A GREAT DAY FOR SCARLET.

ST. FLORIAN WINS THE GREAT AMERICAN, AND RUSSELL THE DERBY.

Father and Son Witness the Triumph of Their Thoroughbreds at Gravesend—The Great American Worth $17,000 to the Winner—Colts of Mr. Belmont's Breeding Run First and Second—Russell and Ambulance One, Two, in the Derby—Clarendon's Great Race—The Patrimony Colt a Clinker—The Pool Room War—Who Offered the $5,000 Reward!

The Morris stable achieved fresh triumphs at Gravesend yesterday afternoon, when ten thousand persons saw their colt St. Florian win the $20,000 Great American Stakes, and Russell and Ambulance finish first and second in the Brooklyn Derby. John Morris and his sons were present, and received congratulations innumerable.

It is safe to say that a turfman like August Belmont should ever die. His stable this year would have been well nigh invincible. St. Florian, the winner, and Victory, the runner-up in the Great American, both having been sold at the Babylon sale last winter.

The Great American Stakes was the third event on the card, and brought out a field of fourteen two-year-olds, among them the colt Canvass, bought for $21,500 by Fred Gebhard at the Hearst sale. The Morris scarlet was worn by St. Florian and Mars, the last named ridden by Littlefield. Airshaft and Airplant represented M. F. Dwyer, and Dave Gideon started Merry Monarch and His Highness. William Lakeland's spanking colt Victory wore the black, white sleeves, while Mr. Withers was represented by a handsome chestnut filly by Mortemer, out of Adage. Rex, Lester, Hellgate, Coxswain, and Hinda Dwyer ran respectively for G. B. Morris, the Hoboken Stable, F. McLowes, Burridge Bros., and the Rosemede Stable.

In the betting Mars was favorite at the opening, but the news of Canvass's lightning trials had travelled fast, and Mr. Gebhard's colt superseded the Morris youngster as choice before the summons to post. St. Florian was the most fancied of the others, and there is no doubt that had Littlefield been named as his rider, the one-eyed son of St. Blaise would have gone to the post favorite. There was no disaffection, and the public, surmising that the stable jockey would ride the most fancied of the pair, plunged on Mars, to their sorrow, as it proved, for the big brown colt was at sea on the short turns, and was never dangerous. There was a delay of probably ten minutes at the post before Mr. Caldwell caught the lot in motion. Taylor broke from the rear with St. Florian, but the chestnut lost nothing by it, as he was running when the flag fell. Coxswain, Canvass, Victory, Airplant, and Mars were the leaders at the start, but at the end of a furlong Airplant shot forward like a wild horse on the outside, and, taking the lead, piloted the field around the upper turn. Coxswain, second, a neck before Victory, Canvass, Florian, His Highness, and Lester. In the middle of the turn Victory interfered with Canvass, and Taral had to pull up in order to avoid an accident. Turning into the stretch for the straight run home, Coxswain showed in the van, closely pressed by St. Florian. Victory, Lester, Hellgate, and Adagio filly, Airplant dropping back into the rack as quickly as he had flashed in the van at the start. Coxswain's reign was brief, as he was passed in quick succession by Victory, St. Florian, and Lester. Taylor waited patiently until opposite the stand, and then shaking up St. Florian, drew out and won with amazing ease by two lengths. Fitzpatrick rode the winner hard in the final furlong, but Guttenburg's crack could not beat Victory out for the place. Barnes landing the imported colt second by ten lengths. The stake was worth $20,000, of which $17,000 went to the winner, $2,000 to the second horse, and $1,000 to third. The time, 2:08¾, for St. Florian, is a fast chestnut colt, 15 hands high with one white foot and a blaze. His right eye is sightless. He is by imported St. Blaise out of Feu Follet, and was bred by the late Hon. August Belmont at his Kentucky stud. At the closing sale of the Nursery stud last winter he was bought by Wyndham Walden for Messrs. John A. & A. H. Morris, who secured him for $3,600. St. Florian's yearling trials were the best ever run at Babylon, and yesterday's race was his third successive victory, he having won a purse race and the Bedford Stakes before yesterday's prize. He is by all odds the best two-year-old bar his stable companion, Georgia, that has appeared as yet this year. He is none too well named, and is not in the Futority. Victory ran a good, consistent race, and Lester, carrying two pounds overweight, is a game little fellow, and a great card for his sire, imported Charaxus. Of the others, Canvass, Hinda Dwyer, and the Adagio filly will do better, as they acted very green at the post.

The following is a summary of the Great American Stakes:

The Great American Stakes, for two-year-olds. A sweepstakes of $50 each for horses entered as yearlings by April 72, 1890, or only $20 if declared out by May 15, 1891, for horses entered as two-year-olds by Jan. 1, 1891, $10 each, and $50 if declared out by April 1, 1891. Starters to pay $250 additional. The club to add $15,000, and to guarantee that the stakes shall be worth $20,000. The second horse to receive $2,000, and the third horse $1,000 out of the stakes. Five furlongs. Six hundred and three April and seventy-six January entries.

Mr. A. A. H. Morris's ch. c. St. Florian, by St. Blaise—(Feu Follet, 11s (Taylor) 1
W. Lakeland's b. c. Victory, 118 (Barnes) 2
Dresser Stable's b. c. Lester, 120 (Fitzpatrick) 3
Mars, Coxswain, Airplant, Airshaft, His Highness, Rex, Hellgate, Merry Monarch, Hinda Dwyer, Airplant, and Airshaft also ran.
Time, 1:08¾.

Betting—Against Canvass, 10 to 5; Mars, 4 to 1; St. Florian, 7 to 1; Victory, Adagio filly, Hellgate, each 10 to 1; Lester, 12 to 1; Rex, 15 to 1; His Highness, Hinda Dwyer, Airshaft, and Airplant, each 20 to 1; Merry Monarch, 40 to 1; Coxswain, 100 to 1. Mutuals paid (Morris stable) $8.80, $4.60, $22.95.

The excitement over the Great American Stakes has scarcely subsided when the candidates for the Brooklyn Derby appeared on the track for their preliminary gallop. The sky, which had suddenly become dark as Erebus, opened, and for a few minutes rain fell in torrents.

"That settles the chances of Ambulance and Bolero," was the general comment for both the three-year-olds named are uncommonly poor performers in heavy going. Bolero, with Dickens, jr., up, romped along in ollcloths, and never, during the backstretch, and as the run had only laid the dust after all, not a few tempted fate and bet on the good-looking son of Bayon. d'Or, against Bermuda Bound, Bermuda, Foxford, and Warwick were capitalizing also. Everybody had a word of praise for the Morris pair, Russell and Ambulance, Taylor on the former, although the latter declared to win with him. Naturally Russell was a great favorite, but not a few bet on the filly, thinking that Littlefield would be unmelled to come on and save the day with the bonny brown daughter of Onondaga. Bermuda was first in front when the flag fell, but Russell ran past him in an instant, and going by the stand by a length and a half, Bolero second, half a length before Bermuda, Foxford, Warwick, and Ambulance following in the order named, the filly under a big pull. There was no change until the end of six furlongs, when Taylor asked Bolero to close the gap between him and the leader. Swinging around the upper turn Ambulance went from last to third place, as hardly as though her opponents were galloping, and when straightened out for home her nose was at Bolero's flank, Taylor was looking over his shoulder, Russell having the race won, and Littlefield concluded that it was time to take second place. Ambulance collared Bolero in a few strides, and Garrison going to the whip with his left hand, Bolero swerved into Ambulance, almost knocking her down. Fred rallied her, however, and, drawing away at her ease, it was Morris first and second, Russell winning by two lengths and a half from Ambulance, who beat Bolero a length. Ambulance was pulled to a gallop in order to let Russell win, and there is no telling how fast she is. On her showing yesterday she is certainly ten pounds superior to Russell, and there is now no doubt about her ability to stay. She could have won the race hands down, with Russell ridden out. The time, 2:10, marks a very fair performance at the weights. It looks as though Bolero was a very dear horse at $2,000.

This is the summary of the Derby:

The Brooklyn Derby, for three-year-olds, at $100 each, half forfeit or $50 if declared by Jan. 1, 1891, or $20 if declared by April 1, 1891, with $2,000 added, of which $400 to second and $200 to third; one mile and a quarter. 136 entries.

Mr. A. A. H. Morris's b. c. Russell, by Kolus—Tillie Russell, 122 (Taylor) 1
Mr. A. A. H. Morris's br. f. Ambulance, 117 (Garrison), "Little" 2
M. F. Dwyer & Son's ch. c. Bolero, 122 (Garrison) 3
Warpath, Foxford, and Bermuda also ran.
Time, 2:10.

Betting—Five to 1 on Russell; against Ambulance, 4 to 1; Warpath, 8 to 1; Bolero 8 to 1; Bermuda, 10 to 1; Foxford, 30 to 1. Mutuals paid $6.55, $3.90, $6.80.

The other races were worth looking at, two of them being remarkable. In the opening event for two-year-olds at five furlongs Louis Stuart's unnamed colt by Falsetto, out of Patrimony, got away last in a field of fifteen and ran hands down in the fast time of 1:02¾, half a second faster than St. Florian's time in the Great American. Zorling was second, and Andy Welch's Natalie S. third. The second race had but three starters, Eon, Madstone, and Clarendon the former an overwhelming favorite at odds on. Matt Allen had a beautiful surprise in store for the talent, for putting up his own colt Boggett he gave him instructions to make every post a winner. Clarendon went away at a great pace, and running the legs off his opponents won hands down by five or six lengths. The time for the mile and a furlong, 1:58¾, the first mile being run in 1:40¾. Sam Bryant, who stood in the infield during the race, shouted as he split at every jump, "Jim! Jim! Jim!" A good many backers of Eon agreed with Sam as they saw Garrison vainly endeavoring to get within hailing distance of the son of St. Blaise and Clara. Clarendon's victory yesterday and his race with Salvator's victory over Tenny and his race with Longstreet in the Maturity Stakes make him a wonderfully cheap horse at $5,000, the figure Mr. McLewee paid the late Hon. August Belmont for the big bay colt. Of Clarendon's last race before that of yesterday, the least said the better. With Isaac Lewis withdrawn, the fifth race was a cakewalk for Text, Garrison playing with his opponents. Bender's riding of Belwood was passing strange.

Everybody who rode in the last race at a mile should be presented with a medal. They were as wild as a lot of young Arapahoes on the warpath, and for half an hour crowded and jostled each other all over the track. The horses were not a whit better, Blacklock, Adventurer, Lyceum, and others kicking and raising sheol in general. Then, to mend matters, Mr. Caldwell dropped the flag, leaving Adventurer, carrying thousands of dollars, at the post. Snowball, cleverly ridden by Taral, won, with Calcium second and Kitty J. third.

The pool-room war goes on with unabated fervor, the Western Union Telegraph Company getting the news by a signal code operated by men within the track to confederates on the roofs of the adjacent buildings. President Dwyer caught one of these men at work yesterday, and had an officer put him outside the gates. As the man was being led through the gates he appealed to Bob Pinkerton, saying:

"You know me, Pinkerton!"

"Yes, I went to school with your father in Indiana," said the chief of the Pinkerton Bureau as he walked through and spoke to the man. The young man bought a ticket for New York, and when Pinkerton returned he was asked:

"Who is that man, Mr. Pinkerton?"

Pinkerton hesitated a moment and replied:

"I really don't know."

The advertisement in a morning paper announcing a reward of $5,000 for the arrest and conviction of the parties who engaged experts to ground the telegraph wires near the Gravesend track caused a flurry of excitement among the racegoers yesterday. It is undoubtedly offered by the poolroom keepers, who would ask for nothing better than a chance to incriminate the Brooklyn Jockey Club or somebody connected with that organization. Superintendent Humstone of the Western Union Telegraph Company said yesterday:

"We are certainly on the lookout for the men who ground our wires, and if we catch them will see that they are punished. We have men on the watch every day. Our wires are grounded at the time the race-track authorities want all communication with the outside world to cease, and the perpetrators of the deed are undoubtedly experts and acquainted with our systems, but I cannot say that we have as yet any proof that points to any particular person or persons."

In order to prevent stimulating from the field ropes were stretched near the furlong pole, and nobody was allowed in that portion of the enclosure.

THE FIRST RACE.

To a beautiful start for all but King Mac, who was left at the post, Natalie S. jumped away in the van, Ninone and Zorling heading the ruck. Patrimony colt last before they had gone a hundred yards. Natalie S. and Zorling were lengths apart around the upper turn, Ninone, Hettie, and Peruvian the most prominent of the others. While Natalie S., Ninone, and Zorling were battling in the stretch, Taylor brought the Patrimony colt up with a rattle on the outside, and, taking the lead in fifty yards, Mr. Stuart's renamed colt ran on and won in a canter, hands down, by two lengths in the fast time of 1:02¾. Zorling was second, two lengths before Natalie S., third.

A sweepstakes of $20 each, for maiden two-year-olds, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to second and $100 to third; horses that have started and not run second allowed 5 pounds; five furlongs.

L. Stuart's b. c. by Falsetto—Patrimony, 118 (Taylor). 1
H. Warnke, Sr.'s, br. f. Zorling, 110 (Flynn) 2
Hartford stable's b. f. Natalie S. (Hamilton) 3
Ninone, Hettie, Peruvian, Lizzie Lillie, Democracy, Tarantella, Fiona filly, Blitzen, Prudence, Jessica, Gondolier, and King Mac also ran.
Time, 1:02¾.

Betting—Against Patrimony colt, 8 to 5; Peruvian, 5 to 1; Ninona, 6 to 1; Julietta colt, 8 to 1; Tarantella, 10 to 1; King Mac, 10 to 1; Natalie S., 12 to 1; Zorling, 15 to 1; Democracy, 20 to 1; Fiona filly, 30 to 1; Gondolier, Democracy, each 30 to 1; Fiona filly, 50 to 1; Nitisen, 50 to 1; Prudence, 100 to 1. Mutuals paid $16.20, $11.30, $44.20.

THE SECOND RACE.

Clarendon went away at a terrific clip, and in the opening quarter had a big lead on his two opponents. Matt Allen signalled to Doggett to go along with Clarendon, and up the backstretch the pace was hair-raising. Garrison was soon digging at Eon's ribs, but despite his efforts Eon was beaten. Clarendon came on and won in a gallop by three lengths and a half. Eon was second, and Madstone third. Clarendon's race was a corker, the time being 1:58¾ for the mile and a furlong, the mile being run in 1:40¾.

The handicap sweepstakes of $20 each, or $5 if declared, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to second and $100 to third. One mile and an eighth.

P. C. Schiff's b. c. Clarendon, 4, by St. Blaise—Clara, 112 (Doggett) 1
P. J. Dwyer & Son's b. h. Eon, 5, 118 (Garrison) 2
Empire stable's br. h. Madstone, 5, 112 (Taylor) 3
Betting—Six to 1 on Eon, against Clarendon, 6 to 1; Madstone, 7 to 1. Mutuals paid, $35.87, $6.40, $6.40.

THE FIFTH RACE.

Lizzie was the leader at the start, but the pace was very slow, all running under a pull, Bellwood last, and buck-jumping. Bender riding with a wrap on the reins, and the little horse's mouth wide open. Around the upper turn Text moved to the front, Belwood going up on the outside in strides. Coming home, Garrison, on Text, won handily, Lizzie securing the place by a neck from Kingsbridge. Belwood was beaten off.

A heavy-weight handicap sweepstakes of $20 each, or $5 if declared with $1,000 added, of which $200 to second and $100 to third; one mile and a sixteenth.

Hoboken stable's ch. c. Text, 4, by Kingfisher—Maxima, 116 (Garrison) 1
W. C. Daly's b. f. Lizzie, 3, 108 (Lambley) 2
F. J. Dwyer & Son's br. c. Kingsbridge, 4, 112 (Hamilton) 3
Belwood and Lavinia Belle also ran.
Time, 1:52¾.

Betting—Eight to 5 against Text; 11 to 5 Kingsbridge; 3 to 1 Belwood; 5 to 1 Lavinia Belle; 6 to 1 Lizzie. Mutuals paid $14.05, $4, $14.50.

THE SIXTH RACE.

A long and tedious delay at the post resulted in Baldwin, the favorite, heading a rather straggling field, with Adventurer, a strong third choice, left at the post. Mike Bergen moved Lyceum to the front at the club house turn and led just clear of Nubian, Calcium, and Boughrum, the last four all but with Taral keeping Snowball, a 10 to 1 shot, in close company. Lyceum lost his grip in the stretch, Marty Bergen sending Calcium to the front and leading by a length at the seventh furlong. Then Taral got in his fine work, landing Snowball winner by half a length, Calcium beating Kitty T. a length for the second place.

A selling sweepstakes of $20 each, for three-year-olds, with $1,000 added, of which $200 to second and $100 to third; weights 7 pounds above the scale; one mile.

Walcott & Campbell's ch. c. Snowball, by Joe Hooker—Laura Price, 114 (Taral) 1
J. J. Hyland's ch. c. Calcium, 109 (Bergen) 2
C. D. McCoy's b. f. Kitty T., 114 (Jones) 3
Tammany, Missive, Baldwin, Blacklock, Sequence colt, Nubian, Boughrum, Lyceum, Austral, and Adventure also ran.
Time, 1:45¾.

Betting—Against Baldwin 7 to 5; Missive, 3 to 1; Adventurer, 4 to 1; Calcium, 10 to 1; Kitty T., Snowball, each 8 to 1; Tammany, 10 to 1; Boughrum, 15 to 1; Nubian, Lyceum, Sequence colt, Austral, each 20 to 1; Blacklock, 40 to 1. Mutuals paid $218.50, $45.05, $14.05.

NOTES.

During one of the many breakaways in the last race Calcium, ridden by Bergen, stumbled and threw the popular jockey to the track, directly in front of half a dozen horses that were breaking away wildly. Horse and rider escaped uninjured, and hearty applause greeted Bergen when he remounted his horse.

Snowball, winner of the last race, ridden by Taral, paid $218.50 straight in the mutuals.

Tournament could not run a little bit in his work yesterday morning.

The Adage filly worked three-quarters of a mile with her shoes on at Gravesend in 1:17 in preparation for the Great American Stakes.

Starter Caldwell and Jockey Bergen have buried the hatchet.

The Patrimony colt is first class.

High-priced horses cut no great figure at Gravesend. Tournament, Bolero, and Canvass are examples.

B. J. Johnson thought Kingman was not able to carry weight, and did not close his $15,000 option. Kingman put up his penalty though, and won the Latonia Derby hands down.

Dave Johnson had a plumper on Victory.

George Taylor rode the winners, Patrimony colt, St. Florian, and Russell.

THE RUNNERS AT LATONIA.

Ignite Leads the Favorites Readily in the Clipsetta Stakes.

CINCINNATI, May 26.—Six races including the Clipsetta Stakes, with a good field of two-year-old fillies as starters, attracted 5,000 to the Latonia Jockey Club grounds to-day, and they saw a good afternoon's racing on a fast track. The Clipsetta Stakes was a dash of five furlongs, and was worth $2,400 to the winner. Nine started, Adalia, Bracelet, Ignite, Greenwich, Vanclusa, Hannah Moberly, Chaperone, Sweet Blossom, and Farina, and of the lot Adalia and Bracelet, coupled, were 5 to 3 on favorites; but, to the surprise of the talent, neither of them were over in the hunt. Ignite a 5 to 1 shot, 108, piloted by Overton, going at once to the front where she remained, winning in the end as she pleased by a length from the 12 to 1 shot Greenwich, who was two lengths in front of Chaperone. Time, 1:01. The winner is a handsome filly, by imported Woodlands, out of Lucinda, and is in the stable made famous by Beaton's exploits last year. Summing up the day's racing, it was an even break between favorites and followers, the talent for once at least holding their own.

The first half of the split mile selling race, with ten starters, began the day's racing. Fred Fink, 104, Britton up, was the favorite at 2 to 1, and he won cleverly by a length from the 8 to 1 shot Bob Forsythe, who beat Hopeful a half a length for second place. Time, 1:51.

The second race, sweepstakes, one mile and fifty yards, had but three starters. Marion C., 11, ridden by E. Williams, was a 5 to 3 on favorite. She won handily by a length from Dr. Nave, who beat Long Island less than a neck for second place. Time, 1:50.

Of the eight entries in the mile and a sixteenth handicap, Fred Fink, Forerunner and Hamlet were scratched, leaving fewer horses to go to the post. Rosemont was the favorite as 6 to 5, but he finished second, the 3 to 1 shot Brandolette, 107, McDonald in the saddle, winning with a little up her sleeve by three lengths while the favorite beat Georgetown two lengths for place money. Time, 1:48¾.

A purse for two-year-old colts and geldings, four and a half furlongs, fell to the 7 to 5 favorite, Prince of Darkness, 115, Allen up, he winning in a drive by a half length from the Gonzales colt Chamberlain, he beat John Berkley a length for second place. Time, 0:56¾.

A selling purse, one mile, with nine starters, closed the day's racing. Mabelle was a 4 to 5 favorite, but she was beaten half a length in a lashing finish by the 15 to 1 shot Harry Sin 10, 108, ridden by Cooper, Hamlet finishing third, a length off. Time, 1:44.

ALL ABOUT ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

Lawyer Dyer Gives a Few Details in His Argument for the Edison Company.

In the argument before Judge Wallace, in the United States Circuit Court yesterday, on the suit of the Edison Electric Light Company for an injunction restraining the United States Electric Light Company from the manufacture or sale of incandescent lamps, Lawyer Richard N. Dyer occupied the entire session in talking about lamps and things that go with buttons, have copper wires fastened to them, and are all done up in glass and binding screws. The court room looked like the class room of a lecturer on electricity.

Mr. Dyer spent yesterday morning's session in getting up steam for the afternoon. When court opened at 2 o'clock he began a detailed statement which, when finished, he expects to show why and how all lamps made on any other plan than Edison's have been failures. Up to the time when Edison took up the problem of the incandescent light, all efforts toward electric lighting with small lamps had been largely in the nature of laboratory experiments, and never had a careful and studied analysis of the problem been made or attempted. Mr. Dyer pointed to a map on which was a diagram of the King lamp, dated 1845. In this lamp there is a 50-inch tube and a copper wire with a piece of carbon and a binding screw on top. The current has to go through a piece of carbon. After the cup of mercury has been turned into the tube the tube is inverted and the current is turned on. It ought not to be difficult to see why this lamp was not a success, but Mr. Dyer occupied half an hour in explaining its failure. Then he opened the sixth volume of the seven books of testimony taken before referees to page 1,139, where Dr. Morton said that the King lamp "proved unsatisfactory and was abandoned after repeated trials."

When court opened there were three comely young women among the spectators. Three others came in afterward and took back seats. Besides the comely young women there was a lot of other people. One was a silvery-haired old gentleman with a large white beard. Before Mr. Dyer got through with the King lamp three of the comely young women and most of the other people had gone out. The silvery-haired old gentleman was fast asleep, with his head thrown back and his mouth wide open. When Mr. Dyer began on the Roberts lamp the silvery-haired old gentleman woke up with a start. He leaned far forward in his chair and took an intense interest in the proceedings. When Judge Wallace asked Mr. Dyer if it would not be just as well if he did not go into such detail, Mr. Dyer said it would, and the silvery-haired old gentleman went out. He evidently preferred details.

In the Roberts lamp the current was turned through carbon, graphite, or some other infusible substance. Mr. Dyer talked a good while about this lamp, and finally came to the conclusion that it had no relevancy to the inventions covered by the patent suit. Then he talked about Geissler tubes and Crook's radiometer, and after awhile got around to Fontaine. He proved Fontaine's fallacy with a series of Edison lamps arranged similarly to the series used by Fontaine in his experiment.

The point Mr. Dyer was making for was to show that until Edison came along and discovered the relations of dimension and resistance, all efforts at incandescent lighting failed because all the carbon surfaces were so large that too much heat was developed and no durability could be obtained.

The Edison lamp uses a carbon filament. The claim of the plaintiff in this suit is that Sawyer and Man's patent is the first to cover incandescent lamps formed from carbon filaments the manufacture of any other lamps by the use of carbon filaments is an infringement on the Edison patent. Mr. Edison sat in the court room all day.

HER AGE WAS NO HANDICAP.

An Octogenarian Sneak Thief Knocks Out Her Six Guardians and Escapes.

During the past month the house of Mr. Jackson Raymond in Carmansville has been visited, with very objectionable frequency, by sneak thieves. The Raymonds are a large family, and many overcoats used to hang in the hall, until the disappearance of three of them led to the removal of the remainder to more secure parts of the house. On Monday evening Willie, the youngest of Mr. Raymond's sons, heard footsteps at the door of the parlor. He went noiselessly into the hall and saw a very old woman going up the stairs. She made no resistance, but mumbled incoherently, and seemed to be half dazed when he grasped her arm and drew her down to the basement, where Mr. Raymond and his wife, with their daughters, Margaret, Katie, and Mary, were sitting. The servant, a buxom Irish girl, was in the kitchen, and as none of Willie's brothers was at home, she was called in to assist in the guardianship of the old woman while her captor went to summon a policeman. Mr. Raymond is over 70 years of age, but strong and vigorous. His wife is only a little younger, but the six persons were left to hold a woman who seemed to be fully 80 years old. Willie had no fear of her making her escape while he was absent.

Ten minutes later, when he came back with a policeman, he found his father speechless with fatigue and annoyance. His glasses were smashed, and his shirt front was torn to tatters. Mrs. Raymond was lying on the sofa in a hysterical condition, her white hair dishevelled, and her cap and ribbons in tatters on the floor. The three young ladies, with scratched and swollen faces, were weeping in different corners of the room, and the servant had fled to the kitchen and locked the door behind her. It had taken the ancient dame just four minutes to knock out her six custodians and decamp.

"Them old harridans," said the policeman, as he tried to smother his inclination to laugh, "is often worse divils nor young wan's."

HE LED HIS COMPETITORS A DANCE.

And Then He Failed with Liabilities that May Reach a Million.

ATLANTA, May 26.—The large dry goods house of John Ryan's Sons was closed to-day and mortgages to the amount of $388,000 were recorded before the legal day closed with others on the way and telegrams pouring in from creditors all over the country. The immediate cause of the crash was the foreclosure of a mortgage held by the H. B. Claflin Company of New York, which called for $111,704.20. The head of the house is Stephen F. Ryan.

When he was a boy some of the dry goods merchants here aroused his ire, and on coming into possession of the business himself he declared his intention of making his competitors sweat. His bargain counter was a wonder. Goods were sold for 50 per cent. less than wholesale prices in New York. The business of other dry goods merchants were paralyzed. It soon became evident that it was a question of endurance.

Ryan admits that his liabilities will reach half a million dollars, but as more than that is in sight to-night it is believed that sum will run up to $1,000,000.

PROGRAMME FOR GRAVESEND TO-DAY.

The Myrtle Stakes the Feature, But Five Other Good Races Carded.

The Myrtle Stakes for three-year-olds and upward is the solitary stake engagement at Gravesend to-day, but it should be a good race. Sir John, Carroll, Tanner and Admiral all being in good shape just now.

Tanner may win with a good boy up, and Sir John may run second. The opening event may go to John Cavanagh, with Bolero second.

Prince Royal may land the second, with Renwood in the place, while Guilty and Detroit may do to put a bet on in the third. Lester looks like a real good thing in the fifth, and King Mac may run second. Longstreet and Fairy ought to do in the last.

First Race—A sweepstakes of $20 each, for three-year-olds that had run and not won at the meeting, with $1,000 added; one mile.

Vagabond	115	Thorndale	115
Stratagem	115	Lizzie	110
Foxford	115	Reckon	110
Bolero	115	Algernon	105
India Rubber	115	John Cavanagh	105
Missive	115		

Second Race—A handicap sweepstakes of $20 each, with $1,000 added; one mile.

Prince Royal	130	Come to Taw	102
Tristan	120	Montague	102
Banquet	114	Renwood	100

Third Race—Selling sweepstakes of $20 each, for two-year-olds, with $1,000 added; five and a half furlongs.

Avon	108	Count	102
Detroit	108	Milledan	102
Preston H	105	Guilty	86
Piccadilly	105		

Fourth Race—The Myrtle Stakes, for three-year-olds and upward, at $50 each, with $1,000 added; selling allowances; mile and a sixteenth.

Sir John	112	Vivid	99
Carroll	108	Gertrudeburg	97
Tenny	106	Pearl Set	92
Admiral	102	Lepanto	85
Wallscourt	101	Moonlight	84

Fifth Race—A selling sweepstakes of $20 each, for two-year-olds, with $1,000 added; five and a half furlongs.

Circular	121	Alright	113
Lillie B	118	Temple	113
Lester	113	Motto	110
King Mac	113		

Sixth Race—A sweepstakes of $20 each, for three-year-olds and upward, with $1,000 added; one mile.

Longstreet	118	Charley Post	115
Birdlewax	115	Pescara	109
Drizzle	115	Fairy	101
Leveller	115		

Did you see the tips given on the Brooklyn handicap by the *Week's Sport*? Tenny and Tea Tray were picked for first and third places respectively. Buy this week's issue out to-day, and read about the chances of the crack horses in the Suburban.—Adv.

SAYS PASQUALINA WAS SANE

THE ONLY EXPERT CALLED WAS FOR THE PROSECUTION.

He Thinks the Girl Might Well Have Gone Mad in Her Anguish, but also Thinks She Didn't Go Mad—She Weeps and Studies the Faces of the Jurors.

Pasqualina Robertiello, who killed her faithless lover, Nicolo Pierro, sat in the Court of Oyer and Terminer yesterday, sometimes weeping in a helpless way and sometimes scanning the faces of the jury. But chiefly she cried, cried, cried, as if the fountain of her tears were inexhaustible.

Until the last moment, when Judge Van Brunt rose to go home, everybody thought that the case would go to the jury. But at 4:20 o'clock Judge Van Brunt decided to put off his charge until this morning, and so the prisoner had another night of suspense in the Tombs.

The first witness in the morning was Maria Marafino, who wore earrings that were four inches long. In reply to the question "Are you married or single?" she answered "Yes, sir," which made everybody laugh. She gave no material testimony.

Rosina Baffa, the excitable Italian woman who swore that Pasqualina lived at her boarding house three days and received a strange young man there, was recalled. Other witnesses had testified that Mrs. Baffa did not occupy the boarding house at the time these things are said to have happened. So Mrs. Baffa was in an angry mood when she mounted the stand. She spoke at a tremendous rate, and her voice was loud and sharp. It sounded like "tuck-a-tack, tuck-a-tack, tuck-a-tack," and everybody laughed as she spoke. She said "This is what my conscience tells me. I cannot repeat a lie."

"Didn't you swear that Pasqualina came to your house on Jan. 18 or 20?" asked Lawyer Blake.

"It isn't to be wondered at, because I can neither write nor read. She was there, certainly."

Since the second day of the trial there had been sitting at the elbow of Assistant District Attorney Weeks a man whom very few in the court room had ever seen before. He was a tall, powerfully built man, with a smooth face and a low forehead. His hair hung shaggily over his forehead, and he invariably sat bending over a heavy cane with his eyes fixed on the floor. From time to time he bent his body forward, and, without taking his eyes from the floor, whispered to Mr. Weeks. No people thought he might be from the District Attorney's office. After he had sworn yesterday to tell the truth and kissed the Bible he said he was John G. Truax, a physician. Mr. Weeks asked:

"Do you make a specialty of diseases of the mind?"

Lawyer Blake jumped to his feet. "Your Honor, I object," he said. "It was understood between Mr. Weeks and myself that there was to be no expert testimony. Mr. Weeks asked me if I was going to have any medical testimony, and I said I didn't know, whereupon he said he would not have any unless I did. Now he means to take me by surprise."

Everybody glared at Mr. Weeks. "That's all true except the last part," said Mr. Weeks. "I did not say that I would not have an expert here unless he did. I consider it my duty to bring in medical testimony." Then he asked the witness:

"From the evidence that has been given in this case, have you formed an opinion as to whether the defendant at the time of the shooting was sane or insane?"

"I have."

"What is your opinion?"

"That she was sane."

"Take the witness."

Lawyer Blake jumped up and began to hurl question after question at the witness. The climax was this one:

"When you consider that this girl was ravished, the anguish and mortification arising from that circumstance, the worriment and excitement over her condition, her ostracism by disclosure of her parents of her condition, the intelligence that her lover was about to fly from her forever and leave her without a home, without a father to her child, without a name, and then at length to be told by him to go earn her living on the streets, is not that sufficient to dethrone the reason?"

"Yes. It is sufficient."

"Are there not cases where excessive grief or sorrow or any other emotion that brings about depression of the mind produces temporary insanity?"

"I must answer that in the affirmative."

After several more questions the witness said: "There has been no evidence here to show insanity. The girl's memory has been good. She remembers every event from the beginning down to the very time of the shooting. Then she says everything became dark. Whether that was frenzy or not we cannot tell, but she doesn't say that anything was black down to the time when she had placed herself in a position to take his life."

Judge Van Brunt put on his eyes off the witness. At this point he asked:

"What do you mean by temporary insanity?"

"Temporary insanity usually manifests itself one, two, or three hours before the event."

Here the foreman of the jury asked:

"What is the shortest time between the setting in of insanity and the act that you know of, your own knowledge?"

"I have never had a case of momentary insanity. The shortest time that I ever heard of, as far as I can call to mind now, was half an hour."

Then there was a recess and when court opened again Lawyer Blake began to sum up. The heavy clouds that darkened the day without cast a gloom into the court room. Everything grew dark. The lawyer began in a low voice to tell the story of Pasqualina's wrongs over again. The serious face and slow voice of her lawyer and the darkness set the young prisoner crying once more. The women in the court room cried in sympathy all the while that the lawyer spoke. He told how Pasqualina used to sing for very happiness and brighten the cheerless home where the family were huddled. How Nicolo Pierro wooed her with honeyed words and bright promises. How the simple girl gave him her heart and all. How he deceived her and abandoned her. How she believed him and trusted in him, while in the middle of the sleepless nights her anliction would start up and mock her. How her last hopes withered and fell away when he repulsed her and revealed himself in all his vileness. How the light of reason went out before that shock, like a candlelight before a gale of wind. If the defence were justifiable homicide, said the lawyer, the courts of all civilized countries would acquit such as she. But that defence was not necessary. Justifiable or unjustifiable, she was not in a condition to judge. She was insane at the time.

Then Mr. Weeks closed the examination by asking: "Do you know of any case where insanity lasted only a moment in the technical definition of the word 'moment'?"

"No, sir."

The next witness was a short, nervous man, with a big black book. He was Sergeant Dunn, Clerk of the Weather. He opened his big book and read nervously:

"March 2, 8 A. M., seven-tenths cloud, with light smoke."

The lawyer said, "That's all," and the witness looked greatly relieved. He closed his book, tucked it under his arm, seized his hat, and walked rapidly out of the room without looking at any one. March 2 was the day of the shooting.

Mr. Weeks began by saying to the jury:

"I will not spend an hour and a half in appealing to your sympathy and a minute and a half in telling you to lay your sympathy aside. As my friend has just done. The question to decide is whether the defendant was sane or insane at the time that she fired the first shot."

After speaking twenty minutes he closed. Then, to the surprise of every one, the jury were dismissed until this morning at 11 o'clock. The jury were permitted to go home as usual.

"Indian John" of the Bowery, Dead.

A character well known on the Bowery died in a cell of the Elizabeth street station house yesterday morning. He was John Emory, a wrinkled-faced and crippled Indian, who peddled herbs warranted to drive away every human ill. Indian John, as he was known, was 84 years old, and came here several years ago from Buffalo. At 11 o'clock on Monday night Policeman Willett passed John seated on a curbstone at Pell street and the Bowery. A few minutes later John fell over into the gutter. He was evidently drunk, and the officer took him to the station house. When the doorman went to call him for court yesterday morning he found John dead in a corner.

Might Make Broadway Blockades Useful.

The Broadway surface railroad was made useless as a means of transit yesterday afternoon in the down-town business district. The new track, laid near the sidewalk on the west side of the thoroughfare, brought about an aggravating blockade from Dey street to Leonard that lasted an hour and a half. The city treasury would have been several thousand dollars richer if the old ordinance against profanity in the streets had been enforced. As the blockades are likely to recur until the cable road is finished it might pay to enforce the ordinance and decrease the taxes.

Privilege to Litter the Streets.

Alderman George B. Morris presented a petition to the Board yesterday asking for an amendment to the ordinance prohibiting the distribut on of handbills so that tracts may be given out in the streets. The petition was signed by a number of clergymen. It was referred to the Law Committee.

Lower Than Auction Prices

Are those of Flint Co. for elegant furniture. Stores 14th st. and 6th av.—Adv.

UNLESS THESE BOYS HAVE LIED

Yardmaster Tubbs of the Juvenile Asylum Has Been Guilty of Gross Cruelty.

Nelson H. Tubbs, yardmaster of the New York Juvenile Asylum at 176th street and Amsterdam avenue, was arrested yesterday morning by Officer Halliday of the Yorkville Court squad, on a warrant issued to Frank Jones of 429 West Fifty-fourth street, who asserts that his son was violently assaulted while in the asylum and is in danger of losing his life. Tubbs was paroled for examination next week. He refused to make a statement except to deny the charge. Ex-School Commissioner Devoe, who is a trustee of the asylum, was in court.

Frank Jones is a colored man. His son, George W. Jones, now 12 years old, was put in the asylum in September, 1888, and was to remain two years. His father frequently visited him, and on one of those visits, on the last Thursday in July, 1890, he was surprised to see his boy come toward him walking, as Mr. Jones says, sideways. The father questioned the boy, who at first seemed reluctant to speak out. Finally he said that a few days previous, while in the yard with other boys, the yardmaster kicked him violently in the hip and then in the side. He was so lame