the managers were summoned before Gov. McEnery, it will be remembered, and made to promise, under heavy bonds, that they would go out of the State to fight. If the battle does not come off in Louisiana, there are but two other available points for it—Mississippi and Mobile county, Ala. The change made in the hour for the departure of the excursion train from 4 A. M. to 1 A. M. would indicate that the managers propose to take the train a longer distance than they originally intended to go, and for that reason start earlier. By starting at 1 or 2 the Mississippi line would be reached before daylight. It is also definitely known that the slight chosen up to yesterday was again changed this morning, the Sullivan people waiving their claims to the requisite ten days' notice.

Capt. Beanham would not say for what service his company was called out, but left the impression that it would be at the depot on Monday morning to obey the orders of the Governor, either in the matter of stopping the outgoing train, or for the purpose of going along with it, escorting the party to the Louisville line, and making sure that no fight occurred this side of Pearl River.

The managers, on their part, preserve the same cool confidence they have shown from the start. They will not go into particulars, as they were disposed to do at first, and say that the fight will come off in Louisiana or Mississippi, but simply insist that it will be on time. They got the advice of a number of eminent lawyers to-day, who will be called in by them in case the matter is taken into the courts, and all these lawyers are of the opinion that there is nothing in the Louisiana statutes to stop a prize fight in anticipation, and that the authorities can do nothing. The Attorney-General and District Attorney both declared that there was no law in Louisiana against prize fighting, and that no charge could be brought against the pugilists themselves, except the trifling one of fighting and disturbing the public peace, and it was very doubtful if the latter charge would lie, as the fight would take place on private property, far removed from any settlement.

Judge Marr of the Criminal District Court does not see what can be done to stop the meeting. The pugilists might be brought him, charged with being about to break the peace and might be placed under bond, but he could not make the bond over $500, and he did not see what else could be legally done in advance of the battle.

KILRAIN IN NEW ORLEANS.

Received by the Members of the Southern Athletic Club.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—Notwithstanding the many offers of the Sullivan following to bet that Jake Kilrain would not come to New Orleans, the Baltimore man arrived this morning on the same train that bore his opponent forty-eight hours before. Before leaving Cincinnati yesterday morning Mr. Neil Kerr of the Queen and Crescent route made arrangements to go along with them, and at once put himself in communication with General Manager Garrett and Superintendent Tyler of New Orleans, with a view to following as closely as possible the tactics successfully pursued with the Sullivan train in running through Mississippi. As in Sullivan's case the scheme worked admirably. The party had supper at Chattanooga at 6:30 P. M. yesterday, and when they reached Yorke, Ala., they found Superintendent Tyler with his flying engine and a passenger coach to steady the machine as she sped up along the rails at the rate of sixty miles an hour. A Cincinnati detective, who was on his way to New Orleans to arrest a desperate criminal and who carried a Governor's requisition warrant for his man, but who fortunately had a strong dash of sporting blood in his veins, told Kilrain and Mitchell that in case the train was stopped he would produce his warrant and claim Kilrain as his prisoner. The detective was accordingly taken on board the special, and a compartment adjoining Kilrain's was given him, but he had no cause to use his warrant, as they were not molested in any way by the Mississippi authorities, although it was said this afternoon by some members of the party that the Sheriffs were in waiting at Meridian. Only two stops were made in the 140-mile stretch, and both times at water tanks situated in the midst of thick woods.

Kilrain had hardly finished his toilet at 8 o'clock this morning when his train drew up with a snort at Pearl River station, and Frank Stevenson, W. G. Harding, Ned Mallahan, Denny Butler, and a delegation from the Southern Athletic Club, who had gone out from New Orleans by the early morning train, sprang up the steps of the car and gave him a hearty welcome. After the party had been introduced to Mitchell, Pony Moore, Dr. Dougherty of Philadelphia, Dominick McCaffrey, and the press representatives on board, the window was pulled out and no more stops were made until the Queen and Crescent Depot in this city was reached. There was a large crowd assembled, although the rain was descending in such torrents that every street was a canal, and the gutters, which are a foot lower than the centre of the thoroughfares, were rushing streams. The members of the Southern Athletic Club had carriages in waiting for the party, and they were rapidly driven to the commodious and beautiful club house and gymnasium of the organization, that is as strong a rival as one can imagine of the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, whose guest Sullivan is while here. The quarters are at the corner of Prytania and Washington streets, and the building is one of the finest in the South. Kilrain, of course, did not look at his best after his long ride, but he presented quite a formidable appearance. He was clad in a gray flannel shirt, with straw hat and striped trousers of dark goods, and leaned back on the cushions of his carriage and admired the low houses with their broad verandas extending almost around them, for the Southern Athletic Club house is in one of the most fashionable parts of the city.

When the club house was reached 100 members of the club met Kilrain and his immediate followers and escorted them to the parlor, where Mr. J. J. Mellon presented the Baltimorean with a floral horseshoe and crescent combined. He welcomed the guest in a neat speech, remarking that the horseshoe is the synonym of good luck and the crescent is emblematic of New Orleans, and expressing the hope that Kilrain might be victorious in his coming fight. Kilrain stood playing nervously with his straw hat while Mr. Mellon spoke, and when he had concluded, said:

"New Orleans has always had a reputation for fairness. I know I shall have fair play. That's all I ask, and may the best man win."

Kilrain was then stripped, and after a bath was rubbed down. Dinner was served an hour later, and at its conclusion Kilrain and Mitchell came down to the St. Charles Hotel, which is fully three miles from his quarters, to see Frank Stevenson. He was followed by a large crowd of curious blacks and whites, and was at once conducted to Stevenson's room. He went up stairs two minutes before the two came down stairs, passed into the street and went direct to the office of Bud Renaud at 4 Carondelet street. To THE SUN reporter Kilrain said: "I am feeling a trifle tired after my trip, but am confident that I can hold my own."

Mitchell is sanguine, and his father-in-law, Pony Moore, declares that the 4 to 1 but one man in it, and that all his money will go on Kilrain. The promoter of minstrelsy in England, however, did not proclaim wildly that he was dying to have somebody take his money. The Kilrain people, it is said, have $25,000 to back their man, but so far none of it has been seen. They can be accommodated at odds of $100 to $60, and even $100 to $50, any time they care to come to the front.

Kilrain did not remain down town very long. He took a light lunch at Moreau's on Canal street with Stevenson and Renaud. Even his strongest admirers thought he ought to have been in bed, or at least have kept quiet.

Dominick McCaffrey, who is the world in regard to Kilrain's condition: "I saw Kilrain stripped last night, before he retired to his compartment, and I think he is in good condition. The fight will, in my opinion, be a long one, and will not be won without a lot of punishment on both sides."

Another equally good judge who saw him said: "While Kilrain is in fair condition, he is not what you would call on edge."

Kilrain is very much hurt because a Cincinnati daily accused him of being drunk in that city on Thursday night. "The fact of the matter is," said he to-day, "we were up at Eichler's Vine street hill-top resort. The beer looked so good that I remarked that I would like to have some of it. Dr. Dougherty of Philadelphia, who was with us, urged me to try a glass of it, saying, 'I assure you on my professional reputation that it won't hurt you.' I drank portions of two small glasses, not a whole glass in all, and the next morning I read that I had got drunk on beer."

Among the first callers on Kilrain were Chief of Police Hennessy and Detective Poytan. Their visit was social and not official. Kilrain looks very well. He tapers toward the waist, which gives his chest a narrow appearance, and from the waist up he does not appear to be as go d a man as Sullivan. From the waist d wn he is Sullivan's superior. His thighs, hips, and legs are splendidly developed, and indicate great staying powers. He weighs 200 pounds and will take no more work before the fight.

Kilrain came to the St. Charles Hotel at 9¼ this evening to have a chat with Bat Masterson, and they, in company with Mitchell and a number of friends, went to the St. Charles Theatre, where a joint benefit performance to Prof. Mike Donovan of New York and Denny Butler of New Orleans is being held. Charley Mitchell wound up with Donovan and Kilrain was introduced to the crowd. Jake is certainly taking great liberties with himself for a man who is supposed to be going to fight a man of Sullivan's reputation for $20,000 within thirty-six hours.

An informal reception was tendered Sullivan by the Young Men's Gymnastic Club this evening, and he was presented with a box of mammoth cigars specially made for him. The box is a beautiful one, with a picture of himself enclosed in the lid. The big fellow weighs to-night 201 pounds. For supper he ate three chickens, to say nothing about trimmings.

Several pools were sold by Lamoth & Co. to-night at $100 to $75 and $50 to $25, and these are the established ones all over town. The Kilrain party haven't opened their barrel yet.

Honest Jack Hooper of Kentucky is here, and claims to have the best bet in New Orleans, $2,000 even on Sullivan.

THERE WILL BE A FIGHT ON MONDAY.

The Battle Will Begin at Early Dawn, and the Ring Will Be on Private Grounds.

By the Associated Press.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—The Sullivan people are speculating on Kilrain's pluck, and the Kilrain men are worrying themselves about Sullivan's condition. These topics form subjects for universal discussion, but the rumored threat of the Governor to interfere with the fight by means of military influence was most talked of at the hotels and among the friends of the two men this afternoon.

"Even if this report is untrue, do you think there is anything to fear in the matter of an interruption to the fight?" a reporter asked one of the managers last night.

"No, it won't. I have consulted legal talent, and we have found out that there is nothing on the Louisiana statute books that can touch us for prize fighting, no matter how partisan an interpretation the Governor may make of various statutes. The Attorney-General and the District Attorney are both of the opinion that no law can reach us, save the trifling one, perhaps, of fighting and disturbing the peace. But we do not see wherein we shall be disturbing the peace of any one when the fight is to take place on private property far removed from any populated section. The ring will be pitched in the woods, and we have taken every precaution to insure the best of order. The people who are buying tickets from us and who are going to the fight are not men who, under any circumstances, engage in any riotous demonstrations, and we have just as much an interest in having a quiet and well-conducted fight as the sight officers of the State. There is nothing in the world that will prevent a decision on the merits of the two men. If the military power of the State is called out, and is able to reach the scene of the battle, then the mill might be temporarily postponed, but if we are interfered with in our rights, the people in authority will be held to legal account. If Kilrain is as anxious to fight as we know Sullivan is, the two men will be brought together. We have a reputation as sporting men to maintain. The fight has been written up with unusual thoroughness, and we cannot afford to be at the head of a fiasco. Nothing attracted people hither from all parts, and we mean to do all in our power, while not breaking the law, to secure a result. We cannot fight here if there is law to prevent us, but we can go somewhere else, I at mind. I say, if there is law to prevent us. The battle ground is on private property, and I cannot see how we can possibly be interfered with. I promise you there will be a fight on Monday."

The time when the cars will start may be changed at the last moment, in order to avoid too much publicity, and if matters are rushed, as it is expected they will be, the articles of agreement will be mutually waived, so far as the time of fighting is concerned, and the men will go into the ring when the first faint rays of dawn appear in the sky. Unless the opinion of able ring followers is wrong, the fight will hardly last over an hour, and, if this be the case, the entire party—principals, executionists, telegraph operators, and all—can get back to the city before the Governor gets out of bed, unless an injunction stops them all night.

In order to avoid the possibility of arrest, it is said to-day that Sullivan will leave the city at the conclusion of the battle and as soon as he can dress himself again in street clothes. This, of course, if he is not too severely punished to travel. Sullivan himself told a reporter that he would follow out this programme, and it is fair to presume that Kilrain will follow the same line. If there is a fight it is safe to predict that New Orleans will be thoroughly thinned out of prize-fighting people by Tuesday or Wednesday.

The plans for the fight and accommodation of the large crowd that will be in attendance are progressing smoothly, just as if a menagerie is to be the attraction instead of a prize fight which has called forth proclamations from three Governors, with one or two others yet to hear from. The opinion of the Attorney-General of the State of Louisiana, in which he publicly declared that there was no law of the State against holding prize fights, has caused the minds of the officials of surrounding parishes, and the fight will come off, although the exact locality has not yet been made public. It will, however, be within three hours run by rail from New Orleans.

Sullivan continues to improve with the approach of the momentous day which is to make or mar him forever. But Muldoon's watchfulness and scientific care show no abatement. Whatever the issue of the fight, Muldoon's reputation as an unequalled trainer is established beyond the possibility of dispute or cavil. He found his man a physical wreck, weakened by disease and doated by dissipations, and in less than three months he has brought him to a condition of physical perfection which is the wonder of the pugilistic world. Men who have known Sullivan all their lives and seen him in all his battles declare that he was never more fit in all his latic career. Some even go so far as to assert that he is better than ever. This may be open to questions, however, because of a trifle too much flesh about the region of the stomach. This superfluity of flesh, however, will not affect him injuriously, say his trainer and friends, as it is perfectly firm and hard, and shows no sensitiveness when patted or rubbed down after the usual two hours of afternoon work. An Associated Press reporter called upon Muldoon this afternoon and found him serenely confident. His reply to the question, "How is Sullivan?" was:

"He is all right. I am satisfied with him. I can't say anything that will express more than that. I have more at stake, than any one else, than Sullivan himself, and I am satisfied with his condition. I ask for nothing more than a fight to come off. If it is prevented by any cause we will go on training as if nothing had happened until the fight does come off. I have no doubt as to the honesty and sincerity of Kilrain himself, but I have little faith in the men behind him, whom I regard as tricksters."

When the reporter asked Sullivan's weight he replied:

"He weighs 202 pounds to-day, and will probably take on two pounds a day more until the fight begins, which will bring him up to about 207 pounds. He is ready now and anxious to begin earnest work. He is in excellent spirits, singing and chatting merrily. He never refers to the fight, nor are we anxious to rouse his impetuous temper by discussing the subject. His manner convinces me that he is confident of winning. That confidence we all share."

Sullivan will go into the ring wearing a plaster of pine pitch, which will encircle his body like a woman's corset and cover almost as much space. It was made in New York after a design furnished by Muldoon. It is made of buckskin, lined with pine pitch. It fits tight, like a belt, and is about twelve inches wide all the way around. It is said to have a very bracing and strengthening effect on those who wear it. Muldoon says that Kilrain will probably also wear one like it, Mitchell having copied the idea from him.

The associated Press reporter asked Mitchell to-day if the wearing of such a plaster would furnish ground for a technical objection. He replied that it would not, leaving the impression on the reporter's mind that not only Sullivan, but Kilrain also, will go into the ring braced up with a pitch plaster.

It is understood that the first train that departs for the battle ground will put out at about 1 o'clock on Monday morning, to be followed one hour later by the second train, which will contain spectators. Those who are here to witness the fight will get no sleep Sunday night, and it is expected that the men will enter the ring between 6 and 8 o'clock Monday morning. Sullivan continues a hot favorite, and, barring accidents, the general impression prevails that he will win.

SULLIVAN LEADS IN THE BETTING.

Richard K. Fox Sends Kilrain $1,000 to Bet on Himself in the Ring.

At the *Police Gazette* office yesterday it was said that Kilrain's friends were just as confident of his ability to defeat Sullivan as ever, and had no fear of his weakening. Richard K. Fox called $1,000 to Jake Kilrain on Friday for him to bet on himself in the ring to-morrow. The *Police Gazette* folks said in reference to the charges that Kilrain's party had been drawing undue publicity to the fight in New Orleans by big posters that it was by a mutual understanding that the posters had gone up. A telegram came from Frank Stevenson three weeks ago ordering the posters. That Mr. Fox's name was at the bottom of the posters didn't signify anything, they said, because all show bills printed by the house had his name upon them.

Arthur T. Lumley of the *Illustrated News*, for the Sullivan side, denies that there was any agreement about the posters. He says it all to Mr. Fox, and charges him with attempting to make enough money out of the fight to get even or else to do away with the fight entirely.

Mr. Lumley received a telegram from one of the Sullivan party yesterday, which said that it was very doubtful whether the fight would come off, as the publicity already given to it had aroused so much opposition.

James Cusack received the following despatches last night:

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.

James Cusack, Bowling Green, N. Y.: Sullivan sure winner. Accept all bets you can get at 10 to 7. Fight sure to come off. JOHN H. CUSACK.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.

James Cusack, Bowling Green, N. Y.: Put all money you can get on John L. at 100 to 73. Fight sure. Sullivan in great condition. JACK BARNETT.

A number of bets were made in the Hoffman House corridor last evening. They seemed to be all in favor of the Bostonian. Ex-Alderman Patrick Farley wagered $1,000 to $800 with Joseph McCarthy of Albany that Sullivan would knock out his Baltimore antagonist in less than half an hour. Patrick McEneny bet $1,000 to $800 that the big fellow would win. E. F. Reilly, an Albany sporting man, taking the Kilrain end of the bet.

Joseph L. Levy bet $500 to $400 on Sullivan with Joseph L. Wood of Cincinnati.

All the Way from San Francisco to See the Fight.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—Col. A. Andrews and son are registered at the St. Charles Hotel. Col. Andrews came all the way from San Francisco to see the big battle. He left home last Sunday. He had faith in the arnestness of the two men, and came simply and solely to see one or the other win the fight. Col. Andrews is a good-looking old gentleman, with a courteous manner and pleasant address. He is a well-to-do citizen of the Pacific slope, but is an admirer of athletics. He belongs to the leading athletic associations in San Francisco, and has seen most of the big fights that have been fought in his generation. When the Colonel was asked who would win the fight he replied:

"Kilrain, I believe, but I want to see a good fight and the better man the victor."

Young Andrews does most of the talking for the party, and he has pinned his faith and a good deal of his money to Sullivan.

The Andrews brought with them a magnificently carved gold-headed cane, which is to be presented to the loser of the fight. Col. Andrews and his son will return to San Francisco as soon as the big mill is over.

A Physician Opinion of Kilrain.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—A local physician of prominence saw Kilrain work to-day at the Southern Athletic Club rooms. Kilrain did not strip, but wore a light undershirt and tights, and only exercised a half hour, punching the ball and using dumb bells. To an Associated Press reporter he said, after expressing some reluctance to being interviewed:

"I am very much disappointed in Kilrain. He looks tired, thin, and overtrained. I have not yet seen Sullivan, but have no great opinion of Kilrain."

"How much do you think he weighs?"

"As an off hand guess, about 185 pounds, I should say."

This opinion accords with that of other experts, notably sporting writers. In fact, the statements of Kilrain and Mitchell are in themselves conflicting. Kilrain told a reporter that he weighed 195 pounds. Mitchell told the same reporter that Kilrain weighed 202 pounds, and measured 42 inches around the chest, and 16 inches around the biceps. If Kilrain measures 42 inches around the chest, appearances are mighty deceptive.

Mississippi Troops Guarding the Border.

JACKSON, Miss., July 6.—By the disposition made to-day of troops belonging to the National Guard of Mississippi, the several railroads leading into the State from Louisiana have been covered, so as to prevent, if possible, the fight between Sullivan and Kilrain taking place in Mississippi. Steps have also been taken to secure the arrest of the parties should they by chance manage to avoid the officers of the law and fight in the State. The opinion prevails here that the vigorous measures adopted and put in force by Gov. Lowry will deter the pugilists from attempting to fight in Mississippi, but that they will fight in Louisiana.

Mitchell Won't Fight Cleary.

NEW ORLEANS, July 6.—With regard to the challenge of Cleary to fight in the same ring, after the Sullivan-Kilrain fight, Mitchell said that he had repeatedly announced that he would engage in no more prize fights as a principal, and after this would never appear in the ring again. He had a wife and child, and proposed hereafter to devote himself to them. Cleary would doubtless not have challenged him had he not known of this determination. He should remember that he had twice met him (Mitchell) in the ring, and that he had been knocked out in fifteen minutes the first time, and in one round the second.

FOUND DEAD IN HER BED.

Perhaps the Well-dressed Man Knows Something of Grace Lepine's Death.

A woman known as Grace Lepine, about 32 years old, was found dead yesterday morning in the house 374 Berry street, Williamsburgh. The landlady, who made the discovery, told the Coroner that the woman was a variety actress, and was formerly connected with Jack Oberly's Tivoli Theatre.

On Friday night she returned late to her room. She was under the influence of liquor and was accompanied by a well-dressed man. About an hour thereafter the man went from the house, saying that Miss Grace was unwell and he was going for medicine or for a doctor. "In the morning," she continued. "I went to her room, and, not receiving an answer to my knocks, I forced open the door, and found the woman dead in the bed.

Dr. Joseph Creamer, Jr., who has been notified by the Coroner to make an examination of the body, found that death was the result of congestion of the lungs and of alcoholism.

End of a Big Base Ball Trouble.

BUFFALO, July 6.—To-day's act in the Big Four base ball drama is the discovery by the Pittsburgh Club of the scheme by which "Deacon" White and Jack Rowe expected to get their releases. The Buffalo Base Ball Club has been managed by players and not managers, so that it has reached the foot of the International League schedule. All along Rowe and White said they would stay idle all summer rather than play elsewhere, just when the club they bought gets way down they conclude to quit it, and this afternoon they announced that they would go to Pittsburgh to play in next weeks' games and stay there all the season. Deacon White said: "Rowe and I will start for Pittsburgh to-morrow evening to sign there. The deal is satisfactory to us. We will get $500 a month, or at the rate of $3,500 a year."

"What about the Detroit release money? Do you get any of that?"

"Yes, we get $1,250 each out of it."

"What about the club here?"

"My brother will look after our Buffalo business while we are playing with the National League."

This ends the long struggle between White and Rowe, the Pittsburgh Club, the old Detroit Club, and the National League. All base ball cranks know the history of the big four, but the inside history of this deal is worth knowing as well. Two weeks ago, when Buffalo stock was way down, both White and Rowe concluded something must be done. They took the local base ball reporters into their confidence and talked the matter over. A week ago White went to Pittsburgh, and told President Nimick that his eyesight was bad; that he had rheumatism and pretty nearly all the ailments he could name. He talked hard for a release for both; but if they wanted to take such a decrepit being as he said he was, he was willing to sacrifice himself so that Rowe would stay in Buffalo. White looked well enough, and Mr. Nimick telegraphed friends here who made inquiries, and the result was that he insisted on both signing. So they are going on to Pittsburgh to-morrow to sign. Deacon White feels badly because his little subterfuge was seen through.

A Stowaway Suffocated.

CHARLESTON, July 6.—The steamship Yemassee, which arrived here from New York today, brought the body of James Duffy, who perished on the voyage down. It appears that Duffy and two friends attempted to get a free passage down, and stowed themselves away in the coal bunkers. On the first day out the two friends came out half dead and reported that they couldn't find Duffy. A search was made, but without avail until the steamer reached here, when the stench of the decomposed corpse revealed its whereabouts. The coal must have shifted and suffocated or crushed him. Duffy was a native of this place.

The Champion Captain or Colonel.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir:* Capt. N. Ph. Hartmann of 1,216 Bedford avenue, Brooklyn, who is the Colonel of the Washington Military Company of this city, left on July 3 for Albany to drill against Capt. W. J. Williams of Baltimore for the gold watch and chain which was called a draw between these two officers on Jan. 22, 1888. The drill was called on the floor at 10 A. M., and after thirty-eight minutes' hot drilling Capt. N. Ph. Hartmann outdrilled his opponent by four motions.

The gold watch and chain will be presented to Capt. N. Ph. Hartmann on his twenty first birthday, which will be on July 24 (8?), and on his twenty-fifth birthday he will be presented by the W. P. Military, who won the diamond belt and golden sword under his command, as a token of love toward their Captain.

Capt. N. Ph. Hartmann, who is 20 years of age and 5 feet 6 inches in height, is the youngest Captain or Colonel known of, and he now holds the championship. Yours truly, Col. MOORE.

Justice Welde's Affidavit.

Police Justice Welde asks THE SUN to print this:

City and County of New York, ss.: Charles Welde of 77 East 124th street, being duly sworn, deposes and says that the statements made in the New York World of the 5th and 6th instant are wholly untrue; that this deponent has not, and never has had, any interest whatever in any saloon, and is not, nor never has been, connected with the liquor business in any way whatsoever. CHAS. WELDE.

Sworn to before me this 6th day of July, 1889. G. L. MAIN, Notary Public.

GREAT WIND-UP FOR THE 71ST

DEPLOYING OVER THE RUGGED ROADS OF PEEKSKILL.

The Grand Guard Fights Itself and Everything Else Within Range—A Countryman Returns Hot Words for Hot Powder—The Ninth Regiment Arrives in Camp.

PEEKSKILL CAMP, July 6.—The Seventy-first Regiment has broken the record. The Grand Guard, 110 strong, marched out at 4 o'clock down the hill and around toward Annsville. The men wore fatigue uniforms, and there was nothing fancy about their get up, but they made the prettiest military show of the season. As soon as the guard was formed it marched in review before Major Downs, its commanding officer. The whole detail was made up of volunteers, and many of them had taken part in the sham battle at noon and still bore its marks.

Major Downs led the way, mounted. In the rear went THE SUN man and Lieuts. English and Harscallon of the Ninth Regiment. The latter are known as "The long and the short of it." Behind a round-tapped mound of white clay near Annsville a halt was called. The guard gathered about its leader, and Lieut. Hamilton explained its duties. Work began at once. A post was established there under Lieut. Connolly.

The camp road follows the shores of the creek. At Annsville it sweeps into the highway which is the main road from Peekskill to Garrison's. A bridge and a causeway carries it over the creek and meadows into the village of Annsville, and then it climbs the hills up a narrow water-worn valley. Steep hills rubbled with broken granite boulders crowd close upon it, and a tumbling, rushing mountain stream pushes it from side to side. The road hangs first on the edge of one hill and then upon the other.

There are seven houses and a school house in Annsville. One house is a long deserted country store, and four are beer saloons. The sites of the houses were stolen from the hills. At the top of the hill, five-eighths of a mile above the village, is another road from the camp. It leads over the hill and back of the mess hall. A pathway between these roads slides down the hill into the back yard of "Our Charlie" Smith's beer saloon.

The line between these roads was to be guarded. Lieut. Golding with eighteen men went to the McCoy road, Sergeant Pick took the centre, and Connolly was on the right. Capt. Kennedy commanded the reserve. Arms were stacked beside the brook.

The fun began almost at once. "Halt," was the order. "In a man does not stop, fire your piece."

Twenty shots rang out, there was a rush of feet, a rattle of hoofs, and a team of big gray horses went tearing up the hill. Behind them was a big wagon, a driverless driver, three bags of feed, a grocer cradle, and a dickie workingman.

"Stop those horses!" Lieut. Rogers sprang to their heads, and a dozen hands helped him. The driver's voice rang out above the din.

"By the holy smoke!" he cried. "What do you mean by stopping a man on the public road? Say all I have to say, I pay $200 a year taxes to be shot full of holes by a lot of lazy lubbers? Let go of them horses. Never mind if they do smash everything on the hill. Let her go! You'll have to pay for this if there is any law in the land. My name is Arthur Smith, and if it costs a thousand dollars you'll have to suffer for this! Get up there. Whoo, ho! but I'll see Windhole about this in the morning."

Before he got through another wagon came rattling up. It was Lute McCoy, a brother-in-law of Smith. They had both been to Peekskill, but the effect was different. Lute was wild. "It's a pretty enough fix to stop the horses on," was about all he said. Smith's team blocked the road. "Drive on," said Rogers, "you're all right."

"No, I'll be hanged if I will. You wanted me to stop. Now, I'd like to see any man make me move on. Whoa! Whoa there! Get away from them horses. I'll overhaul this here camp from ground tier to cellar, from Gen. Wylie to Gov. Hill. Look a' this man's wrist."

John Warren, the workman who sat beside Smith, held out his arm. His wrist and hand was covered with blood. "I can't use it," he said.

Smith drove on to accommodate McCoy, but his angry protests were heard until he passed the crest of the hill.

It was known that Lieut.-Col. Dennison would lead out an attacking party. Every bush was challenged, and when it did not answer a shot followed. At 12:15 Dennison's force appeared. They were on their way out. Major Downs passed them out, and redoubled his vigilance. Dennison was to circle round and attack at his pleasure. What had been a grand guard became a skirmish line. Every man was out.

"Help!" came a cry. It was one of the ambulance corps. Lieut. Rogers had fallen on the ragged rocks of the dam and cut his hand. It took an hour in the dark to dress it and all the time there was anxious waiting.

Three lines of fire flashed out at 2:30, and when nearly every cartridge was gone the men fell back. There was not an enemy within a mile of them.

At the moment when the guard was fighting itself, Dennison and half his men were rushing into the camp as victors. They scarcely had the drummers in the midst of the long roll, captured Col. Hopper, and went to bed.

Away off toward Anthony's Nose shots were heard. They sounded like signals. Capts. Bascom, Gauch, Sass, and Francis were still out. Bascom admitted that they were lost. They got in at 5 o'clock. Major Downs and Col. Dennison are tired out. Dennison got in, but he did not get through the Major's lines. He crept around them.

Early in the afternoon the camp began to empty. The Fifth and Sixth Separate Companies slid out without any ceremony and caught a train for home. Then the watchers on Newspaper Hill saw the Ninth Queens with Col. Seward and the Ninth on board. She was late. It was 4 o'clock before the new guard was ready to relieve the boys who have paced the grounds for a week.

Capt. Solomon E. Japha took command. Lieut. William H. Ehrmann was sent to the outpost and Lieut. James H. Maconnell took charge of the guard house.

Two bands played, two beatings of the drum, and a substitution of regiments was made as neatly as a conjurer changes a card.

There were men already here when the Ninth got in: the Tenth Battalion of Albany. Nobody seemed to notice just when they came in. Col. Fitch brings 213 men and officers with him, but Col. Seward has about 560. The First Artillery has also made a change. Sergt. Spring went back on the boat and left Sergt. Nopper in command. The latter has a whole new detail of Capt. Alderman Louis Wendel's Artillery.

The Seventy-first Regiment arrived in town at 8:15 o'clock last night. A large crowd had collected in front of the armory, at Broadway and Forty-fifth street, fully two hours before. They came marching down Forty-fourth street, and as they turned the corner everybody cheered and somebody shot off a lot of sky rockets. There were 490 sunburnt men who marched into the armory stairs to the strains of "Lo, the Conquering Hero Comes." Only eight men had dropped out during the week.

Everybody looked hale and hearty except Quartermaster's Sergeant George T. Paton and Corporal Joseph J. Simpson, who looked as if they had the measles. This was caused by the surgeon extracting the grains of powder which they had received in the face in the skirmish on Friday.

Col. Kopper expressed himself as well satisfied with the work which his regiment has done at the camp. He said: "If anybody has anything to say about carelessness in drilling in this regiment let him go to the State headquarters and he will find entered an excellent report of our work."

New Corporations.

ALBANY, July 6.—The following certificates of incorporation were filed in the Secretary of State's office to-day:

The Delaware and North River Railroad Company. The company propose to construct a standard gauge track railroad, the total length of which will be about forty-five miles, wholly within the counties of Sullivan and Ulster. The road will begin at Summitville, town of Marmakatting, Sullivan county, connecting with the Port Jervis, Monticello, and New York Railroad to Ellenville, town of Wawarsing, Ulster county, thence in order to Napanoch, village of Wawarsing, Kerbonkson, Pine Bush, and Accord, in the town of Rochester; Kyserike, Stone Bridge, Marbletown, and Hurley, all in Ulster county, and ending at the city of Kingston. The capital stock is $400,000. Charles St. John, William K. Scott, Peter E. Farnam, and O. F. Howell of Port Jervis, and Edward Lauterbach, Louis Adler, A. J. Hardenberg, L. E. Schoonmaker, Hugo Rothschild, Stephen Pehna, William S. Cohen, and William Morris of New York City, and J. N. Cox of Ellenville are named as directors.

The Bedford Electric Power and Lighting Company is formed by Henry E. Oakley, William A. Alnawort, J. H. Nason V. Smith, and Henry Leotz. They propose to form a corporation to furnish and operate electric light systems in the different cities, towns, and villages of the State and in other States. The principal locate in the city of Brooklyn. The capital stock is $50,000.

The Troy Progressive Spiritual Society No. 2 is formed by William Harper, Harriet M. Johnson, Jennie Sayles, M. L. Gardner, Brooks B. Marsh, Israel L. Emerson, Jane E. Niver, and Emma F. Starbuck for benevolent, charitable, and literary purposes, and especially to advance the cause of modern spiritualism.

The American Illuminating Company of Hornellsville filed a certificate of an increase of their capital stock from $[illegible] to $48,200.

The Ira Cairo & Donner Sugar Refining Company of the cities of New York and Brooklyn filed a certificate of a change of its place of business wholly to the city of Brooklyn.

Stubborn Indiana Miners.

BRAZIL, IND., July 6.—All negotiations between the Indiana block coal miners and operators and their arbitration friends are now considered off. The operators in the judgment of the State Board of Charities offer the highest price that can be paid, but the miners persist in refusing. The operators will introduce machines as the only alternative. The cost of mining by this process will be forty-five cents a ton, where they offer seventy cents and seventy-five cents for pick mining. It will enable the operators to hold their market in competition with cheaper coals.

THE STEAMBOAT POMONA AGROUND.

Guests of the New Rochelle Yacht Club Badly Frightened.

Capt. Bartow of the steamboat Pomona, one of Starin's Glen Island line, is a good deal of a sailor man in his way, and when a few days ago a little child that had been brought aboard his boat at the East Thirty-second street landing died before Randall's Island was passed, he knew that it was an omen, and that fate was on his tracks. He felt so badly about it and looked so broken up as he moved about the dock at Glen Island later in the day, that some employees about the place started the report that he was drunk. Capt. Bartow felt worse than ever then, and said that while he didn't want to wish hard luck to any one, if some folks had a little innocent baby die aboard their boats maybe they'd know how to appreciate the feelings of an unlucky Captain.

Capt. Bartow braced up after a while as the days passed without any accident befalling him, and was in pretty good spirits yesterday morning when he got up into the Pomona's wheel house to take a party of 200 friends of the New Rochelle Yacht Club from the club house up to Echo Bay to see the club's fourth annual regatta. There were many ladies in the party, and a number of the club's officers, including Capt. Gibson. The judges were to be taken on at Echo Island, and the Pomona was then to accompany the yachts over the course.

About 10½ o'clock he got the Pomona headed up the Sound, and started her slowly under one bell through Hart's Island Channel, a narrow passage between David's Island and the main land just above Glen Island. The channel is plenty wide enough for a big boat, but is crooked and has sharp rocks on either side. It is much traveled by steamboats, and every Glen Island pilot is supposed to know all about it.

But fate, or something, must have got into Capt. Bartow's eyes, for he steered straight for the ruffled spot over the rocks, or he seemed to do so. In a few moments the vessel slackened, seemed to lurch forward, and then settled down, stock still, although the paddle wheels kept churning the water faster than ever. The passengers and crew could be seen running about the decks, and the cries of some frightened women could be heard.

The Government tug Hamilton, from David's Island, hurried up to the Pomona, and sail and rowboats started toward her from every direction. On board Capt. Gibson and others of the yachtsmen told everybody that there was no danger, and with the shore only 200 or 300 feet away on each side, and lots of boats all about, the threatened panic among the passengers was quickly stilled. The water pouring into the hold through a big hole in the hull proved in a few minutes that there was no hope of pulling the vessel off, and the passengers were taken ashore as fast as possible. The Hamilton took off the first load of badly frightened people, and after that the steamer Mynderse Starin and the three steam launches attached to Glen Island transferred all of the passengers and everything else movable back to the land. The yachtsmen and those of their friends who still wished to see the race were taken to it aboard the three steam launches.

Tug and wreckers were summoned from the city to help the Pomona. There was no danger of her sinking, because she was on the bottom already, but the rising tide threatened to bury her. It didn't do quite so badly as that, but at high tide the water was nearly to her upper deck. The story that Capt. Bartow was under the influence of liquor when he took charge of the boat yesterday morning could not be confirmed, and is improbable. Capt. Bartow has not been on the Pomona long, and is not much known to the other Glen Island pilots.

Small-pox at Hypolite's Headquarters.

The steamship George W. Clyde, from St. Marc June 30, came in yesterday. On the date named she saw the United States man-of-war Ossipee making for Port-au-Prince, and another United States man-of-war, the Kearsarge, doubtless, in the harbor at Mole St. Nicholas. Her last news of the Ossipee was that all were well aboard, nobody but Commander Kellogg and the surgeon having been allowed ashore; but all were anxious to get home again.

Hypolite and his Cabinet were all at St. Marc on the 30th. Small-pox had broken out there along with the yellow fever. There were twenty-two cases. They had the usual reports there that Legitime's army at Port-au-Prince was deserting. He was sending his navy to subdue revolts in Jeremie, Aux Cayes, and Jacmel, and revolutions, and was reported to be engaged in a diplomatic quarrel with the French Minister.

Gen. Paine Buys the 40-footer Baboon.

Gen. Charles J. Paine, owner of the sloop yacht Volunteer, purchased yesterday the famous Burgess 40-footer Baboon. He will put her in first-class racing trim for the coming races, and those who know the General say that he will make the 40-foot class do some hustling before the season closes.

Rats! Yes, Rats!

A grocer up town gave up his business lately, and his store, together with the profitable custom he had established after years of industry, passed into the hands of a new owner. The name of the new proprietor was the euphonious and at the present day somewhat suggestive one of "Rats," or, as he spelled it, Ratz.

A lady who had long dealt at the store, and knowing of the change but not knowing the name of the new owner, sent her order as usual one morning last week, and awaited its delivery. Finally a rosy-cheeked, tow-headed German lad bearing the basket of supplies rang the bell. The lady hastened to question him.

"What is your employer's name, little boy?" she asked sweetly.

"Ratz," said the boy.

"What was the mother of sons; she had heard of 'rats' before, and her blood boiled within her.

"Don't give me any of your impudence, young man; I asked you what is the name of your employer."

"Ratz," repeated the boy, with a possibly adding, if possible, to his seeming impertinence.

"You little wretch," she said, "don't you know that I shall go at once and report you and have you discharged? Tell me the name of your employer this instant."

"Ratz," said the boy for the third time, without raising his voice.

"Go!" said the lady, pointing to the door, her face pale and her hands trembling with a desire to administer corporal punishment. The boy's delight at escaping the punishment in the expression of his very face as they flew out the door. The lady went up stairs and put on her outdoor apparel with a grim determination