FINE TROTTING PROMISED.

PLANS FOR GREAT MEETINGS AT ALL THE GRAND CIRCUIT TRACKS.

Stake Races the Leading Attraction—The Story of Guy's Victory at Fleetwood—Robert Bonner's Sixty-two Trotters Described in His Fourth Catalogue.

The season of 1889 promises to be one of increased activity among the trotters. Several of the leading members of the Grand Circuit, including Charter Oak Park, Hartford, Conn., the Rochester Driving Park Association, and the New York Driving Club, have already determined on the plans for their race meetings. The valuable premium lists of last year are to be kept up and in some cases increased. Stake races have been so successful that they now form the leading attraction, and the example set by the Charter Oak management, whose $10,000 stake for 2:20 trotters has been an annual fixture for some years, has been followed by Rochester, Springfield, Mass., and the metropolis with most gratifying results.

The Hartford Association added two more stakes last year, and, as a reward for its enterprise, scored the most brilliant triumph in the way of interesting contests ever seen on that historic track. Stake races are looked upon as more free from guile and "jobs" than the ordinary purse events, and the public favor a contest where they can wager their money with some likelihood of "getting a drive for it," as turfmen express it. Of the eight stakes contended for in the grand circuit last year there was only one in which it was questionable whether the best horse won. That was the $5,000 stake for the 2:28 class at Springfield, Mass., on Sept. 14, when the gray gelding Jack carried off the honors after Genova S. had beaten him two heats with ease.

A recent number of the *Horseman* gave some inside facts about the stake race won by Guy at Fleetwood last September which are interesting to those who are not acquainted with the ways and means employed by some of the wily knights of the sulky. It will be remembered that Guy was distanced in the first heat of the Charter Oak Guaranteed Stake, and that a like fate befell him the next week at Springfield in the 2:28 stake. As Guy was still a dangerous factor in the problem to be solved at Fleetwood in a few days, a neat little plot was hatched, it is said, and the conspirators gave Sanders, the driver of Guy, to understand that unless he agreed to an equal division of the four moneys they would serve him as they had served him at Hartford and Springfield. The bluff succeeded, and though Guy really won the race on his merits, being in his best mood and many seconds faster than any of the party, he was obliged under the terms of the compact to share with his slower opponents. Inderwick, the owner of the Volger, Guy's full brother, was distanced in the first heat, yet he is said to have received as much money as the winner of the race. The publication of the history of the race in the *Horseman* caused quite a stir among the turfmen, but none of the principals in the affair has denied the truth of the story.

Though the associations at Albany and Utica are old members of the Grand Circuit, their meetings last year were not to be compared with those at the other points. Utica had a double opposition in contemporary meetings at Chicago and Poughkeepsie, and there was a considerable deficit at the close of the week. A strong effort will be made to revive the interest, and President M. G. Thompson and other members of the Utica Association are already arranging for stake races and other attractions to restore the sport to favor in that locality and to induce the big stables to patronize the meeting. At Albany, too, there is quite as great need for an infusion of new blood, and it is probable that the Island Park track will be under a different management, with John B. Mack, a well-known sporting man of the capital, as the leading spirit. Mr. Mack took charge of the track some years ago, and gave good meetings and made money at the same time. In order to prevent the disastrous rivalry of last year, it is probable that the Hudson River Driving Park Association will be admitted to a place in the Grand Circuit, and that the meeting at Poughkeepsie will follow that at Utica, while Albany will be asked to wait until a week later than usual. Jacob Rupert, the brewer, is the owner of the Poughkeepsie track, and his financial strength makes his association a formidable rival, as was discovered by the Utica people last year to their cost. The season is quite long enough to admit another week's racing in the East before the stables go West and South.

As a natural sequence to the awakened interest in the turf performances of the trotters the breeding farms are increasing in numbers and importance in all parts of the country. Kentucky, though still first in point of capital invested and the quality of its stock, has no longer a monopoly in the production of the light harness horse. Virginia, Tennessee, and several other States in the South, with Ohio, Michigan, Illinois, and the far West even to Montana, are beginning to breed and develop trotters of the best strains and after the most approved modern methods. New York, where the greatest trotting family, the Hambletonian, originated, is still holding her own, and recently the largest single sale of stock ever made in the country took place within her borders, when $40,000 worth of youngsters were purchased from Mr. Backman's farm at Stony-Ford, Orange county.

Robert Bonner, whose fame as a lover of trotters is world wide, has of late years given a good deal of attention to breeding, and now that he has retired from business his principal occupation is the management of his farm at Tarrytown. Mr. Bonner has just issued his fourth catalogue. The first was published in March, 1877, and the others have followed at irregular periods. The list for 1889 shows that he now owns sixty-two trotters, arranged according to sex and age in alphabetical order. The death of Startle, a son of Ryskyk's Hambletonian, out of Lizzie Walker, by Seely's American Star, left a vacancy in Mr. Bonner's stud which he can hardly hope to fill, even though he has several of the sons and daughters of the great stallion to perpetuate his race. The four leading sires at the farm are Nutbourne, a brother to Nutwood, 2:18¾, by Belmont, out of Miss Russell, the dam of Maud S.; Eldridge, by Edward Everett (sire of Judge Fullerton, 2:18), out of Jessie Kirk, the dam of Majolica, 2:15; Westchester, by Startle, out of Jessie Kirk, bred in the same lines as the fleet Majolica, and Nutfield, by Nutbourne, also out of Jessie Kirk. These sires all are all young, Nutbourne and Eldridge being twelve years old, Westchester eight, and Nutfield seven. Nutbourne and his son Nutfield are both greys, the other two are bays. Besides Jessie Kirk there are other brood mares of high lineage, among them Russella, by Harold, out of Miss Russell, and, therefore, an own sister to Maud S.; Daybreak, a grey mare by Harold, out of Midnight, the dam of of Jay-Eye-See, who is thus related to the two fastest trotters; Lady Stout, by Mambrino Patchen, out of Miss Trail, by Mark Time, whose record of 2:29 as a three-year-old was the best for her age at that time; Lucy Cuyler, a wonderfully fast mare by Cuyler (dam by Alexander's Norman), who trotted a trial to wagon on Mr. Bonner's track in 2:15¾, and a half mile to the wagon at Fleetwood in public in 1:05. These well-bred matrons have produced colts and fillies by Startle, Nutbourne, and Eldridge, most of them being still at the farm, where they are carefully developed and taught their paces by Mr. Bonner or his sons, all of whom are skilful reinsmen, assisted by Johnny Murphy, whose professional services are secured by a substantial yearly salary.

Maud S. herself comes in alphabetical order among the mares, with her pedigree for eight generations of dams, and a brief account of her purchase from the late William H. Vanderbilt and her subsequent performances against the watch. She has twice lowered her record since Mr. Bonner has owned her. The queen of the sulky was foaled on March 28, 1874, but she carries her fifteen years lightly, and to-day in the best of health and perfection of sound. It is Mr. Bonner's boast that, though she was lame when he bought her, the great daughter of Harold has never taken a lame step since she was shod under his direction. She has been driven on the road every fine day this winter up to the 15th inst., when the fall of snow made the footing slippery in the Park, and Mr. Bonner did not care to have her shod with the sharp caulks.

Dexter's name no longer appears in the catalogue, but there still remains an ex-king of the trotting arena to grace the list. Dexter, 2:13¾, now in his twenty-second year, and fairly well-preserved, except for a troublesome case of thrush, which keeps him confined to his comfortable stall in the stable on West Fifty-fifth street. Another of the old-time flyers is Edwin Forrest, whose record of 2:18 was several times lowered in private trials after Mr. Bonner purchased him, his best miles being 2:11¾ to harness and 2:15¾ to wagon.

While there is probably not one of the developed progeny of Mr. Bonner's farm that cannot trot faster than 2:30, he does not give them technical records, so that unless they pass into other hands they have only their good breeding and private trials to recommend them to favor and give them fame. The track on the farm at Tarrytown is three-quarters of a mile long, and is constructed on the most approved methods. Many of the fast horses purchased by Mr. Bonner have lowered their records there, and during the speeding season miles in 2:20 or better, with sensational halves and quarters, are every-day occurrences over the level, well-kept speed ring.

She Meant Well.

This letter was received by the Board of Health yesterday:

JAN. 25, 1889.

Board of Hell

dear sir I like to let you know that you would please send me one of your gentlemen from your department to look at the house for I have to show him the rooms their unhealty to live in because they do not get fixed respectfully Miss GERRANS front 220, top floor.

PROPOSED ART CONVENTION.

Mr. Turnure's Plan to Bring Representatives of All Branches of Art Together.

The plan has been suggested by Mr. Arthur B. Turnure, editor of the *Art Age*, to institute a series of annual conventions of representatives of the art associations of the United States. It is proposed to include all the architectural, educational, social, specific, general, technical, and other art organizations. It is urged that the convention is the distinctive American method of bringing members of similar organizations together. All parties, trades, professions, vocations, except those of art, have their conventions. They meet with representatives from all parts of the country. They interchange ideas. They learn what is going on in their respective departments. They get mutual benefit and enjoyment out of it. They have dinners and speeches and excursions. They stimulate thought and enterprise. They make new markets. They go from city to city, and carry with them increasing interest and profit.

Many attempts have been made to organize a national society of arts, but, from one cause or another, all have failed. The chief cause has been the perennial bickerings and jealousies of artists. The painters, for instance, are notoriously refractory. Every one thinks his picture ought to be on the line, and thus each new association of artists is sure to get many discontented seceders from the old societies. Mr. Turnure admits that it would be as difficult to get all these associations to unite in a national society as it would be to consolidate the great cities into one vast municipal corporation. But as to the convention Mr. Turnure thinks there would not be the same objection. He contemplates a gathering that shall include all branches of art, painting, sculpture, architecture, engraving, house decoration, ceramic art, textile art, artistic furniture—in short, everything that pertains to art.

The plan includes, first, an annual exhibition of pictures that shall be national in its scope. Large prizes could be secured by small assessments on the members of each society. It is proposed to have art questions discussed so as to broaden the intelligence, to emphasize merit, to show what great painters, sculptors, architects, engravers, and decorators we have.

The first question would be how to call such a convention. Mr. Turnure's idea is to let it be controlled at first by representative men from various walks. He would bring in wealthy men of taste who are patrons of art. He would include the leading men in the best art societies of all the States. He would have representatives of the great firms who manufacture artistic things. He would not forget the men who know how to talk about art.

Another question would be the selection of a place for the first meeting. He boldly expresses his preference for Chicago, on the ground that there they waste no time and have the brains and the money to give the convention idea a fair start. He has come to the conclusion that there is some doubt as to the existence in New York of the ability to manage such an undertaking. But of course both these points are open to discussion.

The way to bring the convention about, Mr. Turnure thinks, is to have the press talk it up, to have the matter agitated in the meetings of the various societies, to get the men of wealth and the artists and the manufacturers interested in it, so as to start the ball, and when the ball is once started he has no doubt it will roll on. The piques, the quarrels, the jealousies of artists have been taken into account. It is proposed to organize the convention in sections, and to give an opportunity for the lovers or enthusiasts or students in any department of art to have their wishes met in their favorite section. In this respect the convention would be akin to the conventions of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. Few of the delegates take interest in all the subjects which are treated at the scientific convention. Indeed, as the sections meet sometimes simultaneously, it would be impossible for one member to attend them all. But yet all the various branches of science unite in the one annual meeting of the society, and their transactions are published in one volume. As the sciences are correlated it naturally follows that they throw light on one another. So it is believed that a joint meeting of all departments of art will tend to the advancement of each, and above all to a wider popular knowledge of what has been accomplished in our country in the many fields of art.

Of course there is some difference of opinion as to the details of the proposed convention. Talking with various persons familiar with art subjects, a SUN reporter found that the idea of going to Chicago, to begin with, is entirely out of the question in the opinion of many New Yorkers. As a lady well known in art circles said: "We would not think of going to Chicago for the reception of art instruction, and I am sure we would not care to go there to impart it." As a leading architect said, "Where there is a dollar expended for art there we have a thousand expended here." All the great cities would probably contend in turn for the benefit of such a convention. As to the ability of New Yorkers to conduct the convention, Mr. Turnure's misgivings are not shared by many of our public-spirited citizens, who believe that everything that can be done anywhere—and a little more—can be done in New York.

MISSING EMLEN FRANKLIN.

Was he the Franklin who Disappeared from the New London Boat on Jan. 16?

Emlen P. Franklin, a graduate of the training ship St. Mary's, and for some time a mate on the Ward steamship Santiago, Capt. Allen, has been missing since Jan. 16. He was the son of Joseph F. Franklin, well known on Wall street about ten years ago. He had been boarding with Walter Racey at 340 West Thirtieth street for the last three months, and had been unable to find a place as mate. On the afternoon of Jan. 16 he left his friend, Edward L. Hall, at the Desbrosses street station of the Ninth avenue elevated road, saying that he would see him later that evening. Since that time he has not been seen by his friends. His cousin, C. W. Pleasants of 237 Broadway, thinks he has traced the missing man to the Norwich line steamboat City of New York, that left New London at 4¾ P. M. on Jan. 16. A man who said his name was Franklin boarded the boat at the last minute, and was seen by the purser and stewards as late as 8 o'clock that night. The ticket for his berth was not returned, and the man was not seen to leave the boat at New London.

Franklin was 24 years old, 5 feet 11 inches tall, and at the time he disappeared he wore a dark overcoat and dark clothes. His friends do not think he has committed suicide.

Sam Carpenter's Notion of Fun.

Samuel Carpenter, the dean of the railroad fraternity in town, is a middle-aged man, yet has not a bald spot or a gray hair or a wrinkle. When he was asked how he kept so young, he said: "By getting my share of fun." He laughs more times and more heartily than any other man on Broadway. The latest story he tells is of a friend who walked into a group of impecunious idlers the other day and said:

"I've got two tickets to see the 'Harbor Lights' and can't go. Who wants them?"

All spoke at once. He gravely took out two tickets and handed them to the nearest man. They were Brooklyn Bridge promenade tickets. That is the sort of fun he enjoys. He has a most complicated game played with numbers and a bean. It is too long to describe here, but it is the wonder of all who see it.

"I don't care much for the theatre," he says; "there is not one play in ten worth seeing. The other night I sat in a theatre until I got corns on my feet, and the only funny thing that happened was when a fellow took out a watch, opened the lid, and let out a lot of water with the remark, 'This is a Waterbury watch.' I consider that evening wasted. But I get lots of rest and recreation out of odd characters I meet.

"The other day I jumped on an express wagon and rode with the driver. 'Get up, Regulator,' he said to one of the horses. 'Why do you call him Regulator?' I asked. 'Because everything goes by him,' he replied with the gravest face imaginable. That made me laugh and rested me for a whole day."

In a word, the secret of Mr. Carpenter's doing more work than any man in his business is that he extracts fun from every man he encounters.

Spring-like Weather Up the Hudson.

NEWBURGH, Jan. 26.—Last year the propellers Newburgh and Ramsdell of the Ramsdell Transportation Company, this city, which are always the last to lay up, made their closing trips Jan. 5. This year they are running, and to-night it looks as though there would be no stopping at all. The day has been sailing like a bird, every ferry from New York is running, and not a pound of river ice has been harvested. The Whitehills manufactory for artificial ice machines is overrun with orders, and New York ice dealers are scouring the country for lake ice.

Intervals of Immunity for McGlory.

Young Capt. McCullagh of the Elizabeth street police searched the records at Polic Headquarters yesterday for the arrests of McGlory and is footed as for violation of the [illegible] for disorderly conduct. The captain said that McGlory shut up on Wednesday night, and gave out that he was going to keep closed "until the excitement were off." Capt. McCullagh's official report, in accordance with Mayor Grant's letter, will be ready for Tuesday's session of the Commissioners.

MORE REMOVALS COMING.

And Light to be Thrown on the Sherer-Burt-Godkin Sugar Cases.

Secretary Fairchild spent most of yesterday at the Custom House with Collector Magone. Special Treasury Agent Simmons and others received from the Secretary their instructions for a further investigation of the departments under Mr. McMullen direct from the Secretary. It was authoritatively announced that further removals will be made this week.

Secretary Fairchild said again that on his return to Washington he would prepare a statement concerning the reasons for the recent upheaval in the Appraiser's stores.

"It will effectually settle all discussion," said the Secretary, "no matter from what source the criticism comes."

It was learned that an effort will be made to establish the extent and character of the alleged intimacy existing between Col. Burt, his brother Jim, the customs sugar broker, the Sherers, whom Mr. Fairchild dismissed, and "Larry" Godkin. Secretary Fairchild says very emphatically that the *Evening Post* has acted in a very dishonorable way. It began to attack the Treasury Department when Mr Fairchild authorized an investigation of the sugar methods at this port. Edward Atkinson and other civil service reformers, however, insisted that Secretary Fairchild was right in authorizing the investigation, which demonstrated that Boston and Philadelphia sugar importers were discriminated against by the New York tests.

When as a result of the investigation Secretary Fairchild ordered the dismissal of the sherers, and warned Mr. McMullen that Jim Burt must not have the run of the sugar room and the peculiar privilege of looking over all invoices of importers not on his list of patrons, "Larry" set up a wail. An effort to learn the motive for "Larry's" interest will be made.

Secretary Fairchild has been quoted as saying that since the reorganization of the sugar room no protests have been made by New York sugar importers against the new tests. It was learned yesterday that Jim Burt is the exception to this sweeping declaration. Jim Burt has frequently protested that his customers were forced to pay $800 a day more. Other importers have justified Secretary Fairchild. It is true that some of them went to Washington and advised Secretary Fairchild to adopt more liberal measures. Secretary Fairchild knew no liberal measures outside of the laws.

Now that Mr. McMullen is gone and Assistant Appraiser Moore is booked for removal, another effort to get rid of John S. McElwee was made yesterday. McMullen and Moore recommended McElwee's dismissal on charges of drunkenness preferred six months before Mr. Moore was appointed. McElwee testified before the Byrne investigation and incurred the enmity of McMullen and Moore and some of the sugar samplers who were dismissed the other day. Among them are Cole, Twombley, and Davis, and they notified Appraiser Stearns yesterday that McElwee got drunk on Wednesday celebrating the firing out of his old enemies. Mr. Stearns heard the case. Assistant Appraiser Tice, McElwee's immediate superior, denied that McElwee was drunk. He said that McElwee was on duty.

BEN RICHARDSON ALLEGES USURY.

Suing to Prevent Foreclosure of Mortgage on Some of his Property.

Before Hooper C. Van Vorst began hearings yesterday of the suit of Benjamin Richardson, the Harlem builder, against Lawyer John Davidson of 237 Broadway. The complaint and affidavits are a ponderous document of 138 page.

Ex-Judge William Henry Arnoux of 18 Wall street, counsel for Davidson, gave to a reporter this summary of the case:

"The allegation is that Mr. Richardson, owing Eugene Kelly, the banker, $112,000 in 1882, signed mortgages for $165,000, thereby paying $53,000 usury. Some of these mortgages were assigned to Davidson, and Davidson foreclosed in 1884. Richardson allowed judgment to go by default. The property was bought at the foreclosure sale by Davidson. Davidson afterwards sold to Richardson and Richardson gave back to Davidson purchase money mortgages upon which he paid interest for one year, and then defaulted. Then Davidson began foreclosure of the new mortgages, and Richardson made a defence. Those foreclosure proceedings are now pending. Thereupon in December last, Richardson filed a bill in equity to enjoin the foreclosure proceedings on the ground of usury and duress."

Among the allegations is one that the plaintiff, Richardson, gave to Davidson mortgages and securities to the amount of $30,000 because of threats that if Richarnson did not pay Davidson would influence Kelly to prosecute Richardson for moneys that Richardson owed Kelly. It is also alleged by Richardson that various other illegal agreements, mortgages, &c., were given by him under compulsion.

In his answer Mr. Davidson says that he guaranteed Mr. Kelly against any loss in the transactions with Richardson, and gave his bond for a large sum, and was to receive a sum from Richardson, Richardson owed him was paid, and that Richardson is now seeking to get back this money.

GUARD RAILS FOR STATION PLATFORMS

Openings in Them at Car-length Intervals—Only a Few Stations to Have Them.

The platforms of the elevated railroad at South Ferry and at the Forty-second street branch have been provided with iron guard rails next the tracks. At intervals of a car's length spaces are left so that when a train comes to stop the car platforms will be just abreast of the openings. The railings were set up to prevent people in the crowded hours from falling off the platforms. Col. Hain said yesterday:

"There is no intention on the part of the company to place such railings at all stations. We are considering the feasibility of placing them at Hanover square, City Hall, 116th street, and one or two other places, but nothing has been definitely determined. Guard railings would not be practicable at general stations, because of the difficulty of always bringing a train to a stop exactly at some point. Trains are different lengths, to begin with, and of varying weight, according to the loads they carry. On damp or icy days it would be exceedingly troublesome to try to bring trains to stop at exact points, and if they happened to slide by the guard railings would make it necessary to go back until the platforms fitted the openings. In the crowded hours I am afraid such a scheme would delay travel and block trains intolerably."

FOUR WEDDINGS IN SEVEN MINUTES.

Alderman Walker Holds the Championship—An Eight Combine.

The opening of the new market and the half holiday together conspired against the peace of mind of four love-lorn couples who sought the City Hall yesterday afternoon to be married. There was no one about equal to the job, though Dick and Harry of the Marriage Bureau got ready the certificates and the report for the Bureau of Statistics. From early afternoon until it was already dark the four couples sat in the room with the fateful number 16, in which most of the City Hall marriages are solemnized. They waited, hoping and despairing by turns, while Harry scoured the town for an Alderman.

At last he found Alderman Walker of the Ninth, who, although busy with his semi-monthly payments to his workmen, consented to travel down to the Hall and help the lovers out. He did up the job with neatness and despatch, and holds the record on marrying among the City Fathers—four couples in seven minutes.

John Guy Vassar's Will Not to be Contested.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Jan. 26.—Rufus Vassar of New York will not contest John Guy Vassar's will. Rufus and his daughter came here on a brief visit with some Colorado friends. While here Rufus incidentally mentioned to Counsellor William J. Thorn that some of his friends in New York thought his uncle should have left him more than $500, and suggested that he might contest the will. Mr. Thorn said to him:

"I could not do that for you. I know Mr. Vassar was all right when he made the will. I knew him well, and know what I say to be true."

Rufus Vassar replied: "That settles it. I won't interfere. I have got money enough, and don't care for his."

Afterward Rufus dined with some friends, and then left town on an early train for New York, leaving his daughter here to complete her visit. Robert G. Vassar, who is reported to have been here on the same errand, was not in town yesterday, nor has he been here for some weeks. Mr. Vassar's will is not to be contested.

Great Britain Accepts.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 26.—The Secretary of State has received from Minister Phelps a telegram saying that the British Government has notified him of its acceptance of the invitation to [illegible] Conference, to be held in Washington, subject to certain reservations as to the nature of the particular questions to be submitted and to the necessity of ratification by the powers represented before the decision of the conference becomes binding. The form of acceptance is entirely satisfactory to the State Department.

GOSSIP ABOUT THE BOXERS.

REPREHENSIBLE HABITS OF JEM FELL THE YORKSHIRE RUSHER.

Powerful Patsy Cardiff—Cahill's Astonishing Fight with Ronkey—A Pugilist with a Tell-tale Habit—A Fine Benefit.

The flistic events of the week were the fight between Patsy Cardiff and Jem Fell, the Varuna Boat Club's exhibition, and the go between Cal McCarthy and young Walton of Philadelphia.

In the first event Fell, "the Yorkshire Rusher," as he has dubbed himself, was true to his reputation as the ruffian of the ring, and brutally assaulted the referee at the end of the bout, which was one of fifteen rounds, because he had the audacity to declare that Cardiff had the best of it. His ruffianly gang attempted further to maltreat the referee, and they would have beaten him cruelly but for the interposition of the police, who surrounded him and escorted him from the hall in which the contest took place.

Though Cardiff had fought and defeated Pat McDonald at Duluth but a few nights before meeting Fell in Minneapolis, neither the resultant soreness of that fight nor the fatigue of travel prevented him from having, on the whole, rather an easy time of it with the "Rusher." In the earlier part of the battle Fell did try to take a lead by hitting, pulling, hauling, rushing, and the dozen little meannesses which he practises in every fight, but his exertions tired him more than they injured Cardiff, and as soon as Patsy found that he was falling off in strength he went at him like a storm cloud. Nothing but the fact that large gloves were used saved Fell from being knocked out. As it was, he was very groggy at the close, and the referee's verdict was a just one.

As a consequence of the ruffianism of Fell and his adherents the authorities of Minneapolis have decided that no more boxing matches shall take place there. Thus another mine of wealth is closed to the boys. This man Fell and his gang are a disgrace to sport, and they should be ignored by all fair-minded men. The Minneapolis referee is not the first one Fell has assaulted. He struck one in his own town of Grand Rapids for declaring that he had fouled Pete Nolan, and he and his crowd never gave Pete a cent of the gate money. When Pete kicked they threatened to have him indicted for prize fighting, and he was glad to get to his home in Cincinnati safe from arrest.

Though Fell is strong and burly, and has plenty of nerve, there is hardly a second-class fighter on the list who cannot defeat him if he is held to a strict adherence to the rules. He is as prone to violations of them as sparks are to fly upward. In all my experience I never saw a man who so persistently violates them. Lacking Bendigo's science, he has all the meannesses of the Bold Bendy. The only redeeming feature is his willingness to pluck. He is plucky, and is willing to go against any one, no matter how big, black, or skilful he may be, provided there is "a bit o' brass" for him in so doing.

Cardiff, according to the California papers, will next tackle Peter Jackson before the California Athletic Club of San Francisco. When he does we will have a line, as the horsemen say, on the darky's true status. If he defeats Cardiff with anything like ease we will know that he is an "out and outer" sure enough. If, on the contrary, the Australian gives Jackson a good one, or if Cardiff wins, we shall feel sure that we have two or three men in the East who can do him. Pat Sheedy, who as a rule is not much given to praising Parson Davies's protegés, has a great deal of faith in Cardiff's powers. "He is the strongest man on the road Sheedy has seen since, "He is the only man I ever saw fight Sullivan who could take him up in his arms as though he was a baby. If the darky is as scientific as his admirers think him, strength alone will not prevail against him, but Cardiff is fairly scientific. He and I talked over the Corbett business and I don't think he cares much for the purse they will hang up for them."

The three-round go between Pat Cahill and William Ronkey, the "final" for the middleweight medal of the Varuna Boat Club, is still the talk of the town. Ronkey has held the amateur heavy-weight championship, but found no great difficulty in getting into prime condition at middle weight. It was reported that he did this for the especial purpose of taking the conceit out of the pet of the Scottish-American Club. Everything was in readiness for the fight on Wednesday night. He drew a bye, while Cahill had before meeting him to defeat a very hard-hitting young chap named Pitz, who gave Pat a rattling hard fight. Dolly Parker, who sparred late by with Ronkey, tried his best to tap him on the wind, but Ronkey, who knew his ways and, saving himself for Cahill, he kept well out of reach of Dolly's well-meant intentions. Parker was as fat as a prize pig and soon tired of the active work. The result was that Ronkey entered the ring for the final bout as fresh as daisy, and he had his opponent cut out with several red marks on his breast and neck to testify that he had had a sharp encounter with Pitz.

Ronkey had freshness, height, and reach in his favor; nevertheless, the first two rounds were very evenly fought, though Cahill made the pace for the last round. When were sent to their chairs at the end of the second round Cahill looked very tired, and his partisans sat on anxious seats indeed. Fully one-half of them thought that Paddy's hour of defeat had come, and they bemoaned the ill luck that sent him tired against a bigger and fresh man.

Boxing is as uncertain as base ball, however, and Cahill, to the surprise of all, was the first to make play. His man fought back well, and it was hard to say who was having the best of it. Paddy got the two straight leads with his left, but Ronkey evened up with a right-hand swing on the side of the head that staggered Paddy a couple of steps. His momentary advantage elated Ronkey, and he dropped his left arm as if to rest it. Quick as a flash Cahill took advantage of the opening. Throwing all the speed and power there was left into his bang, he swung with terrific force on Ronkey's jaw, and down he toppled like a lightning-smitten tree. But for his elbows he would have rolled flat on his back. He was nearly ten seconds in getting up, and when he did gain his feet he was quite groggy. Cahill went right at him, but Ronkey had skill enough to evade his blows and to close with him. The referee cried "Break! break!" but he paid no heed to the command. Peter pulled them apart, and the instant they were separated Cahill smashed him again with that dreadful right, and this time Ronkey went to the floor in a heap. Cahill glanced at him, and thinking he was out started for his chair.

The crowd by this time was fairly electrified with excitement. Nearly every man in the hall was standing on his chair and yelling or cheering at the top of his voice. It was a veritable pandemonium, and the referee temporarily lost his customary presence of mind. Instead of awarding the victory to Cahill then and there, as he had a perfect right to under the circumstances, he ordered Ronkey, who had somehow or other gotten to his feet, to the scratch, and after driving Cahill's attendant off the stage with his cane, he ordered Cahill to renew the contest. Capt. McKelvey of the Fourth Brooklyn police precinct would not, however, permit a renewal of the contest, and to Cahill was awarded the victory and its consequent medal. He has a right to wear it with pride, for never was one harder won. He snatched a victory from the very jaws of defeat, and when Jack Dempsey said: "It was the best three-round go I ever saw," he but voiced the sentiment of every ringgoer present.

The fight between Cal McCarthy and young Walton was like a donkey's trot, "short and sweet." At Charley Ossler's benefit McCarthy asked me what I thought of it. I told him that if he got into first-class condition and did not hold his man too cheaply he ought to win with ease. Walton has a funny peculiarity. Before leading he invariably dances up and down on his toes like a bantam. Men who are "on to" this strange habit are able to time his leads with mathematical precision. He will never amount to a row of pins as a pugilist until he gets rid of this telltale.

Jack Fallon is hard at work at Rockaway Beach preparing for his ten-round go with Dominick McCaffrey. Bob Smith is his mentor, and Jack feels so certain of the result that he writes, "I will win."

The array of talent billed for Jack McMaster's benefit in Brooklyn to-morrow night is something stupendous. Nearly all the noted amateurs in the three cities have volunteered to box or wrestle for the popular trainer of the Brooklyn Base Ball team, and as the amateurs are doing better work now than the professionals, a great time may be anticipated.

Brewers Organizing for Self Protection.

ALBANY, Jan. 26.—It is stated that the reports regarding the effort of a foreign syndicate to control the brewing interests of this city conceals the real purpose of the brewing trust which is now being organized throughout this State, and that while the organization is for the protection of the business interests of the brewers by consolidation and a spirit of cooperation, the same plan is also to be applied to defend the brewers from prohibitory and high license legislation. It is said that the brewers fear that their business will be ruined in this State, as it has been ruined in prohibition States, and that national and State organizations have been effected to prevent the passage of prohibition laws in any additional States. The agents of the syndicate decline to talk about the matter.

8,000 Miners Idle at Shenandoah.

SHENANDOAH, Pa., Jan. 26.—Nearly 8,000 men were thrown idle to-day in this part of the coal region by the suspension of all the Lehigh Valley company and individual collieries. The "strippings" at this place and Mahanoy City, also suspended, adding several hundred idle men to the list. Crowds of idle men stand about the street corners discussing the situation very earnestly. All the Philadelphia and Reading collieries are kept in operation.

INTERESTING GOSSIP OF THE DAY.

Not every New Yorker could guess what old part of town is just now coming strongly back into favor. It is the region north of Washington Square, on either side of Fifth avenue. Clinton place, which was once quite off caste, is now distinguished by such householders as Richard Watson Gilder and his brother and sister, Edward Schell, Montague Marks, and ex-Judge Charles P. Daly. A block above, in Ninth street, live the Rev. Clarence Buell, Mr. Daniel Lord, Jr., Mrs. Stout, Mrs. Van Rensselaer, Peter B. Olney, Charles De Rham, Julien Davies, Clifford A. H. Bartlett, the Griswolds, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lazarus, the Delafields, Mr. John Wells, Inspector Dilks, and Henry E. Howland. On Tenth street live the Donalds, Slades, Henrys, and Aspinwalls. Other notables will join these next May. It is said that not only is the locality very central, but that there are to be found there more solidly built, twenty-five foot wide, old fashioned, habitable houses than can be found in any other respectable neighborhood.

One of the most eminent Democrats, who was situated to know all about the conditions that surrounded Gov. Cleveland when he was forming his Cabinet for the Presidency, says that "if one-half of what is now written about the pressure on Benjamin Harrison is true, he is placed in a position beside which that of Mr. Cleveland was delectable."

The up-town movement is all for little narrow houses built three on two lots or eight on five lots, and yet so well finished and lavishly ornamented that they fetch more than a splendid, big, old-fashioned house in the old parts of town. Those who like elbow room call these new little dwellings "horse-car houses." One cannot swing a cat in any room in such a house, and in the bedrooms the custom is to use patent beds and to shut them up in the morning in order to make room in which to dress. It is said that nine in ten of these houses are sold or rented to newcomers in town. Old residents who have lived in larger houses cannot be induced to move into these little boxes.

An observer of parallels in life finds that Chauncey M. Depew, Alonzo B. Cornell, Erastus Wiman, Warner Miller, Dan Lamont, and Ella Wheeler Wilcox's husband all make close confidantes of their wives and behave toward them as if they were still courtiers uncertain what the answer of the ladies would be if marriage was proposed.

"Ladies' Restaurant: Reserved Seats for Gentlemen," is how a sign fronting Central Park reads.

The newest thing in town is an up-town shop where men and women may have their shoes mended while they wait. Customers see the latest shoemaking machinery in the window, and behind the machines a row of lasts at which men prepare the work for the machines. A woman goes in, has her shoes taken off, put on the lasts, trimmed of all tatters and shreds, fitted with new heels and soles, put into a sewing or nailing machine, and made good as new almost half as quickly as it has taken to write these words. Patching is the only work that is done in the old-fashioned way. Entire new shoes are made to order by the pair in two hours.

It was decided yesterday to take "The Lorgaire" off the stage and put "Pete" on next Thursday night. The decision was reached very suddenly in the course of a talk between Mr. Hanley and Mr. Harrigan. "O'Reagan" had been in rehearsal for some time, and it was proposed to withdraw "The Lorgaire" a week from to-morrow.

On the Champagne, which sailed yesterday, were Mr. Will J. King, Jr., a well known man-about-town, and Mr. Lem. Pomeroy, whose reputation rivals that of Mr. King. Both of them are typical young Americans of a certain order which has recently risen into prominence in New York city. They enjoy large incomes, and they are spending them in a fashion that excites the envy of that portion of the world which circulates around upper Broadway. Henry Haynie, one of the best known Americans in Paris, was also in the steamer.

It is rather amusing to read the names of the chorus girls in some of the burlesque companies now in New York. Two programmes of these shows to-day show such extraordinary names as Miss Tessie Vanderbilt, Daisy Astor, and Tootie Lorillard. It is nobody's business, of course, what a chorus girl does, but there will be more or less of a commotion some day if some of these ladies of the ballet rise to prominence and still cling to their present names. A Society for the Protection of Famous Cognomens may be in order.

Mr. A. N. Barney remarked yesterday, in the course of a talk with those other base ball enthusiasts, Digby Bell and De Wolf Hopper, that America felt lonesome since Capt. Anson left.

"It's very small consolation to me," said Mr. Barney, "to think of Anson reaching for third somewhere around Egypt. That is probably what he is doing at this moment, but it doesn't lessen the pangs. When he gets to England the fur will begin to fly. Anson has been there before, and he is thoroughly familiar with the English likes and dislikes. He has played cricket, you know, with good effect in England. Before he went away he had made up his plan to practise his team regularly at cricket in Australia and to put in as much time in bowling on the ship going down as the weather would allow. It would surprise me very much if Mr. Spaulding's protegés do not make a sensation in the cricketing way after they have fairly landed in Great Britain."

The restaurants in the neighborhood of the Metropolitan Opera House will do an enormous business now that the season of public balls has fairly started. They are all open until 6 or 7 in the morning, and the ballgoers have learned the trick of leaving chili bouillon and musty chicken salad of the supper room of the ball and going where they can get a brace of chops or a hot steak with fried potatoes and similar delicacies to which their stomachs are accustomed. All of the oyster bays and small restaurants in the neighborhood of Fortieth street and Broadway, and even up and down Sixth and Seventh avenues, make provision regularly for this trade. The scene presented in these restaurants at 3 or 4 o'clock in the morning is very odd. Women with magnificent jewels, half tipsy men, pallid drunkards, all-nighters from various quarters of the town, street car drivers, and hackmen are often seen eating voraciously side by side. The food is the main thing at such an hour, and no one pays any attention to his neighbor.

A member of the Players' Club, in speaking of THE SUN's comments on the fact that Col. Ingersoll had been blackballed from that organization, yesterday said:

"There is an inside history to this story, as to every other, but it does not seem to have appeared in the papers as yet. There is no specific charge against Col. Ingersoll, and certainly the cause of his exclusion from the club is not the religious, or rather sacrilegious, views which he holds. It would, I think, be difficult to name any club in New York where religion plays a smaller part than it does in the Players' Club. The Colonel's views about the drama and about Shakespeare and Shakespearean actors have been given very often with the freedom and force which distinguishes his speech. He does not hesitate to say that he believes *Hamlet* is a silly fellow, and to sneer at any man who attempts to play the character on the stage. From such a beginning as this he easily drifts into the sharpest sort of a review of the efforts and status of different Shakespearean actors. That such criticisms must reach the actors' ears is inevitable. Actors do not easily forget cutting things that are said about them, particularly when the man who speaks them has such a remarkable flow of language as the Colonel. He has made his enemies by his tongue, and they have taken the first opportunity to get back at him. That is about what it amounts to."

The group of well-known men who make the Gilsey House their headquarters was so much augmented by the body of sightseers who hoped to get a view of Mrs. Harrison that many of the old-timers were crowded out of their favorite nooks and corners. The excitement has subsided now, however, and they are back in their old seats. The Gilsey, by the way, is one of the best hotels in the city for people who desire to escape observation. That is unquestionably the reason that Col. Lamont chose it for Frances Folsom when she came back from Europe to marry the President. Some of the oldest habitués of the Gilsey are as yet unable to place the different doorways and to find out how people get up and down stairs and out on the street. The cl