Diavolo, when he returned to the Hoffman House at 7 o'clock and the contingent of visitors awaited him. The sub-committee having in charge the reception to William O'Brien in the Academy of Music on Thursday evening called and asked the Governor to be present. Gov. Hill replied that it would give him great pleasure to be on hand, but on that day a very important hearing on a legislative bill was to be held in Albany.

The sub-committee were about to retire when the strains from the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band were heard at the Twenty-fifth street entrance to the hotel, just under the Governor's parlor. In a few minutes Twenty-fifth street, from Sixth avenue to Broadway, was blocked with people, and the cheers for the Governor swelled the crowd far over to Madison Square Park. Col. Cavanagh, Major E. Duffy, Captains McCarthy, Coleman, and Ryan, Lieutenants Leonard and Murphy, and Chaplain Breen accompanied the band. They went up stairs, and Col. Cavanagh told the Governor that the band of the Sixty-ninth was down stairs and wanted to serenade him for the good Democrat he was.

In a few minutes the Governor and the officers of the regiment appeared on the balcony, the band whooped up "Hail to the Chief," a mighty cheer and hand clapping that resembled a fusillade of musketry greeted the Governor, and when the enthusiasm was momentarily quieted Gov. Hill said:

Gentlemen of the Sixty-ninth Regiment Band, I thank you for this most agreeable serenade. I hope that you will always be connected with the regiment, which is justly a centre of favor of the citizens of New York. I will not detain you by any extended remarks, but will close by wishing you a hearty good night.

There was a continuous volley of cheers, amid which the band had all it could do to be heard playing, "For he's a jolly good fellow."

The Governor returned to his parlor and found clustered about a hospitable board, which had been hastily loaded with good things during the serenade, Judge Mueller, Aqueduct Commissioner Ridgeway, Aqueduct Auditor Julius C. Lullay, Judge Edward Browne, Gen. D. D. Wiley, Col. Cavanagh and his brother officers and many others.

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