BLOWN DOWN BY THE GALE.

TWO BOYS AND A MAN KILLED AND SEVERAL OTHERS INJURED.

A Double Tenement House in Long Island City Collapses While Nine Men Are at Work in It—Three Boys Were Playing in an Unfinished Building in Williamsburgh and Were Caught When It Fell.

A frame four-story double-tenement house in course of erection in Jackson avenue and Eighth street, Long Island City, collapsed about 1:35 o'clock yesterday afternoon in the westerly gale, burying six carpenters, two bricklayers, and a helper in the ruins.

Andrew Larsen, a carpenter, of 135 Court street, Brooklyn, was dug out of the wreck, dead. He had been at work on the first floor, and his skull was crushed by a falling beam.

August Andersen, a carpenter, of 241 Jamaica avenue, Astoria, was picked up at one side of the ruins with his left eye almost torn from the socket and his nose broken. Andersen was at work on the second floor putting in a window frame when the building began to fall. He sprang out of the window, but was caught by some of the falling timbers and pinned to the ground.

Edward McGaffney, a bricklayer, of 414 East Fifty-eighth street, New York, with Patrick Slavin, was building a chimney when the crash came. Slavin escaped without a scratch, as did their helper, Michael Sullivan. McGaffney was jammed between falling timbers. Sullivan dug him out, and he was taken to St. John's Hospital, about two blocks away. His back was badly wrenched, and he sustained internal injuries, but not of a serious nature. Andersen was also taken to the same hospital.

Olaf Ulsen, another carpenter, scrambled out of the ruins unaided and walked to his boarding house in 164 Sixth street, where he remarked to his landlord, John Larsen, that he thought he had escaped injury. Mr. Larsen insisted on sending for a doctor, who found that two of Ulsen's ribs were broken.

John Carlsen of 241 Jamaica avenue, a framer, had his left hand badly cut, and Joseph Nelsen of the same address escaped with a few bruises. Carl Andersen of 135 East Seventeenth street, New York, foreman of the work, also escaped injury. He was arrested and taken to the Second precinct police station, pending an investigation into the cause of the accident.

The collapsed building stood in an exposed spot. Open meadows surrounded it, and the gale had full sweep at its broad sides.

Jack's Creek once flowed over the site, and difficulty was experienced in building the brick foundation in the mire. Directly across the avenue from the structure are the remains of the proposed Meaghan's theatre, which collapsed in December of last year under almost similar circumstances, injuring half a dozen of the workmen.

The collapsed structure was owned by John Langley of 122 Fifth street, Long Island City. Johnson & Nellson of Sixty-ninth street and Second avenue, New York, were the builders. It was a spider-like structure, with a frontage of thirty-six feet on Jackson avenue, extending back fifty-four feet on Eighth street, and was fifty-one feet high.

Clouds of dust were being driven through the streets by the gale when the workmen appeared for duty yesterday morning. By noon the last clapboards were nailed on, and the structure was completely enclosed. The gale drove against the exposed front of the structure with a violence that caused much stancher buildings to tremble. Three lathers, William Nichols, Patrick Kane, and James Reilly, reported at the building for work at 1 o'clock, took a hasty survey of the premises, and went away. Nichols said the building was unsafe and would not weather the gale.

The storm reached its height about 1½ o'clock. The streets became almost impassable. Buildings creaked and ricketty signs flew in all directions. Horses refused to face the storm.

Jacob Seibert, who was injured in the collapse of the theatre and was employed as watchman about the ruined heap, as he is not well enough to do hard work, gazed through the cloud of dust at the new building across the street. John Larsen stood on a street corner speculating on the fate of the new structure, when suddenly it seemed to open like an immense parachute, and then reeled over backward away from the avenue and disappeared in a cloud of dust with a crash that sounded above the roar of the gale.

Not a stick of the structure was left standing, and the rear brick foundation wall fell with the building. The workmen say they felt the building edging backward, and this was the only warning they had. The sidewalk in front of the building was littered with the wreck. Fortunately no one was passing on that side of the avenue at the time of the collapse.

Architect John Dennen of Jackson avenue, Long Island City, drew the plans for the building. He says the specifications were not followed. It was stipulated, so Mr. Dennen says, that double frame timbers four by nine inches and four by six inches, bolted together, were to be used. Instead of this, Mr. Dennen says, single frame sticks four by eight inches were used by the builders. On Sunday night, in conversation with a builder, he predicted that the building would not stand as it was being erected.

The body of the dead carpenter was taken to the Morgue, and Coroner W. W. Meiners will hold an inquest.

There is no Building Department in Long Island City's government, although repeated efforts have been made to create one.

Two boys were crushed to death and another seriously injured by the collapse during the gale of a three-story, flimsily constructed frame house in Knickerbocker avenue and Woodbine street, Williamsburgh.

The dead are Joseph Gould, 8 years old, of 277 Woodbine street, and Charles Brown, 10 years old, of 241 Woodbine street. Arthur Moloney, 9 years old, of 265 Woodbine street was seriously, although not fatally, injured.

The building was the only one on the north side of Knickerbocker avenue, between Woodbine and Palmetto streets. The back of the house was parallel with the fence of Union Cemetery, a Catholic burying ground. Three months ago Herman Luhrs of New York, who owned the lot, had had the building put up. Although the police were unable to ascertain the name of the builder, neighbors said it was Henry Thompson. The excavation of the cellar and the foundation work was done by William Mead, a contractor of De Kalb and Hamburg avenues, Williamsburgh.

The first or ground floor was laid out for a store, and the second and third floors were made flats. All the outside framework was finished and in the inside of the house the floor had been laid and the stairs put up. A tin roof had also been put on. Only the framework of the doors and windows was yet to be put in. The work that was done took only three weeks after operations were begun. Luhrs, it is said, then discovered that he couldn't get a clear title to the land. He stopped further building and the store door and the hall door were boarded up.

It was not long before the boys in the neighborhood tore away the boards and made bonfires of them. The timbers were then used as a playground by the children. At 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon the three boys met at Knickerbocker avenue and Woodbine street, and at the suggestion of Brown, so Moloney says, they went into the house to play. They crawled into the cellar from the sidewalk. Moloney remained in the cellar, but Gould and Brown went up to the third story.

They called down the air shaft to Moloney to come up. He refused, saying that he was afraid. The wind at this time was blowing with terrific force. Suddenly there was a low, rumbling noise, and Moloney ran to the cellar entrance to reach the street. In a minute the house collapsed with a crash.

Soon the streets around the ruins were filled with people. Among the men who went promptly to work to rescue the imprisoned boys were Michael Murray of 281 Marion street and Morris Donohue of 1,180 Madison street, Brooklyn. They heard Moloney moaning, and after clearing away timber and masonry they pulled him out. He was bleeding from an ugly cut on his right temple.

"Save Charley and Joe," said Moloney as he became unconscious. He was carried home and put to bed. Murray and Donohue continued the search, and fifteen minutes later they came upon the body of Brown. From the position of the body it is believed that he went through the airshaft when the crash came. He was found under the timber of the store floor, near the airshaft. The right side of his head and his chest were crushed.

Somebody telephoned to Police Headquarters that a house in Knickerbocker avenue had blown down and a dozen children were killed. The reserves from the Cedar street, Stagg street, and Ralph avenue stations were ordered to the wreck to assist in the work of extricating the dead. Ambulances from St. Mary's and St. Catharine's hospitals were also called. The men of 11 Truck with their apparatus were ordered out by Fire Commissioner Ennis. The digging was done under the supervision of Police Captains Dunn and Kitzer. For more than an hour the men scattered the débris in all directions.

Then they found Moloney's hat. It was thought at first that the hat had been Gould's, and vigorous work was done around the spot for several minutes. When Gould's father saw the hat he said it did not belong to his son. Mr. Gould looked on as the men worked, wringing his hands and crying. Tons of brick and mortar were cleared away and it was nearly 5 o'clock when the body was found.

The police had to use their clubs to drive the crowd back. Mr. Gould pushed his way through to the cemetery fence where the body was laid, and where Ambulance Surgeons Byrne of St. Mary's Hospital and Gonzales of St. Catharine's Hospital were making an examination of it. The boy's face was badly disfigured and covered with mortar. The mortar was wiped away with a cloth, and when the features were exposed and Gould looked upon his son's face he threw up his hands and exclaimed:

"My God, it's my poor little Joe!" and fell back in a faint.

Mr. Gould was attended by Ambulance Surgeon Byrne and taken home. The body of his son was wrapped in a blanket and removed to the ambulance. It was then taken home. The boy's mother fainted when she saw the body, and it is doubtful if she will survive the shock.

"Joe had only been back from Asbury Park a few days," said Mr. Gould last night. "Five minutes before the house was blown down he was home and asked his mother to let him go out to play for a few minutes. She let him go and told him to come back soon, as he had to go out on an errand."

A neighbor who was at Mr. Gould's house at the time said that when the building collapsed Mrs. Gould heard the noise and exclaimed: "My God, something has happened to Joe!"

She tried to follow the crowd that was running past the house to the scene of the accident, but was prevented by her husband. Mr. Gould went himself, and it was fully ten minutes before he learned positively that his boy was in the ruins. He then wanted to assist in the work, but the police persuaded him to keep away. He became impatient several times at the slow manner in which the men were clearing away the débris, and begged them to hurry and save his boy.

A SUN reporter saw Moloney last night. He was in bed at his home.

"Me and Joe Gould and Charley Brown," he said, "went into the house for a little fun. We got in through the cellar. I didn't go any further. Joe and Charley went up on the roof and called to me to come up. I told them I wouldn't. Then they came down from the roof to the third story and asked me again to go up. I said that I wouldn't because I was afraid. The first thing I knew the house came down, and I ran to the front of the cellar to get out. I was pinned down. While I lay there I heard Charley crying and saying: 'Oh, please help me, please help me out, mister!' Then he called for his mother to help him, and that was all I heard."

One hour before the Knickerbocker avenue house fell, a row of five small frame buildings in Cornelia street and Wyckoff avenue was blown down by the wind. John Dernah, 63 years old, of 426 Bushwick avenue was caught in the ruins and received a fracture of the skull and internal injuries. He was removed to St. Mary's Hospital. The buildings were being erected under the supervision of M. Furgo, the owner, of 1,270 Putnam street, Brooklyn.

STOPPED THE CIRCUS IN PATERSON.

The Gale Disappointed the Farmers—Trouble on Newark Bay.

From 6 o'clock yesterday morning till 4 o'clock in the afternoon the wind blew from the northwest in Paterson at the rate of seventy miles an hour. The factories and mills were generally closed on account of the presence of Forepaugh's circus. But they might as well have run, for there was no performance in the afternoon. The circus tents were pitched on what was formerly Colt's Hill, but is now a barren waste of sand in the centre of the city. The stakes will not hold in the sandy soil, and the tents are unsafe even in comparatively mild weather.

Yesterday was more than the tents could stand. The stakes pulled out, and for a time it looked as if the whole business would sail off in the air. The wild animals howled and roared, and there was a perfect pandemonium. But that wasn't the worst of it. The wind blew the roof of the big tents into ribbons and threatened to destroy the establishment.

At least 5,000 people had applied for admission, but the managers knew that it would not be safe, and there was no afternoon performance. Farmers had come from the country at a distance of fifty miles to see the show. Late in the afternoon the wind died down, and the evening performance was given. There was no roof over the menagerie, and the top of the circus tent was a mass of fluttering ribbons.

The circus license in Paterson is $500 a day, and the proprietors of the show thought that there should be a rebate, but the authorities decided that they were not responsible for the wind, and that money once paid could never be got back.

There isn't much left of the political banners in Paterson except the netting, and the awning makers will be kept busy for a long time to come repairing the damage.

Traffic up and down Newark Bay and through the Kill-von-Kull was virtually abandoned yesterday because of the gale which swept directly across the bay and down the kills. When the tide ran ebb in the afternoon the gale kept the water down the bay and through the kills, and there was less water left in the bay than at any low tide for many years. A number of oyster boats were swamped during the forenoon, their cargoes of seed oysters going to the bottom.

At the anchorage of the Newark Bay Boat Club off the foot of West Thirty-fourth street four of the organization's fleet parted their moorings and came ashore. They were John I. Serrell's catboat Gracie, Lewis A. Burritt's catboat Hilda, Robert B. Peoble's yawl-rigged yacht Windward, and Edward Y. Phillips's catboat Edna. Frank Dewey's catboat Nadyenka at her moorings. The catboat Maggie J. had her ballast shifted forward by the seas and she sank with only her stern above the water. At the anchorage off the New Jersey Athletic Club's grounds at Bergen Point a large number of small boats drifted ashore or capsized. Fred Fountain's catboat Os-ca-wah-wah was among the stranded craft.

One of the peculiar features of the gale was that after sparks from passing locomotives set fire to the salt meadows on the west side of Newark Bay, and the blaze got under good headway, the wind carried a cloud of smoke from the fire until it stretched in one unbroken column for several miles over the Staten Island hills.

A BLAST OF AUTUMN.

Trees Stripped of Their Leaves by a Brisk Gale from the Northwest.

A gusty northwester filled the city with dust and thistledown and hats and veils yesterday afternoon. The thistledown was imported from the suburbs, and it came in such copious showers in some places that it might have been mistaken for a premature snowfall. The whirling motes of dust and down were magnified by the bright sunshine that streamed across the bay, gilding the crests of the waves. Snub-nosed tugs going north labored hard against wind and sea, sending crystalline fountains of spray over their pilot houses. Faded leaves, like flocks of belated butterflies whirled through the streets near the parks. Never perhaps on a single autumn day were trees so well divested of their tinted glories.

The blast was caused by a cyclone that gyrated seaward, far to the northeast of us. It drew into its moist and whirling centre the frosty and rarefied air from the northwest. Sometimes the wind was skipping along at a forty-five-mile rate. It screwed itself into a little tornado at the corner of Frankfort street and Park row and upset a light wagon. It also whisked the limbs off of several trees in Battery Park. It moderated as the sun went down, leaving an autumnal chill on the air.

Effect of the Wind Storm Up the Hudson.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Sept. 26.—A heavy wind prevailed along the Hudson to-day. At 2 o'clock this afternoon the east end of the large icehouse at Stuyvesant was blown out by the gale, and it lodged on the track of the Hudson River Railroad just after the limited express bound south had passed. Wrecking trains were sent to the spot. The first train to pass the obstruction was No. 18, due in New York at 6:10. Several other trains were delayed, and all extra trains were side-tracked, but tonight trains are running regularly again. The icehouse belongs to the Knickerbocker Ice Company. The damage is $4,000.

Killed by the Explosion of a Locomotive.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Sept. 26.—The boiler of a locomotive on the Tennessee Coal, Iron and Railroad Company's road, near Pratt Mines, blew up to-day, instantly killing Engineer John Elmore and mortally scalding Fireman Ben Garner. Sam Estes, a fireman, who was standing at a stationary engine a hundred yards away, was struck by flying fragments of iron and was also mortally hurt. Two others were injured.

Coal Creek Rioters on Trial.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., Sept. 26.—The hearing of the men accused of conspiracy in Coal Creek was begun at Clinton, the county seat of Anderson county, this morning. The day was consumed in selecting a jury. The first man to be tried will be George B. Irish, and D. B. Monsom will be the next. It is believed that the Grand Jury will return at least 125 indictments. Judge Hicks's instructions are against the defendants.

Actor Curtis's Second Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 26.—The second trial of M. B. Curtis, the actor, charged with the murder of Policeman Alexander Grant, was this morning set for Nov. 4. Curtis is out on $50,000 bail.

Dirt's Quarantine.

Good Christopher, of Colon called,
Came westward in some carpetbag
Whose hulk' condition had appalled
A quarantine on sights and smells!

Good Andrews, in his dory, broke
The eastward record, and to keep
The barnacles off his oak
He scoured Sapolio o'er the deep.

The Andrews dory landed, lo!
The eastern world view with the west
To sing thy praise, "Sapolio,"
Dirt's quarantine, first, last, and best!—Adv.

GRIFFIN A GREAT FIGHTER.

HE KNOCKS OUT THE UNDEFEATED JIMMY LYNCH IN THE FIFTH ROUND.

The Winner Brought to His Knees in the First Round, but Outfought His Man Afterward—A Fierce and Bloody Struggle Between Kelly and Cunningham—Four Thousand Persons at the Fight.

Jimmy Lynch's record has been tarnished. He no longer stands as the "undefeated," having been knocked out in the fifth round last night at the Coney Island Athletic Club by Johnny Griffin. Previous to this battle Sam Kelly and Bob Cunningham fought their first professional engagement, fifteen rounds. It was a slashing fight, and the honors went to Cunningham.

The big building of the Coney Island Club was fairly well filled with people last night who were anxious to discover whether Sam Kelly of the West Side A. C. or Bob Cunningham of the Brooklyn A. C. was the ablest fighter at 110 pounds, and whether Jimmy Lynch, the undefeated 122-pound champion, could maintain his record against the assaults of Johnny Griffin, the Braintree expert.

The prices of admission were a sufficient attraction to call the crowd of public sports to the scene. The fee was $3 for ordinary seats, $5 for better, so-called reserved seats, and $25 for a box seating four persons. The change from the previous high prices was a great relief to the poorer class who like to see a scrap, but cannot pay the prices usually charged.

The latter came in large numbers on this occasion. The boxes were filled with some of the best-known sporting men who live about New York, but there were also present a very large contingent from Boston and vicinity. The Bostonians did not take much interest in the Kelly-Cunningham bout, but they were looking around all the time to lay something on the Braintree lad. Some of them had come to New York early in the day, and had offered everywhere from $100 to $60 to $100 to $80 that Griffin would win. Ridge Levine of this city took $600 against $360, and some of the ordinary bettors accepted $100 to $75 in small amounts.

Steve Brodie, as usual, got into a row at the club house. Brodie took a seat in a box, when he had only a reserved seat check. An officer told him to move out, and upon his refusal the policeman lifted Brodie and threw him out of the building.

The first event was not considered among the bettors, but it was a tremendously energetic affair. Kelly and Cunningham fought like demons. Cunningham was the better and heavier man. The prescribed weight of 110 pounds had been overtouched by both. Cunningham, by mere strength, knocked Kelly down once, but the West side man was up in no time and made a rush that told on the other's face. It was blood for blood all the way through, and the crowd was in full sympathy.

KELLY AND CUNNINGHAM FIGHT.

It was exactly 8:30 o'clock when Kelly and Cunningham entered the ring. Kelly was followed by his seconds, Eddie Pierce and Jack Martin. Florrie Barnett and Jack Eakins looked after the interests of Cunningham.

The men appeared in fine form and both at weight. Fred Burns, the announcer, introduced the men and the referee, P. J. Donohue. The boys then drew on new brown gloves, weighing two ounces each, and then waited for the bell, which was tinkled at 8:45 o'clock by Bob Stoll, the official timer. Kelly had the advantage of height and reach, but Cunningham was stocky and strong looking.

FIRST ROUND.—Kelly led with left, but fell short. Cunningham let out his left and there was a clinch. There was some light sparring, and then there was another clinch, with vicious fighting at short range, each man working on the other's ribs. Kelly received the worst of it. Kelly got a stiff left-hander on Cunningham's neck, and there was more savage infighting, with honors even. It was evident that a hot fight was in prospect, and there was a buzz of satisfaction as the round ended.

SECOND ROUND.—Kelly landed with left on neck, and when he repeated Cunningham countered on neck. Kelly got in a straight right-hander on the heart. Then there were a couple of clinches, in which Kelly had the best of the infighting.

THIRD ROUND.—Cunningham was rather weary. Kelly led twice without effect. Cunningham landed twice with left on Kelly's head, and the Westsider returned the compliment twice. Both did some infighting, but were unable to do any damage.

FOURTH ROUND.—Cunningham opened with a good right-hander on the stomach. Kelly returned by left on the stomach. Cunningham landed right and left on Kelly's neck. Kelly sent Cunningham against the rope with a facer, and followed it up with two more in the same place. Kelly had the best of the round.

FIFTH ROUND.—Cunningham opened with a left neck's face, and followed it up with two hard ones on face and body. Kelly rushed for Cunningham, who ran away. Cunningham jabbed Kelly in the neck, pushing his head back. Cunningham had much the best of the round.

SIXTH ROUND.—Cunningham sent two hot right-handers against Kelly's windpipe, and in a clinch Cunningham got the best of it. Kelly rushed Cunningham to the ropes and punched him hard in the face. Kelly was bleeding from the nose. Cunningham jabbed Kelly in the mouth. Kelly got rather the worst of it, but ran after Cunningham and forced the fighting.

SEVENTH ROUND.—Kelly landed twice on Cunningham's left eye, which began to close. Cunningham got in two jabs on Kelly's bleeding mouth. They clinched and hammered each other on the body. Cunningham seemed to be the strongest at the close of the round.

EIGHTH ROUND.—Kelly landed lightly on the head with left, and Cunningham countered hard on the mouth. Both struck wildly. The round ended with no damage to either.

NINTH ROUND.—Kelly got a light one on the neck with his right, and soon after uppercut Cunningham in the face. The latter retaliated with three jabs with the left in the face. It was now anybody's battle.

TENTH ROUND.—Kelly still followed Cunningham around the ring, and got a couple of jabs in the face. He repeated and got away without punishment. Kelly made a rush and got in a left-hand swing on the jaw, and was punished by three jabs with the left in the face. It was now anybody's battle.

ELEVENTH ROUND.—Both boys let out with left and landed lightly. Cunningham hit Kelly in the mouth. Kelly got a stiff one on the jaw and was knocked groggy. He was bleeding profusely, when Cunningham rushed him and tried to put him out. Kelly was very tired, but he held on until the bell sounded.

TWELFTH ROUND.—Kelly came up determined, and went right after his opponent. He got in a right-hander on Cunningham's face, but received three returns. Cunningham got in two more facers and dodged a hard right-hand swing. It seemed to be Cunningham's light, although Kelly showed great gameness.

THIRTEENTH ROUND.—Kelly came up strong and got in his right on Cunningham's face. He followed with right and left on Cunningham's body and face, and repeated the dose. The round ended with a clinch, in which Kelly had somewhat the best of it.

FOURTEENTH ROUND.—Both started at the hammering process, and both received hard ones in the face. Kelly then uppercut Cunningham in the face. Kelly continued to be the aggressor. He landed his left on the neck, but was very weak when the bell tinkled.

FIFTEENTH ROUND.—Cunningham waded in and hammered Kelly on the jaw and body in fierce style. If did not seem as if Kelly would last any longer, but he rallied, and with a right-hander on the jaw had Cunningham staggering. Both were weak and groggy, and both too weak to hit hard at the close of the round. The referee decided in favor of Cunningham, and the decision met with an ill reception. Cunningham certainly inflicted the most punishment, but Kelly cut out the pace from the start; fought aggressively from start to finish, and was as strong as his opponent when the fifteenth round closed. It was the general opinion that the fight should have been declared a draw. The battle was for a purse of $350, $50 to the loser and a side bet of $350 a side.

THE LYNCH-GRIFFIN FIGHT.

It was 10 o'clock when Jimmy Lynch, the 122-pound champion, and Johnny Griffin entered the ring to battle for a $2,500 purse. The men had weighed at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, both tipping the scales at 122 pounds. Lynch's seconds were: Joe Choynski, Walter Campbell of Philadelphia, and Jack Quinn. His bottleholder was "Bluff" Lynch, and timer, Joe Little. Griffin was looked after by Jimmy Carroll and Prof. Robertson of Bay, St. Louis. Jack Sheehan was his bottleholder, and G. Williams timer. Al Smith was the referee. The betting was 2 to 1 in favor of Griffin. It was 10:10 o'clock when the men put up their hands.

FIRST ROUND.—Lynch made a rush at his man and then there was a clinch, and Lynch tried hard to get in his right, but failed. Lynch forced the fighting, and with a left-hand swing on Griffin's head brought the latter to his knees. After getting up he hit Griffin again on the side of the head. Griffin then began to jab his left into Lynch's mouth and quickly drew blood. His punches stopped the rushes of the New Yorker and put him on the defensive.

SECOND ROUND.—Griffin opened the ball by leading left and right for Lynch's stomach. The hardest kind of fighting followed. Griffin went at Lynch in terrific style, and soon had his antagonist groggy. The fighting was furious while it lasted, and it was 1 to 3 that Lynch could not recover. He went against the ropes, and Griffin went at him and thumped and hammered him. Lynch, however, came out of it, but it was easily to be seen that he wasn't in it.

THIRD ROUND.—This was a bloody and vicious affair. Griffin hoped to put his man to sleep, and went at him savagely. With the left on the jaw and right on the body, he soon had Lynch staggering around the ring. Griffin sent his right on Lynch's jaw, and down went the New Yorker on his back. Slowly he turned over on his face and struggled to his feet. Then the Braintree man, who stood over him awaiting his rise, began again the pitiless work of pounding the dazed Lynch on jaw and stomach. Five times in this round Lynch went down, and five times he arose with the greatest effort. When the bell sounded he was hugging Griffin in an effort to keep on his feet. It was a very brutal but game spectacle, and the 4,000 persons howled their approval.

FOURTH ROUND.—Lynch had, in a measure, recovered from his dazed condition, and immediately started to fight. Griffin followed him closely, and rained bone-breaking blows on his helpless but plucky adversary. Lynch fought back as well as he could, and got in some blows which were too weak to do any harm. Three times the New Yorker measured his length on the floor, and each time it seemed as if he could not possibly rise again, but by superhuman effort he raised his form to a standing position and doggedly held his blood-dripping face where Griffin could hit it again. It was hard to compel the plucky Lynch to stand up before the battering blows of the strong and fresh Griffin, but the nervy, beaten man responded to the call of his seconds each time.

FIFTH ROUND.—Lynch came out quite spryly for this round, and his friends cheered him. He sailed into Griffin and hit him half a dozen times. Griffin showed some weariness and Lynch ducked some ugly swings. Three times the men fell together as Griffin struck, and these tumbles had a bad effect on Lynch. At last Griffin got his fists at work on Lynch's jaw and had the latter staggering. Then, a powerful straight right-hander on the chin sent Lynch out flat on his back. He lay still for a few seconds, and then turned over and tried to get up. He raised his head, but fell back with a bump, and Jimmy Lynch was done for. Al Smith held up his hand at the end of the ten seconds, and Griffin was declared to be the 122-pound champion. Then the spectators yelled loud and long, declared it was great fighting, and ended the sport by volleying cushions at each other.

There was some talk between O'Rourke and Griffin's manager regarding a scrap between Griffin and Dixon. O'Rourke talked about 118 pounds, the men to weigh at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but the negotiations came to a sudden stop. The Griffin men insisted on 122 pounds.

LIGHTNING'S QUEER DOINGS.

Many Persons and Buildings Struck During Saturday's Storm in Connecticut.

ANSONIA, Sept. 26.—The storm of Saturday night was the most severe known in this part of Connecticut in a quarter of a century. It began at 5 in the afternoon and lasted until after 11 o'clock at night. The reports that come in to-day show its widespread character. In this town several buildings, including the new high school, were struck, but the damage was slight. In Stratford John P. Wheeler's barn was struck and burned to the ground. The loss is $3,000. Fred Roberts, a young farmer of Stratford, was milking a cow under a shed when a bolt struck the cow, killing her. Roberts was stunned, and has not yet recovered consciousness. His body was badly burned. Two daughters of M. E. Shepard of the same town were awakened by the storm and went to another room. Soon after a bolt tore a hole in the roof directly over their bed, struck a mirror on the wall, melted it into an irregular mass, and set fire to the bed.

In Huntington the lightning struck the wire fence around the village green, running half way around it and shattering every post into kindling wood. It also prostrated E. J. Buckingham, who was putting on the lightning-arrester of his telephone. In Brookfield Centre the country store owned by Henry S. Beers, who is Town Clerk, Town Treasurer, and Postmaster, was burned to the ground. The town records and funds were saved, but the mails were burned. The loss is over $12,000; insurance, $9,500.

The largest barn in southwestern Connecticut, owned by Lewis St. John, in New Canaan, was struck and destroyed. It contained hay, grain, and farm machinery worth over $10,000. In Saugatuck the lightning struck the house of Mrs. Rhoda Sullivan. It entered by way of the chimney, threw the lids off the stove, then darted into another room, where it struck the headboard of a bed on which Mamie Sullivan, 18 years old, was lying. The young woman was badly shocked. Then the bolt passed out of a window and ploughed a deep furrow in the ground.

The Western Union Telegraph test station at Georgetown was struck and destroyed. John Ryden and Justice Rylander, two Swedish farm hands in Bethlehem, were terribly burned by the lightning. One may die.

SAULTERS FORCED TO PROSECUTE,

And Locked Up in Default of $500 to Insure His Attendance at Fawcett's Trial.

L. Willis Saulters, the young clerk who was stabbed by John W. Fawcett and escaped from St. Vincent's Hospital last Thursday, was captured yesterday at the office of Grant Brothers, brokers, at 59 Broadway. He was brought to the Jefferson Market Police Court for the purpose of prosecuting his assailant, but he said he did not wish to make any charge. He was compelled, however, to sign the papers, and was afterward committed to the House of Detention as a witness in default of $500. Fawcett was held for trial.

When her husband went to Boston last November, Saulters became intimate with Mrs. Dolly Hardy, one of Fawcett's daughters. Fawcett discovered the sort of a life Mrs. Hardy was leading with Saulters. When he called at the house he found his daughter in tears. She was black and blue and confessed that her lover was living on the proceeds of the earnings of her shame, and had beaten her for objecting to support him by this mode. Then followed a fight between Saulters and Fawcett, during which the former was almost disemboweled. Fawcett admitted the stabbing when arrested, and said that he was sorry he had not killed his daughter's paramour.

CAUGHT IN THE NICK OF TIME.

An Expert in Children Thinks the Ten-year-old Pickpocket May be Reclaimed.

Agent Stocking of the Gerry Society said yesterday that Lizzie Semmler, the ten-year-old girl who was arrested on Saturday at the Central Park Menagerie for picking the pockets of the visitors, was the brightest-witted child that the society had received in years. He thinks that proper care can correct her present tendencies.

"Lizzie," he said, "seems simply to be a type of a child naturally clever, who has suffered from bad associations and the lack of proper parental training. She is too young for these things to have permanently injured her morals. When she is placed in surroundings where she can gain the advantage of good education and good example she will probably grow up to be a useful and honorable young womanhood. She has been caught just in the nick of time."

Agent Stocking said that the two lads, twelve-year-old Otto Pollock and Willie Heimuth, while far less bright than Lizzie, had a good deal of natural aptness, too, and could be made good boys of in a short time with careful training.

Shima's Wooing.

Mary Shima, a Hungarian cigarmarker, is seeking in Justice Beach's court to have annulled her marriage to John Shima, a painter, of Freedland, Luzerne county, Pa.

She declares that when she was under 16, in Shobar, Hungary, Shima wanted to marry her, but she refused. He obtained the sanction of her father and stepmother. They tied her hand and foot, strapped her to a chair, and threatened her with greater violence. Under this duress she consented. After the marriage she fled and became a servant in other places until, finally, about a year ago, she came to this country.

On Sept. 3, last, Shima called on her and wanted her to live with him. She refused, and he returned to Pennsylvania, saying he would get a divorce.

An Exodus from Johns Hopkins to Chicago University.

BALTIMORE, Sept. 26.—Twenty-five graduates and former students of Johns Hopkins University have accepted places on the staff of the new University of Chicago, which is to open its doors for the first time on Saturday next. Sixteen of the Hopkins men are to be members of the faculty, and the other nine are to engage in research work as fellows.

Conscience Contribution from a G. A. R. Man.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 26.—A conscience contribution of $150 has been received by Assistant Treasurer Wheipley. The money was handed in by a visiting G. A. R. veteran, who did not give his name, but simply remarked that he had done "some wrong" during the war.

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SHE GAVE UP THE BOYS,

But Mrs. Keeley Could Not Bring Herself to Part with Her Granddaughter.

When Thomas Keeley, a longshoreman, died a year ago of consumption he left to his sixty-eight-year-old mother, Rosanna Keeley, the care of his two sons and two daughters. The old woman loved the little ones dearly, but she was too old to work, and she and the children had to live on such food as neighbors almost as poor as herself could give away.

A well-to-do visitor to the tenement at 40 Beach street wrote to the Gerry society that the children were slowly starving in their grandmother's house. The grandmother sobbed when Mr. Gerry's officers went to the tenement. She said the orphans were the joy of her old days, and that it would break her heart to take them from her. When the officers promised that the children would be well cared for, she consented to bring them to court and allow a Justice to send them to this promised good home. She did bring Thomas and Charles, her ten and twelve-year grandsons, and they were committed to the society's care. She promised that next day she would bring to court five-year-old Mary, and the latter's baby sister.

The old woman didn't come to court for several days, and when the officers called to see why she had broken her promise they found that she had packed up her meagre stock of household effects and fled with her granddaughters. The policemen hunted for weeks, but could find no trace of the old woman. Last week Agent Deubert found her and the child Mary at 591 Greenwich street. The old woman clung to the child and wept when she learned who Deubert was. Mary was in rags. She was emaciated in face and had spasms of whooping cough. The grandmother had absolutely no means of supporting the child. Neighbors gave the two all the food they got, which was of very poor quality, and scanty in supply. There was no doctor to look after the child.

Agent Deubert took the child to Jefferson Market yesterday morning and she was sent to Randall's Island. Mrs. Keeley said that the other child was in Connecticut, and Superintendent Jenkins learned that she was cared for there by well-to-do people, who had taken a fancy to her. Grandmother Keeley was allowed to remain with her neighbors in the rookery at her own request.

MAD DOG IN THE KENNELS.

The Trainer's Son and Six Valuable Animals Bitten.

A bright-faced boy in knickerbockers is the latest patient to try the efficacy of the Pasteur treatment at Dr. Gibier's institute in West Tenth street. The lad is Willie Bunnell, the 11-year-old son of J. W. Bunnell, a dog trainer of Forked River, N. J. He was bitten a month ago by a big hound owned by Pierre Lorillard, who had put the dog in the kennels of C. O. Fredmore of Forked River to be trained.

On Aug. 26 the dog became restless and finally escaped from the kennels. He wandered into Bunnell's kennel, a mile away. One after another he seized in his teeth a pointer, a setter, a mastiff, and three other dogs. Willie Bunnell tried to drive the hound off, and was bitten in the left forearm. The boy's father shot and killed the dog.

A veterinary surgeon attended the wounded dogs, while the boy's injuries were dressed by the family doctor. A week ago the bitten dogs became very restless and savage, and two of them died in convulsions. Mr. Bunnell then became alarmed for his son and brought him to the Pasteur Institute. Dr. Gibier found eight distinct wounds on the boy's forearm, several of them very deep. Mr. Bunnell also brought two of the bitten dogs, which Dr. Gibier put in a cage in his yard.

Last Friday morning the dogs made such a racket by their barking that the neighbors appealed to the police of the Charles street station for relief. Dr. Gibier was notified to abate the nuisance. As he considered the condition of the dogs hopeless, he put them to death. One of them, a pointer valued at $1,000, was shot. The other, a setter purchased for $800, was killed by means of chloroform. The carcasses were cremated on Saturday.

Dr. Gibier thinks the boy will escape hydrophobia.

Trainer Fredmore was himself a patient of Dr. Gibier's last year for several months.

O'NEIL AND HIS WIFE ARE OUT.

Each Wants an Absolute Divorce and the Wife Wants Alimony.

Adelia O'Neil moved for counsel fee and alimony before Judge Gildersleeve of the Superior Court yesterday in her action for absolute divorce from James O'Neil, teacher of boxing at the New York Racquet Club.

Mrs. O'Neil began with charges of cruelty and a demand for a limited divorce. She said that O'Neil, who is a powerfully built man, while she is of frail frame, repeatedly struck her, once tried to pull her tongue out, and while they were living at the Gedney House threw her violently against the wall so that she became senseless.

He responded with an answer charging her with intoxication and with throwing various articles at him, including a poker and mirror. He also made charges of adultry with William J. Austin and another man. In reply she said that these men had been employed by him to shadow her. She also asked for an absolute divorce. She declares that he attempted to assault a Mrs. Oliveras in June, 1890. She says he lives at the rate of $75 a week, and thinks he should pay $30 a week alimony and $300 counsel fee.

Judge Gildersleeve reserved decision.

Some Folks Are Married Without Knowing It.

The motion of Magdalena Perez Spinetti, or de Teran, for counsel fee and alimony in her action to establish a common law marriage with Elbano Spinetti, proprietor of the Hotel America in Irving place, was argued yesterday before Judge Gildersleeve of the Superior Court. Spinetti denies the marriage.

David Leventritt, in behalf of the defendant, referring to several recent cases to establish "common law marriages," said it had been decided that alimony could not be given unless the plaintiff established a marriage satisfactorily by affidavits. Judge Gildersleeve said: "It would seem to be impossible to do it in this case. The fact is, as our law stands now, people don't know whether they are married or not."

He reserved decision.

To come to the point, it is hard to define just where sickness begins and health ends. Small things denote sometimes great disasters. A little sick headache; you did not sleep well last night; maybe you are nervous, out of temper; you are a little dyspeptic; food does not set well. Remove the cause to-day