HARRY KERNELL'S PLIGHT.

FRIENDS OF THE COMEDIAN FEAR FOR HIS MENTAL CONDITION.

They Tell of His Recent Eccentricities, and Assert that Domestic Troubles Have Unbalanced His Reason—His Career.

Bad news reached the theatrical fraternity in town last night. It came from Asbury Park, and it asserted quite circumstantially that Harry Kernell, the noted Irish comedian, had become mentally unbalanced, and that his friends and relatives at that watering place were greatly concerned as to his condition. The report was circulated by a group of actors, friends of the comedian, who had visited him several days ago at his seashore residence. It had been rumored prior to their visit that Kernell had given unmistakable signs of mental collapse, and these actors had called upon him, hoping to be able from personal observation to conclusively deny the distressing story. To their sorrow and surprise, they found that there was substance in the rumor. One of the actors said last evening:

"Before we called on Harry we had been told by Mrs. John Kernell, the wife of his brother, who also lives in Asbury Park, that Harry was really in a bad way, both mentally and physically. We found that to be only too true. In the past few months he has greatly changed for the worse. His cheeks are sunken and his eye is no longer bright. His demeanor has altered entirely. Formerly he had a new joke ready or a new 'gag' to spring at any time and with all comers, but during the entire course of our long interview he was either moody or silent. He evinced no interest at all in theatricals, and, considering that all of us were old professional friends and associates, his failure to talk shop was in itself remarkable. Instead, he seemed to have divined that we had heard the stories as to his condition, and he watched us furtively most of the time. Even after we had left him and had crossed the street we saw him, while pretending to read, follow us with his eyes over the edge of a newspaper.

"I have known Harry Kernell nearly twenty years, and, though it will grieve thousands of his friends to hear it, I think there is no doubt that he is not all right mentally. His eccentricities have for some time past been known to his relatives and friends, but they have not revealed them, naturally, for the actor has never been considered violent. Some of his more recent doings are well known in Asbury Park, even by people who have no interest in stage affairs. For instance, at a Catholic church benefit in the town last week Harry volunteered his services, together with those of his brother and his wife, Queenie Vassar. All three were billed, and Harry even sent his music in advance to the orchestra leader for rehearsal. But he didn't appear at the show. He had forgotten all about it, and he has not yet sent to the manager of the benefit for the return of the music. His offer of his wife as a volunteer was strange enough to excite comment, besides, for she is engaged every night in 'A Trip to Chinatown' at the Madison Square Theatre, and she could not possibly have appeared. She goes down to Asbury Park only on Saturday nights, and then stays only until Monday afternoon. Harry's two children are with him in his cottage there, and he devotes nearly all his time to them; but even with them he is not always rational. Only a few days ago the little boy, Harry, was discovered on the beach alone. He had buried his father's watch and diamond pin in the sand, and the actor had forgotten entirely that he had left the jewelry with the child.

"While we talked with Harry Kernell the party brought up the subject of this season's engagements. It has been very well known in theatrical circles that Kernell, who is always sought after, has as yet signed no contract to play with any troupe this year, and there has been little gossip in theatrical circles. To the first inquirer he replied that he would go with Harry Williams, the Pittsburgh manager, for twenty weeks. Ten minutes later he told another of the party that he would join Tony Pastor's troupe last Tuesday in Asbury Park. Of course he did not appear, for Pastor had engaged him. Still later he said he wasn't going to act this year at all. Then, almost immediately, he turned to a discussion of the cases of W. J. Scanlan and George S. Knight. He said that he had recently visited Scanlan, and he predicted that Scanlan would be at liberty in time to take the road next month. As a matter of fact, Scanlan's case is admitted by his manager, Gus Pitou, to be hopeless. I happened to talk with George Knight a few weeks before his dementia became known, and his case, I think, is not unlike Kernell's. Knight, however, was in much worse shape than Kernell is at present, for the latter can enunciate distinctly and can frame his sentences intelligibly, though his mind seems to wander at intervals. He frequently kept referring to Scanlan and Knight, and I believe he was cunningly endeavoring to draw us out as to the object of our visit. We learned while in Asbury Park that he had acted strangely in his pecuniary affairs. He recently took all his money out of a New York bank to pay him the trifling sum of $70 due him on his Asbury Park bank. Still later he withdrew it from the latter bank, and it is now said to be concealed in his house. The amount is probably in the thousands, too."

Managers and actors who talked about Kernell last night were disposed to believe that his friends had exaggerated the extent of the comedian's illness, but they admitted that he had not been himself of late. An intimate acquaintance attributed Kernell's present condition to a worriment caused by domestic troubles. A few months ago Kernell, who is the pretty English soubrette known as Queenie Vassar, entered suit for divorce, charging incompatibility of temper. At that time it was understood that there had been many violent squabbles between the pair, during several of which the wife was severely handled by her husband, who was very jealous of her. In her bill Mrs. Kernell asked for alimony, and asserted that her husband was worth at least $40,000, which he had acquired in his business as a performer. Before the suit was called for trial a reconciliation had been effected, and all summer the pair have been at the Asbury Park cottage which Kernell bought some years ago. Kernell's experiences of married life have been unfortunate. About twenty years ago he married Kittie O'Neil, who was the best jig and reel dancer of her day. She was famous in the vaudevilles, and was always in demand at big wages. They lived together until about 1880, when they separated, and were subsequently divorced. Queenie Vassar came to this country about five years ago from England, where she had been well known as a music hall singer. She is a short, dark-haired, good-looking girl, and has made many friends here.

Kernell is a Philadelphian, and was born in February, 1850. He went on the variety stage while he was quite young, and at once won marked success. His North of Ireland dialect is said by experts to be remarkably true. Its exaggeration for stage purposes has certainly been wonderfully effective, for Kernell has for years been the highest-priced performer in his class, and with audiences everywhere he has been a ready provoker of laughter. His "make-up" as a sedate Irishman in store clothes, a silk hat, high collar, and "ribbon" whiskers, is famous, and for years has been copied by other Celtic comedians. When Kernell started on the stage his brother John had not evinced theatrical inclinations, and Harry for a number of years worked alone, his act being a very droll monologue, with a song-and-dance at its close. His subject, a single performer is said to have frequently reached $200 a week, and was seldom less than $150. He travelled for many seasons with Tony Pastor's road troupe, and has appeared with nearly all the big peregrinating vaudeville shows in this country. His "sidewalk sayings" have been both witty and original, and many of them have become famous. As a producer of what are called "gags," Kernell was uncommonly prolific. A dozen years ago or more his brother John, who had been a roller maker, went on the stage, stimulated by Harry's success. They at once "doubled," and they made a team which has certainly never been equalled in its class. The pair were in effective contrast. John is so solemn and as ponderous in his way as Harry is light and skipper, and their bulkiness was all the more comic from the fact that they never indulged in the rough slaps and kicks usual in acts of this sort. Both danced excellently, but Harry was the nimbler and more graceful. When he illustrated "Teaching McFadden to Waltz" the veriest misanthrope had to say him the tribute of a hearty laughter. As an imitator, also, Harry was conspicuously clever. Three or four seasons ago Harry and John sent out their own variety company, and the venture was quite profitable. Last season Harry had his own troupe on the road. In his echoed Harry Kernell was a drummer in the Union army. He joined a local G. A. R. post a few years ago, and is said to be about the youngest person ever admitted to that organization. Kittie O'Neil, his first wife, is now in a city in this State, where she conducts a saloon and concert hall. Harry is ten years older than John. His theatrical tendencies were developed during his life at the front as a drummer boy. He will long be remembered as the first stage Irishman to depart from knee breeches in favor of long trousers.

Officers of the Order of Druids.

PATERSON, Aug. 10.—The Supreme Grove of the Order of Druids, which has been in session in this city during the past ten days, elected the following officers this morning: Supreme Arch, Lewis G. Senord of California; Deputy Supreme Arch, John M. Wiesnan of Louisiana; Supreme Herald, A. S. Ohms of Illinois; Supreme Secretary, Henry Freudenthal of New York; Supreme Treasurer, Philip Reichwein of Indiana; Supreme Sentinel, Peter Scharicht of Missouri; Supreme Guardian, John L. Raymond of New Jersey; Supreme Trustees—George Friedrich of Missouri, Philip Rohrbacher of California, and George O. Brand of Ohio.

A HOT TIME WITH A DONKEY.

The Animal Wouldn't Budge, and it Was Necessary to Put it Into a Wagon.

Nobody knows where the little Irish donkey and the big boy who rode it came from. The donkey and the boy first attracted attention at the corner of Cedar and Nassau streets. At that point the donkey got stubborn and refused to budge. The boy teased the animal until his patience gave out, and then beat it until his arm got tired. Naturally a crowd gathered. Every one had some sort of a suggestion to make looking toward starting the donkey. Each suggestion was a trial, and proved a failure. The donkey turned its long ears down, just as if it didn't want to hear, and braced itself for a siege. A colored man pushed his way through the crowd during the experiments.

"What fouh you folks tryin' do?" spoke he. "You won't make dat donk' move that way. He's there to stay. Only way to get that donk' off dis heah street is to load him on a wagon."

THE SIEGE RAISED.

A roar of laughter greeted this speech. The colored man looked around superciliously. Public opinion changed then, and an expressman stuck in the blockade donated his wagon for the good of the cause. He backed it up to the donkey. The colored man was elected supervisor of the job by acclamation. He called for volunteers and got them. He detailed one man to each of the donkey's legs, and told them to grab when he gave the word. Before the donkey knew what had happened it found itself in a heap in the express wagon listening to the cheers of a thousand or more bankers, brokers, and clerks, who choked up the narrow street.

The donkey got upon its feet and began to back. It got one of its hind legs out of the wagon and was just about to get the other one out, when the colored man grabbed the animal around the neck and clung to it until the driver could tie its forefeet to the wagon seat. When this was accomplished two men hung on to the donkey's head and a third hung on to its tail, and the express wagon started amid the applause and followed by a howling mob of bankers, brokers, and clerks.

The wagon had gone less than half a block when the donkey slipped out of the grasp of its captors and came within an ace of getting down upon the street again. It lifted its hind legs into the air once, making the man hanging on to its tail release his grip. It is probable that it would have kicked the air a second time if it hadn't scraped its legs on the tailboard of the wagon.

This action on the part of the donkey caused the express wagon to stop for a further consultation. The men in the wagon looked for the colored man for advice. But he had raised the siege, as he thought, and had disappeared. Two policemen came up at this stage. One of them had evidently had experience with donkeys before. At his suggestion a cloth was thrown over the donkey's eyes, and the express wagon rattled away at a rapid rate. It turned into Liberty street and headed for the ferry. No further trouble was experienced.

KILLED HIS BABY SISTER.

He Innocently Tried to Quiet Her With a Dose of Carbolic Acid.

Mrs. Deneyo, an Italian woman, who lives in the tenement at Sixtieth street and Second avenue, sang her girl baby Mary, two months old, to sleep yesterday morning and laid her on the newly made bed, where the faint breeze would keep her cool. Tired with her morning's work, Mrs. Deneyo went to refresh herself with a bath, leaving her boy Louis, two years old, in the bedroom with his sister. While Mrs. Deneyo was in the bathroom little Louis climbed into the bed and soon had baby Mary awake. The baby cried, and Louis tried to soothe her by passing his hands over her cheeks. This made her cry more.

Louis saw a bottle on the bureau. He could just reach it from the bed, and he thought it was medicine such as his mother had given him when he was fretful. It was carbolic acid. There was a tablespoon on the bureau. Louis tried to pour some of the acid into the spoon. This was too much of a job for him, however, and, as the baby was still crying, he let the spoon drop and climbed over to the little one with the bottle. He poised the bottle over baby Mary's mouth, and began pouring the poison down her throat.

Mary's mother heard her screams, and rushed out of the bathroom. Mrs. Deneyo snatched the bottle away from Louis, and took baby Mary in her arms. The mother screamed, and the neighbors crowded in. One of them said salt and water would relieve the baby. It was given to the child, and, naturally, increased its sufferings.

Michael Deneyo, who keeps a fruit stand on the corner, heard his wife's screams and ran upstairs. When he learned what had happened he ran to the drug store, half from its mother and ran to Bearon's drug store around the corner. The druggist poured sweet oil over the baby's mouth and down its throat. He then sent the father to the Northeastern Dispensary, at 222 East Fifty-ninth street. Dr. McAuliffe broke several eggs and, separating the albumen, administered it to the tiny sufferer through a tube. A little cold milk and carbonate of magnesia was also given to the baby. She was then taken back home, where, half an hour later, she died in her mother's arms.

The carbolic acid was obtained from Behren's pharmacy, 1,132 Second avenue. A woman in the house said that while the mother and father were out with the baby a man from the pharmacy entered the rooms of the Deneyos and took away the bottle.

THE BUFFALO EXPRESS WRECKED.

It Ran Through an Open Switch at the West End of the Bergen Tunnel.

GRANGE, Aug. 10.—The Buffalo express, which left Hoboken at 7½ o'clock last night on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, ran through an open switch at the west end of the Bergen tunnel, and the engine jumped the track. The train is one of the fastest leaving New York for Buffalo, and usually runs at the rate of forty miles an hour at the point where the accident occurred. When the engine left the track it rolled over on its side and the tender left the track and landed on its side on the side of the track away from the engine. The engineer and the fireman escaped by jumping. The passengers were badly shaken up, but no one was seriously injured.

The point where the accident occurred is where the main line, running through Paterson and Boonton, leaves the track of the Morris and Essex division, which runs through this city, Newark, and Morristown. Both branches unite at Dover, so that although the wreck blocked the main line branch until 8 o'clock this morning, the Western trains, including the fast mails, were but slightly delayed, as they were run over the Morris and Essex division. The paper trains this morning were over three hours late.

Starting a Skunk Farm.

PARKERSBURG, W. Va., Aug. 10.—F. A. Renick, a farmer in Greenbrier county, has gone into the business of raising skunks for their hides and oil. He has twenty-five or thirty skunks on the premises as a starter of the industry, which needs no protection. The animals are already so docile that they will allow Mr. Renick to stroke and pet them. They seem to enjoy the sensation, giving evidences of their pleasure in much the same way as does the common house cat. Renick expects to realize handsome profits from his venture, as the skunks multiply rapidly and there is no danger of any of them being stolen.

The Sun's Guide to New York.

Replies to questions asked every day by the guests and citizens of the American metropolis. Suggestions to sightseers and practical information for practical people. The Sun will publish, in time for use at the Columbus Celebration next October, a complete, unique, and practical guide book to this city. It will tell visitors what the sights are, how to reach them, where to lodge and board while here and the cost, where to do wholesale or retail shopping, how to amuse themselves, and get rest when weary of sightseeing. It will be attractively printed, pleasant to read, and the subject matter will be divided and arranged in a way to insure the best results. The retail price will be 25 cents per copy. The Sun's Guide will also offer unequalled and exceptional opportunities to advertisers. Those who wish further information on this subject should address The Guide Book Department of the New York Sun.

HENRIETTA WILSON'S SLAYER FREE.

Martin Foy, Jr., Escapes from the Saratoga County Jail and Eludes Pursuit.

BALLSTON, Aug. 10.—Martin Foy, Jr., a Guttenburg racetrack "tout," confined in the Saratoga county jail here for the murder of Henrietta Wilson in Saratoga last May, made a successful and easy escape from Ballston jail at an early hour this morning. Up to a late hour to-night he had eluded capture by the officers who are searching for him, but with no hopeful clue to the route he has taken or to his place of concealment. The means and manner of his escape were simple and well planned. Foy, who had the freedom of the corridor by day, was confined in a not very strong cell at night. He had during the day so loosened a bolt to the upper hinge of the door of his cell that in the night he slipped the bolt from its socket, made his exit into the corridor and hid himself in the washroom.

A little after 5 o'clock this morning Jailor Howland went into the corridor of the jail to call a prisoner and conduct him to the kitchen, where he acted as cook. When the jailor opened the door leading into the corridor Foy shoved him aside, rushed through the open doorway, and ran out into the kitchen, from which he easily made his escape into free air. At so early an hour no one was stirring in the jail or about the premises, and Foy's escape was unobserved except by the jailor's wife, who says she saw a man she thinks was Foy on the street, running westward from the Court House. Jailor Howland did not ring the Court House bell, as is customary in such an emergency, nor did he make any outcry, and it was at least three hours afterward before he could or did telephone to Sheriff Worden at Saratoga that Foy had escaped.

The easy escape of this desperate murderer was evidently due to the carelessness, if not worse, of the jail authorities. Once before, by means of saws and false keys which had been introduced into his cell, he came very near making his escape. On another occasion, having the freedom of the corridor, he had been provided with a bottle of whiskey, and he and another desperate prisoner named Cavanaugh, while much under the influence of liquor, were permitted the free use of a razor with which to shave each other. Foy has also attempted to commit suicide, and yet, notwithstanding all these evidences of desperation, there was an inexplicable indifference about his security of confinement in one of the ironclad cells on the upper tier, and which are intended for just such desperate prisoners. A reward of $500 is offered for his capture.

Foy is 25 years old, 5 feet 10 inches tall, rather slim, and has dark hair and eyes. He has a decided cast in one eye, and has two bullet wounds on his head, made in his effort to shoot himself at the time he murdered Henrietta Wilson. Foy killed the Wilson girl on the 12th of last May on the sidewalk of a public street in Saratoga, nearly in front of the house where she boarded, in broad daylight, and while the streets were full of people. His attentions were distasteful to the girl. She had warned him not to dog her, and requested him to keep away from her. This made him all the more jealous and angry. He went to her room while she was out and destroyed her wearing apparel and photographs, and soon afterward, meeting her on the street, he shot her down dead. Then exclaiming, "This is all for love, and a man that's in love dies happy," he made a pretended, at all events ineffectual, effort to shoot himself with the two remaining balls which remained in the revolver after he had fired the other three into the body of his victim. Foy was a young man of decidedly sporting proclivities, a Guttenburg race "tout," and of very reckless habits of life. He is of a respectable Saratoga family, and it has been the boasted prediction of himself and of his brother that he would never be brought to trial.

EX-SUPERVISOR CLAPP ARRESTED.

He is Accused of Sending Obscene Literature Through the Mails.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Aug. 10.—Clinton Clapp, ex-Supervisor of Wappinger's, Dutchess county, and a prominent Republican politician, was arrested to-day by Anthony Comstock on the charge of sending obscene literature through the mails. About a year ago Mrs. Elizabeth W. Smith, a widow over 50 years of age, received an anonymous letter, the contents of which are unfit for publication. About the same time the Rev. W. A. Coon, pastor of the Baptist Church in the village, also received an anonymous letter containing bad insinuations touching the clergyman's visits to his parishioners. Other letters of a like character were received about the village, the last one being received by Mrs. Smith in December last.

Comstock was brought into the case as an inspector of the mails. He collected specimens of the handwriting of five different persons in the village. These were compared with the handwriting in the letters, and there was no similarity. In the book of the Baptist church was the signature of C. W. Clapp. This was compared with the handwriting of the letters and a striking similarity was discovered. The writing was submitted to two experts, both of whom said that the signature in the church book and the letters in question were apparently written by the same hand. On the strength of this Comstock appeared before Judge John W. Oliver to-day and swore out warrants for the arrest of Clapp. Comstock made the arrest this afternoon, and Clapp was brought before Justice Oliver for examination. He plead not guilty, and was held in $500 bail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Mrs. Smith's friends say that the fact that Clapp is executor of her deceased husband's estate, and that she has recently advised have him removed, will be used as tending to show a motive on the part of Clapp for writing the letters to her advisers and to herself. Clapp was at one time trustee of his own father's estate, valued at $100,000. He resigned in the matter of litigation arising from an alleged deficiency in the estate. This led to Mrs. Smith being advised to remove him.

MR. BREDEN'S PREDICAMENT.

Held Under Military Surveillance in Germany Because He Has No Passport.

Henry C. Breden, proprietor of the Howard House at East New York, is a native of Germany, and two months ago he decided to visit his old home. A host of friends went down the bay to give him a fitting send off the day he sailed.

In his letters from Germany Mr. Breden has spoken of the fine time he was having. The one before the last said that he would write but one more before starting for home. The last letter came yesterday, and in it was a request that his naturalization papers be sent to him at once, as he was detained by the German Government, and unless his papers could be produced he would have to remain there under military surveillance for two years.

The Howard House has been turned inside down and inside out, but the naturalization papers cannot be found. The hunt is still going on.

Joseph H. Winters, assistant clerk of the Court of Sessions in Brooklyn, who issues passports, says that he tried to get Mr. Breden's passport for a friend of his, to take a passport and avoid trouble, but the latter declined.

Mr. Breden was naturalized here in 1868.

Postmaster Barnett Held on Two Charges.

John Barnett, the Postmaster of Garlin, county Tyrone, Ireland, who was arrested here three weeks ago on the charge of embezzling the funds of his Post Office, was brought before Commissioner Shields yesterday. The British Consul presented affidavits to sustain a charge of forgery, which he now puts forth as Barnett's offence rather than embezzling. Marry Ann Campbell and Samuel Ballantine, in their affidavits, said that they were deceased in the Post Office, and that their marks had been forged to drafts, one for £20 and another for £30. Barnett is a venerable looking man, and for thirty years was Postmaster at Garlin. Commissioner Shields decided to hold him for extradition on the charge of forgery, in addition to the charge of embezzlement.

Another Effort to Recover Well-Digger Jordan's Body.

The work of digging out the body of Peter Jordan, who was buried under 75 feet of quicksand by the caving in of a well on Henry Cox's farm, at Great Neck, on July 27 last, will probably be resumed to-day. Coroner Schenck yesterday reported at a meeting of the Queens County Board of Supervisors, held in Mineola, and asked for a special appropriation to prosecute the work. The supervisors discountenanced any great outlay of money in the matter, but directed the Coroner to make one more effort with the facilities he had at hand. The Coroner will obtain the aid of an engineer skilled in fighting quicksand before resuming work.

The Walker Accident to Be Investigated.

Dr. Jesse T. Duryea, superintendent of the Kings County Hospital at Flatbush, has been directed by the Brooklyn Board of Charities and Corrections to prepare a report of the circumstances connected with the accident to William Walker for the investigation to be held at the institution to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock. Walker, while delirious last Thursday morning, escaped from his ward, and passing through a door that had carelessly been left open, got onto the veranda and fell to the ground. He has been unconscious since the accident.

WASP AND MARGUERITE.

THEY BEAT A PICKED FLEET FOR THE "COMMODORE'S CUPS."

'Twas the Last Sail of the New York Yacht Club's Cruise, and It Was a Good One—Bostonians Rooted Hard for the Harpoon—Mayflower Showed Up Well.

MARBLEHEAD, Aug. 10.—"A glorious end to a glorious cruise" was the verdict of the New York yachtsmen after to-day's race for the "Commodore's Cups," off Marblehead. To add to the pleasure of the members of the club two New York boats won, and they beat the pick of the eastern yacht club's fleet. Archibald Rogers's rakish-looking 40-footer Wasp showed the way to the Adams boys' centreboard sloop Harpoon, the Fife boat Barbara, and last year's champion, the Gloriana, now owned by Dr. Hopkins of Philadelphia, and won the $500 cup offered by Commodore Elbridge T. Gerry. R. S. Palmer's Burgess schooner Marguerite won the $1,000 cup offered by the Commodore for schooners by beating such cracks as the Constellation, Mayflower, Merlin, Iroquois, and Alcaea. The Lasca did not start. Gov. Russell of Massachusetts and Gen. Paine were among the distinguished guests carried by Commodore Gerry on the Electra.

For once the sleepy old towns of Marblehead and Salem were aroused from their usual lethargy, and they made the race an excuse for a general holiday. Every rowboat, skiff, or catboat that could float was pressed into service. Then there were tugs, fishing smacks, and pilot boats galore, not to speak of steam and sailing yachts by the dozen. A large party of Bostonians were on board of the harbor excursion steamer New York, and followed the yachts over the course. They were all on hand to see the start, and a goodly number went on ahead to greet the leaders as they rounded the stakeboats. On the shore there was even a greater crowd than afloat.

Marblehead Neck and the point by the lighthouse were black with spectators, and as for old Fort Sewall and other vantage grounds, you could hardly get a place on them for love or money. These Marblehead fellows know what a boat is and how it should be sailed, and are very harsh critics when any error of judgment is displayed by a green skipper. They did not find much to criticise to-day, however, as all the yacts were admiralty handled. For a time, through a lucky streak of wind, it looked as though the Wasp would be beaten by the Fife boat Barbara, which was by far the best boat in the fleet. The latter met with an unlucky accident just as victory seemed to be within her grasp, and dropped out of the race.

The starting signal was fired at 10:55 o'clock sharp. The Gloriana, sailed by John Barr, was, as usual, the first yacht across, at 10:55:55, and the Barbara and Wasp were not far behind, however, and went across together at 10:57:32. Then came the yacht on which the bookmakers pinned their faith and placed their dollars—the Adams brothers' Harpoon. All crossed on the starboard tack, and, with the exception of the Barbara, commenced to tack along the shore of Marblehead Neck. The wind was light from south-southwest, and the tide flood at the start. The course was from the judges' boat, anchored off Half-way Rock, at the entrance of Marblehead Harbor, to Baker's Island, twelve miles away, thence to a stakeboat south twelve miles, and home—a total distance of thirty-six miles.

The Iroquois was the first of the schooners to cross at 11:01:10. She was followed by the Merlin at 11:01:51, Constellation at 11:02:30, Marguerite at 11:02:45, Alcaea at 11:03:50, and Mayflower at 11:05:21. The Constellation, which was well handled throughout, made a pretty start, and crossed just under the Iluna's stern, getting to windward of the slippery Marguerite. All crossed on the starboard tack.

It was a dead beat to windward to the first mark, and they commenced to work along the shore of Marblehead Neck, except the Barbara, which made a long leg out on the starboard tack. The Barbara's skipper evidently knew his little book, for no sooner had he got clear of the Neck than she commenced to feel the wind, and went rushing along at a merry rate, while her competitors were making slow progress along the shore. For a time it looked as though she could not ever be caught, so far was she ahead.

At 11:30 o'clock the Barbara was a mile ahead, and a moment later she came about on the port tack. Just at this moment the wind shifted a point or two to southeast, all of which helped her, as she was the first to feel it. Pretty soon, however, all of the yachts commenced to feel it, and before the steadily increasing breeze, and laid their course for the first mark. Both the Gloriana and Wasp were gaining on the Harpoon, and for a while had a very close race for second honors. The Wasp finally commenced to outpoint and outfoot the Gloriana, and soon had open water between them. She then set sail for the Barbara, which was by this time far ahead. The Merlin was ahead in the schooner class, with the Constellation a good second. The other boats were close together with the exception of the Alcaea, which seemed to have a mortgage on the bottom.

Their times of rounding the first mark, Harding's bell buoy, two miles out from Boston light, were as follows: Barbara, 1:09:27; Merlin, 1:07:17; Constellation, 1:07:44; Wasp, 1:08:38; Iroquois, 1:08:54; Marguerite, 1:10:21; Mayflower, 1:10:23; Gloriana, 1:10:50; Harpoon, 1:20:00; Alcaea, 1:25:00.

The Wasp made a good turn and got to windward of the Barbara. As the Gloriana came toward the line it was seen that something was the matter with her club topsails, and it transpired later that one of her club topsails was damaged. She and the Harpoon were having a hot fight for third place, and in spite of her semi-disabled condition she made a very good showing. When the Gloriana rounded she took her damaged topsail in and set a smaller one.

The Barbara came back to the second mark on the starboard tack, and the Wasp commenced to come up on the Barbara, hand over fist. She had pulled down the latter's eight-minute lead at the first mark to less than four, when suddenly the Barbara came into the wind with all her local sails shaking. The Harpoon ran over to find out what was the matter. It was soon learned that the bolt which goes through the stern and holds the bobstay had been pulled out, so there was nothing for her to do but drop out. It was too bad, as her owner deserved a victory for the admirable manner in which he handled her in the early part of the race.

The Harpoon got a move on her and passed the Gloriana to windward shortly after rounding the first mark. She was too far behind, however, to catch the Wasp, and so had to be contented with second place. The big Constellation led the schooners and made good progress toward the second mark. The Merlin was second, and the Marguerite a good third. The Mayflower and Iroquois had a rattling good fight for fourth place, with the Mayflower to windward and ahead. The Alcaea was away back.

Their time of rounding the second mark was: Constellation, 2:22:35; Merlin, 2:28:07; Marguerite, 2:28:40; Mayflower, 2:31:10; Iroquois, 2:32:35; Wasp, 2:37:52; Alcaea, 2:38:40; Harpoon, 2:40:00; Gloriana, 2:50:32. They all filed around the mark and set spinnakers to port, with the exception of the Marguerite, which set a balloon jib topsail. The crew on the Merlin broke out their spinnakers just ten seconds after grounding. The others were rather slow, except the crew on the Iroquois, which set theirs almost before they were around.

It was dead before the wind on the last leg, and the only question was, could the Constellation allow the Merlin 7 minutes 29 seconds, Marguerite 13 minutes 55 seconds, and the Mayflower 19 minutes 42 seconds time. On the run in the wind shifted a little, and they all had to take in their spinnakers and set balloon jib topsails. They finished as follows: Constellation, 3:51:24; Merlin, 3:58:18; Marguerite, 4:06:20; Mayflower, 4:16:58; Iroquois, 4:11:43; Alcaea, 4:15:18; Wasp, 4:18:50; Harpoon, 4:22:35; Gloriana, 4:34:20.

The Marguerite beat the Mayflower 1 minute 57 seconds, the Constellation 3 minutes 52 seconds, the Merlin 4 minutes, and the Iroquois 8 minutes 16 seconds, corrected time. The Wasp beat the Harpoon 1 minutes 5 seconds, and the Gloriana 17 minutes 10 seconds. The summary:

SCHOONERS.

Name.	Sail.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Constellation	11 02 30	3 50 24	4 53 54	4 53 54
Alcaea	11 03 50	4 15 18	5 11 28	not measured
Merlin	11 01 51	3 58 18	4 56 27	4 48 58
Mayflower	11 05 21	4 08 58	5 03 37	4 51 55
Marguerite	11 02 45	4 06 20	5 03 35	4 49 55
Iroquois	11 01 10	4 11 43	5 10 33	4 56 42

SLOOPS.

Name.	Sail.	Finish.	Elapsed Time.	Corrected Time.
	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.	H. M. S.
Barbara	10 57 32	disabled		
Wasp	10 57 32	4 18 50	5 21 21	5 21 24
Harpoon	10 59 05	4 20 35	5 20 29	not measured
Gloriana	10 55 55	4 34 20	5 38 24	5 37 30

The Eastern Yacht Club will not hold their special races, open to schooners and sloops, to-morrow, as they would not get enough entries, but will hold a special race for 40-footers instead, for a $250 cup.

To-night Commodore Gerry held a reception on his flagship, which was attended by a large number of the members of the Eastern Yacht Club.

Yale Will Begin to Kick Next Week.

NEW HAVEN, Aug. 10.—Captain V. C. McCormick of the Yale football team arrived in this city to-day. He was on his way to Newport, where the Yale team is to begin practice about Aug. 15, on the grounds about the cottage owned by the parents of Billy Bull, a noted Yale football player. The men who have been ordered to report at Newport for practice are L. Bliss, C. Bliss, F. Hinchy, S. Winter, T. Sanford, H. Wallis, all of last year's team, and Dyer, Corbitt, Stillman, and Weed, who were substitutes. Barbour, last year's half back, will train the Ann Arbor eleven. Josh Hartwell of the crew will be Lehigh's coach. Bull will be at Wesleyan, Crosby at Wesleyan, and Williams at West Point.

FIGHTERS AS LIFE SAVERS.

McAuliffe, Skelly, and Carroll Rescue a Crew of Yachtsmen.

BAY ST. LOUIS, Aug. 10.—During the regatta at Pass Christian on Saturday last and while McAuliffe, Skelly, Carroll, Hogan, and others were comfortably seated on a large schooner, three sailboats capsized, and their crews were in danger of drowning. McAuliffe took the situation in at a glance, and, quickly stripping himself, fastened a rope around his waist and swam to the unfortunates. He was followed by Skelly, Carroll, and others, all of whom did good service. The Captain of the White Wing, one of the boats capsized, presented to Jack his sailor cap, which the light weight jauntily sports to-day. The others got blue ribbons. When the schooner bearing the boxers sailed into Pass Christian, they were saluted by the flagship in honor of saving the lives of some of the sailors in the regatta.

In a talk with THE SUN'S representative yesterday, Jimmy Carroll, the trainer of Skelly, said: "We have the advantage over Dixon, because O'Rourke is neither a boxer or a trainer. Dixon is his own trainer, and the smartest one of the party. O'Rourke and Dixon's other seconds have always been defeated when opposed to me. When O'Rourke had Kenney I beat him with Johnny Griffin. I was in Joe O'Donnell's corner when he beat Eddie Conley. The only time Dixon ever approached a whipping was when I was behind Hank Brennan, a lad whom I gave about eight lessons in boxing. I made him fight Dixon twelve rounds, and then it was called a draw. Brennan met Dixon three times, each ending in a draw.

"If the colored boy should win and still claim to be the feather-weight champion, I will match Griffin against him at 122 pounds, or, upon the same terms he is to meet Skelly I will wager from $5,000 to $10,000 a side that Griffin will defeat him. I also have $5,000 to put up as a side bet that Griffin will defeat Skelly."

Jack McAuliffe is working hard and is in pretty fair spirits. He said yesterday: "Win or lose, it will be my last battle. I might perhaps box ten rounds, but as to another contest to a finish I will not be there." The question now is, will he train earnestly and be in good form when he faces Myer. THE SUN'S representative, being on the ground, can truthfully say he is well and strong, and working as good as any lover could be expected to do. The climate agrees with him, and he has not yet uttered a single complaint. He has too much sound sense to be careless in his work, or to undervalue his clever opponent.

Sullivan Gains from Four to Five Pounds Every Night.

CANOE PLACE INN, Aug. 10.—The heat here is more severe than at any time since John L. Sullivan arrived. The champion does not seem to feel it, however. It causes him to perspire freely, which is a condition that Casey likes to see.

Now that John has reached the limit set by Casey at which he is to fight, he will be kept as near to 210 pounds as possible. He gains from four to five pounds every night, so great is his recuperative power, and it will be necessary for him to exercise freely in order to maintain his present status.

Martin J. Hairen went over the course with him this morning clothed in green tights. The farmers thought an Irish count was shooting along the road. It has been definitely settled that the party will leave this place on Aug. 27 for Brooklyn.

Sullivan says that his book will contain a cut of himself, valued at $250. His appetite is excellent and his constitution is improving daily. He is beginning to feel the elation of spirit which arises from good digestion, plenty of sleep, and exercise.

Policeman Hickey's Challenge Accepted.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—*Sir*: I noticed in a recent edition of THE SUN an announcement to the effect that Eugene L. Hickey of the Fifteenth precinct, New York, who won the race open to firemen, policemen, and letter carriers of Brooklyn and New York at the games of the Timothy J. Sullivan Association on Aug. 1, is open to run any policeman in America from one to three miles. Hickey must surely have seen the challenge of officer N. J. Dunne of the Twelfth precinct, Brooklyn, covering up to "all comers" in the New York force, which was published some time ago. Hickey was not as "open" then to such a contest as he is now.

However, in regard to his late challenge in THE SUN, I accept it in behalf of Officer Dunne, and will be pleased to meet Hickey, or any one who may represent him, at such a time and place as may be agreeable to perfect arrangements. Respectfully yours,

GEORGE W. ROGERS,
Twelfth precinct station, Brooklyn.

BROOKLYN, Aug. 9.

Sport at Shady Side on the Hudson.

The Emerald Athletic Club of Jersey City held their annual outing at Shady Side on the Hudson River, last Monday. The athletic events resulted as follows:

One hundred-yard Run—Won by Robert Rooney; James Stack, second. Time, 11¾ seconds.

Eight hundred and eighty-yard Run—Won by John Cleagen; Fred Cooper, second. Time, 2 minutes and 31 seconds.

Shot Race, 100 Yards—Won by Harry Barclay; John Thomas, second. Time, 1 minute and 57 seconds.

Three-legged Race, 100 Yards—Won by George Burke and Fred Cooper. Time, 42 seconds.

Putting the Sixteen-pound Shot—Won by John Barry; Philip Murphy, second. Distance, 36 feet 10 inches.

The game of baseball between the married and single men was won by the latter, the score being 3 to 2.

Parkway Gun Club.

The members of the Parkway Gun Club had a good day's outing yesterday at Dexter Park. It was their regular monthly shoot for class prizes and the club's medal. In Class A, F. Rausch won the prize and medal; W. Strasser won the Class B prize, and C. M. Meyer won the prize in Class C. The scores:

Class A—F. Short, 28 yards; A. Andrews, 30 yards; 5; F. Heinze, 28 yards; C. F. Rausch, 28 yards; 7; J. Bennett, 30 yards; 6; T. Bolty, 30 yards; 7; H. Lemair, 28 yards; 5.

Class B—A. Walden, 25 yards; C. J. Link, 25 yards; 6; H. Bonkman, 25 yards; C. F. Siempleuer, 25 yards; 5; J. Wade, 25 yards; 5; W. Strasser, 27 yards; 7; J. Brauer, 27 yards; 6; G. Gilberry, 25 yards; 5; M. Eile, 25 yards; 6; H. Schover, 27 yards; 5; W. Strasser, 25 yards; 7.

Class C—M. Meyer, 23 yards; 6.

Ties for medal: F. Rausch, 3; L. Bolty, 2; W. Strasser, 2.

No Such a Race Since the Days of Myers and George.

The three-mile race at the New Jersey Athletic Club's Labor Day games prom