FIVE BICYCLES IN CHASE.

A RACE WITH A HORSE, IN WHICH FOUR FALL BY THE WAYSIDE.

The Horse Was Driven by a Lunatic Whom the Cyclists Wanted to Capture—This Wasn't Accomplished Until the Horse Sat Down on His Haunches and the Remaining Cyclist Came a Cropper.

A race between a horse and five bicycles came off quite unexpectedly on the turnpike road from Jamaica to Flushing on Friday evening. Incidentally all the residents along the road joined in at various points, but the pace was too hot for them. The race might have been going yet, but for the fact that the horse got tired, and sat down on his haunches so abruptly that the single bicyclist left, the others having fallen by the wayside, propelled himself very forcibly into the rear of the buggy, and emerged in a highly unornamental condition. Furthermore, the driver of the horse threatened to lick him, but that might have been because the driver is crazy.

This is the most definite thing known about the driver, that he is crazy. Otherwise it is known that he is called Coony, that he is about 20 years old, and that he has been for some time past doing gardener's work for John Hartmann on the Flushing turnpike, about two miles from Jamaica. Coony has had the reputation of being eccentric for some time. Mr. Hartman viewed with equanimity his attempts at teaching the chickens how to speak German, a scheme which Coony has long cherished. He even listened patiently to his plans for training mosquitoes to sing in tune; but when it came to the gardener's ascending to the roof at uncanny hours of the night with a fish-horn, which he had bought from a peddler, and evolving from it a series of ear-piercing, sleep-destroying toots on the supposition that he was the Angel Gabriel, Mr. Hartmann drew the line, and sent Coony to his friend, Henry Wolfurst, who keeps the half-way house on the turnpike.

For a few days Coony got along first rate at the road house. Then he suddenly developed the highly original theory that Mrs. Wolfurst was a dynamite bomb and, as such, likely to prove a premature explosive at any moment. Whenever she approached he fled with yells, and on one occasion he ran down the road to meet Wolfurst, who had been to town, and announced, with great violence of gesture:

"She's gone. Your wife's gone. Flit! Boom! Bang!"

This sort of thing became wearisome, and finally Mr. Wolfurst decided to get a warrant for Coony, with a view to having a medical examination into his mental condition. He went to Jamaica and was referred to Flushing. On Friday evening accordingly, he ordered Coony to hitch up the horse, purposing to take the crazy man to Flushing. Coony hitched up and waited outside while his employer went up stairs after a coat. Half a dozen bicycles leaned against the fence outside the road house while their owners were refreshing themselves within. Coony took a violent dislike to these bicycles. He announced that he didn't like their shape and was going to tie them together and fling them into a tree. As he was about to tackle the job Mike Kelly, a bystander, interfered. This enraged the man. Jumping back into the buggy he yelled:

"Look out for me. I'm going. Clear the road. I'm a flash of greased lightning, and I'm going to strike."

Seiding the reins and whip, he shouted to the horse. Kelly grabbed the reins and pulled up the animal, but Coony, seizing his hand, bit it until he was glad to let go. Then the crazy man slashed the horse across the flanks and went out the gate at a tremendous pace. Wolfurst, who had just come down stairs, ran after him shouting:

"Help! Stop him! He's crazy! He'll kill himself and the horse, too."

Up jumped five of the bicyclists who were inside and ran down.

"Chase him up, boys," shouted one of them, as he jumped on his wheel. "Follow me."

"I'll give a case of beer to the fellow that gets him," shouted Wolfurst, as the five wheelmen sped away.

Everything favored a good race. The road is as smooth as a billiard table, the air was fine and bracing, the frightened horse, urged by his driver, who was standing up and yelling like a demon, set a tremendous pace, and, for incentive there was the keg of beer promised by the owner of the flying nag. The bicyclists were making good running a few rods behind, the one who had suggested the chase being in the lead. Mr. Wolfurst, puffing and throwing on fat, had fallen far behind. The chase had gone about half a mile, and four men, eleven small boys, and two women had joined in it when a poodle dog came scurrying out of a gateway directly in the middle of three of the wheelmen, who were riding in a bunch. Then came catastrophe.

The middle wheelman struck the dog square amidships and went over against his companion, and the third man rode square into the resultant tangle. The foot runners who came panting up were convinced that the bicyclists were three dime museum contortionists, for they and their wheels were twisted up in such remarkable shape that it took five minutes to get them apart, and when they finally were released their appearance would have brought disgrace on Coxey's army. As for the dog, he was twisted out of shape and limped away howling. Meantime the leader had sped on and the remaining rider was well up to him, but calamity was in store for him also. An old woman with a sun bonnet on ran out in the road in front of the runaway, lifted both hands, and cried "Shoo!" quite loud. When the horse showed no inclination to shoo she ducked out of the way and then scurried back again, not seeing the bicycle until the bell warned her. Then she became fatally rattled.

"Look out! look out!" she screamed. "You'll run over me. Go away!"

As the rider swerved she gave a skip that landed her directly in his path. There was a shriek, a howl, and a flurry and the old woman pointed her feet heavenward, while the bicyclist, after a brilliant flight of somersaults, brought up in a ditch, and crawled out again to find the interrupter of his progress struggling violently to get out from under his wheel and crying that she was murdered. By this time the chase was far ahead. The remaining rider had gained a little, but Coony kept urging on his horse. From time to time he would turn and shout:

"You can't catch me. I'm a thunderbolt and I go like the wind. You can't reach me."

But the weary horse had decided differently. He had come nearly two miles at a tremendous pace, and he slowed up a little to get breath. The bicycle gained. With a howl Coony seized the whip and gave the horse a cut. This is where he made a mistake, for the animal promptly reversed himself on his haunches and Coony went over the dashboard just as the pursuer, who hadn't had time to turn aside, came like a railroad train up against the rear of the buggy, and nearly lost his identity in the collision.

"What in blazes did you stop like that for?" he howled after getting the dirt out of his mouth.

"Who are you talking to?" demanded Coony, who wasn't feeling very well himself, having landed in a very promiscuous manner. "I've a good mind to break you in two right now."

There might have been a fight to finish off the race but for the arrival of a buggy containing Mr. Wolfurst and Mr. Hartmann, at the sight of whom Coony immediately calmed down and allowed himself to be taken to town, where he was locked up to be examined as to his sanity to-day. The horse and buggy were intact, but the old woman, the poodle dog, and the five wheelmen will bear the marks of that exciting chase for some days to come.

A FUGITIVE FOR A YEAR AT 16.

Did Henry Brown the Boy for Causing Whose Death He Is Now Arrested?

Detective Sergeant Daly of the Central Office squad in Brooklyn last night arrested Henry Smith, a 16-year-old orphan of 634 Manhattan avenue, on a charge of homicide.

The warrant for the boy's arrest was issued some months ago by Police Justice Potts of Jersey City on the complaint of John J. O'Crowley of 45 Hudson street. James O'Crowley, the 14-year-old son of the complainant, was drowned in the Morris Canal on Aug. 28, 1893, and the father alleges that the Smith boy was directly responsible for his son's death.

He says that his son, Smith, and other boys were in bathing, and that Smith seized his son and held him under the water until he became unconscious, and then, letting go his hold, swam off and left him to perish.

Directly after the affair Smith jumped on a canal boat and made his way to Boston, where he remained for several months. Three months ago he came to Brooklyn and got employment at Pratt's oil works. It was only a few days ago that the Jersey City police, who have been looking for him for nearly a year, got track of his whereabouts.

The boy said last night that, although he pushed young O'Crowley under the water, he had no intention whatever to do him any injury. When he realized that the boy was in danger he swam to his side and tried to rescue him. Smith seized his arm with such a strong grip that he tore away a part of the flesh, and it was only to save his own life that he broke away from him. He was so frightened, he said, that he fled to Boston. He will be taken to Jersey City to-morrow.

Arrested for the Rock Island Wreck.

LINCOLN, Neb., Aug. 11.—Washington Davis, the negro arrested on the charge of causing the Rock Island wreck here, in which twelve persons were burned to death, is closely guarded to prevent a lynching. There is a strong belief that he is the man who wrecked the train, but it is generally thought that he was hired to do the deed. The Coroner's jury met to-day and adjourned until Monday. No more bodies have been discovered in the wreck.

TWO THEATRES OPENED.

"In the Name of the Czar" at Niblo's—The The People's Has "Bleak House."

The unusual dulness in theatrical matters which has prevailed since the summer months began was interrupted last night when performances were given at two of the city theatres. At Niblo's the play was "In the Name of the Czar," a Russian melodrama of Western origin. That is to say, it is Russian as far as the names of the characters go, and the scene of the adventures is said by the programme to have been St. Petersburg. But, as a matter of fact, they could hardly have occurred in any land, and they proved to be unexciting.

There were some very designing persons in the play who seemed determined to commit all sorts of wickedness, but they accomplished very little in that direction. They called one another Nihilists and the programme called their residence "a den," when it really appeared to be not an uncomfortable sort of a room. There was the male Nihilist who in the first act threw a decrepit old lady off a bridge into the water, which was not a very brave thing for him to do, as he was double her size. But he was considerate about it, and let her down so gradually that her fall was not a matter of more than two or three feet. This ruffian's associate was a female Nihilist, who never even drowned an old woman, and who became completely reformed before the end of the play and was very sorry she had talked so much about murder and such topics during the early part of the evening. She never did anything worse, though, except to delight herself as a gypsy papa's girl to court balls, where she made herself disagreeable through her sarcastic remarks.

There was an American who set out to thwart this couple and he did it principally by means of a yacht, which appears to have been an interesting vessel. It must have had in some way the properties of an air boat, for it was no rare thing for its owner to appear at a second-story window whenever the situation had become critical and say: "Here is my yacht; come aboard, all is safe." Then his rescued friend would climb out of the window, presumably to go aboard and be relieved from another of the embarrassing situations that appear by this play to be inseparable from high life in Russia. This young man spent the greater part of his time in other people's rooms, but usually to help them out of scrapes. On the other hand it was not always quite clear in whose rooms the characters were or how they had got there. The author of the play has not given us very little to illuminate the audience on the points which the writer had left obscure. The nobles were not very distinguished, the Nihilists were mild-mannered, and the American's like has never been seen before. There was a girl who did a skirt dance at an imperial ball at the Winter Palace, and an Irish valet sang to the apparent delight of the supernumaries. The author of the play is George E. Jenks.

The Bowery theatrical season began with the opening of the People's Theatre. The house has been much improved in appearance during the summer, and is supplied with a sufficient number of electric fans to keep its auditorium cool. Last night's play, which will continue all this week, was "Bleak House." In it Jane Coombs assumed the two roles, *Lady Dedlock* and *Hortense*. She was entirely successful in pleasing her audience in these widely differing characters and won especially hearty approval in the former, when defying the accusing attorney, *Tulkinghorn*. The supporting company were capable, Lola Bertelle and W. J. Raymond excelling as *Jo* and *Guppy*, but, aside from Miss Coombs, the best liked participant was G. Parson, who contributed an excellent quaracter bit as *Krooks*. The pistol was over eager, and went off full five minutes before its time. Then, of course, it missed fire when the right time came, but no trouble was caused thereby, and the play went off to the satisfaction of all present.

ATTEMPT TO ROB A BANK.

The Outer Doors of the Vault Blown Open When the Burglars Were Frightened Off.

UTICA, N. Y., Aug. 11.—The outer doors of the vault in the bank at West Winfield were blown open this morning with dynamite. A second cartridge with a fuse was placed in the last door, when the villagers, who had been alarmed by a young man who had seen a light in the bank at 3 A. M., scared the burglars away. The work was done by professionals, and if they had not been disturbed a few minutes more would have sufficed to make their job complete. Nothing remained to be done when they fled, excepting to light the fuse connected with the dynamite and secure the plunder after the explosion. It is believed that there were at least three men employed in the attempted burglary.

Last night a smooth-speaking, well-dressed stranger hired a team of horses and a two-seated rig from a livery in Ilion, about fifteen miles away, saying he was going to Cedarville, a village near West Winfield. The stranger was 40 or 45 years old, weighed 140 pounds, and was 5 feet 9 inches tall. He wore a black mixed suit and coatee, was dressed in fashionable black clothes, and wore a soft black felt hat. At about 6 o'clock this morning the rig was returned to Ilion by a man 30 years old, 6 feet tall, and of an athletic build. He was of medium build, light complexion, wore gray clothes, an off-colored overcoat and a black Derby hat. He was accompanied by another well-built man, who had a sandy moustache, were dark clothes and a straw hat. The man who hired the horses gave the name of J. H. Smith. These three men drove to West Winfield, twenty-one miles south of here, and, after visiting the bank, drove back to Ilion. It is supposed that they have escaped on the early morning Central-Hudson or West Shore Railroad trains. Not a cent was secured at the bank, and its business is in no way interfered with.

KILBRETH'S VACATION OVER.

Business and Politics Ready for the Collector on His Return.

Collector Kilbreth arrived from Europe yesterday on the Paris. Immediately after the Harvard commencement, in the last week of June, at which his son James T., Jr., took the highest honors in the study of political science, the two left for a run through London and Paris and some of the prettier spots in the English villages. The Collector left his son abroad.

Deputy Collectors Phelps, Hawthorne, Cosby, and Chief Clerk Dunn of the Navigation Bureau, were up most of Friday night waiting for word that the Paris had been sighted. The news was received at 4 o'clock yesterday morning and the four Federal officials boarded the revenue cutter Sperry and steamed down the bay. The Paris boomed into Quarantine on time yesterday morning and the deputies joined their chief.

At the wharf the Collector for the first time grasped the hand of Surveyor McGuire, who had been appointed and confirmed in his absence. They were glad to see each other. There was a short talk, and the Collector made straight for his office in the Custom House, where his friends told him the political news. He is as brown as Thomas C. Platt's russet shoes, and he buckled into the problems submitted by J. J. Couch, acting Collector in his absence.

Death of Joseph A. Shoudy.

Lawyer Joseph A. Shoudy died yesterday afternoon at his home, 200 McDonough street, Brooklyn. He was a member of the firm of Wing, Shoudy & Putnam, whose offices are at 45 William street. His age was 62 years.

He was a trustee of the Tompkins Avenue Congregational Church, from which he will be buried on Tuesday afternoon. He leaves a wife and four children.

Edward E. Cooper, aged 56 years, of Brooklyn died at Kingston yesterday afternoon at the home of his sister, the widow of the late Hon. Augustus Schoonmaker, where he had been ill for two months with a complication of diseases. Mr. Cooper was for many years one of the firm of A. Dougherty & Co., manufacturers of playing cards, Centre street, New York city.

Tried to Frighten a Policeman with an Empty Pistol.

Michael Callahan, 21 years old, of 1,162 Second avenue, alias "Smiling Mickey," was arrested last evening charged with robbery and assaulting an officer. On Tuesday evening he went into the saloon of Michael Martercelli at 303 East Forty-fifth street, and while the proprietor's back was turned he leaned over the bar and stole the till and its contents.

Last evening a policeman met Callahan on Forty-eighth street, near First avenue, and stepped up to arrest him. Callahan drew a revolver and pointed it at the policeman's head. It was knocked from his hand by a blow of the officer's club and was found to be unloaded. Callahan was locked up in the Fifty-first street station house.

A Militiaman Run Over by a Train.

STATE CAMP, PEEKSKILL, Aug. 11.—Private Deville Delmar of the Sixth Battery, which arrived here to-day, had his right foot crushed under the wheels of the train at Cobleskill, Schoharie county. The train, which had stopped, started up just as Delmar boarded it. He slipped and fell under the wheels. He was taken to Albany, and his foot was amputated at the City Hospital.

Where Yesterday's Fires Were.

A. M.—1:20, 90 Canal street, Eddelson & Schwartz, damage $1,100; 7:35, 159 Tenth avenue, Matilda Mills, damage $200.

P. M.—2, 2,441 Eighth avenue, W. McLean, damage $100; 3:15, 1,000 Third avenue, Jacob Buckner and others, damage $1,500; 5:30, 702 Tenth avenue, Fisher, damage $15; 9:40, 182 East 124th street, damage $100.

Named for Congress.

Seventh District, Ill., H. D. Lloyd, Pop.

KIDNAPPED BY ROUGHS.

A YOUNG GERMAN GIRL'S TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE.

Elizabeth Schmidt Carried Off in Broad Daylight at West Farms and Held Captive All Night in an Unoccupied House—Three of Her Assailants Arrested.

Elizabeth Schmidt, a rather good-looking fifteen-year-old German girl, who is unable to speak English, was found at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon wandering about near West Farms in a half-dazed condition. Policeman John McKeown of the Tremont squad, who found the girl, took her to the police station, where she told a story that would be hard to believe were it not borne out by the confession of one of the persons whom she accuses.

The girl said that she lived with her uncle, Henry Meyer, and an aunt, Mrs. Marie Kramer, at 134th street and Eighth avenue. The number of the house she could not remember. On Friday afternoon she went to West Farms with her uncle to see a friend of his who is a shoemaker there. While Meyer was in the shop she waited outside, and as he stayed quite a long time she wandered a short distance along the road.

As she walked along a man approached her and asked her to take a walk with him. She declined and turned back, whereupon two other men, coming in the opposite direction to the first, confronted her, and before she could make any outcry they seized her and bore her into the bushes, several hundred yards from the road. She struggled to get free, but two of the men held her while the third gagged her, and then the three took her to an unoccupied house at a place known as "Wright's Farm," where they assaulted her. Afterward, she said, two of the men left her with a man who is now a prisoner, but a few hours later they returned with two more men, who also maltreated her.

The men kept her in the house all night, and at daybreak yesterday morning left. For a long time she said she was too weak to rise, but after several hours she managed to leave the house. She found a park policeman, who gave her some clothes and told her how to get to West Farms. Charles Miller, who keeps a lemonade stand at West Farms, met the girl on the road, and thought her insane. He got his stepson, Truckman John Kelly, to take her to West Farms on his truck. The girl wandered about the square while Kelly was telling Policeman McKeown about her. The policeman questioned her and learned part of her story.

While she was talking to him she saw a man passing who she said was one of her assailants. As soon as the fellow saw the policeman he ran across the bridge into Westchester county, and made for the woods. McKeown pursued and captured him. At the police station the prisoner said he was William Mc. Berwen, of 1,000 Main street, West Farms, a carpenter by trade. Sherwood admitted the entire truth of the girl's story, and also confessed his part in the crime. He did not seem to consider the affair as serious, and said he would tell the whole story if he if the authorities would promise to let him off easy.

Capt. Thompson of the Tremont station and two of his detectives went to West Farms last night and arrested Christopher Bischoff, 22 years old, of 2,039 Main street, and Henry Murfitt, 19 years old, of 1,906 Main street. Both prisoners were brought to the Tremont police station and locked up.

Neither of them has any steady occupation. They admitted having been with Sherwood and the girl on Friday night. Thompson said his men were still at work on the case at a late hour last night, and it was expected that two or three more arrests would be made before morning.

Neither Henry Meyer nor Mrs. Kramer, who the girl says are her uncle and aunt, could be found in the neighborhood of 134th street and Eighth avenue, so she was sent to the headquarters of the Gerry society, at Twenty-third street and Fourth avenue. She will, it is thought, be able to appear against the prisoners, who will be arraigned in the Morrisania Police Court this morning.

THE GAMBLERS SHOWED FIGHT.

Two Officers in a Scrimmage on the Race Track Steamer Aeronaut.

A couple of policemen had an exciting tussle last evening with two gamblers on board the steamer Aeronaut, which plies between East 155th street and Whitestone, L. I. The boat is patronized by persons going to the races at Flushing, and on her race track trips is infested with petty gamblers, who do a good business in the shell game, three-card monte, and other games used to fleece the uninitiated.

Yesterday afternoon Roundsman Early and Policeman McCullom of the harbor police were passengers on the boat and kept a sharp eye on the gamblers. They saw two games in full blast—one a "red and black game," and the other what is known as "number seven." They were being run by Peter Young of 211 East 117th street and John Jacobs of 471 East 117th street. On the return trip the officers decided to arrest these men.

The steamer was about to make a landing at the foot of East 92d street when they made a sudden dash among the gang and attempted to arrest Young and Jacobs. A fight followed, and during it the lamp in the forward part of the boat was knocked down and the cabin was left in total darkness. There was great excitement for a time among the passengers, but the officers made a good fight and finally secured the two principals.

The men were safely landed, but the other players escaped and took all the stakes.

EACH CHARGES ABANDONMENT.

Mr. Lawrence Is Sixty-one—His Wife Wants an Absolute Divorce.

Justice Truax of the Supreme Court has granted Mary B. Lawrence alimony of $5 a week and a counsel fee of $75 pending her suit for an absolute divorce from her husband, William H. Lawrence, and has also granted the motion of the husband to transfer the trial of the case from this county to Rockland county.

Mr. Lawrence was married on Sept. 27, 1864. He is 61 years old, and he lives at 80 Teamsters' Row, Garnersville, Rockland county. Mrs. Lawrence avers that her husband abandoned her in 1879, and has since refused to contribute to her support. He says that she abandoned him, and that one night when he came home he found the doors of the house locked and most of the furniture removed. She went back to her parents to live. He has always been and is ready now to receive her back.

Mrs. Lawrence contradicts her husband concerning their separation, and declares that he has been living with another woman as his wife in Garnerville. He denies this, and says that the woman, who is 67 years old, is merely his housekeeper.

Funeral of Thomas F. Burke.

The funeral of Thomas F. Burke, who died last Wednesday at his home, 414 Madison street, was held yesterday morning at St. Rose of Lima's Catholic Church in Cannon street, where solemn requiem mass was celebrated by Father Mottinly. Among those who accompanied the body to the grave were Assemblyman Foley, Congressman Campbell, Senator Ahearn, John Simpson, Coroner Edward T. Fitzpatrick, ex-Coroner McKenna, Deputy County Clerk Scully, Patrick Roach, Gustav Meninger, Thomas Shiels, T. F. Lynch, Charles Eleaman, John J. Purcell, Police Justice Ryan, and John Keenan.

Arrested in Baltimore for Forgery in New York.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 11.—Henry Hull, who is wanted in New York for forgery, was arrested to-night, and is held for the New York authorities.

Hull had purchased a ticket for Europe and intended to sail in a day or two.

Cholera in Holland.

AMSTERDAM, Aug. 11.—Two deaths from cholera were reported in this city to-day. Other infected towns in Holland report as follows: Maastricht, two new cases; Halfweg, five deaths; Haarlem, one new case; Zaandam, one new case.

Notes of Foreign Happenings.

The American pilgrims gave the Pope $4,000 in Peter's pence.

The Prince of Wales entertained George Gould at dinner last evening.

The Queen summoned Lord Salisbury to Osborne House to dine with Emperor William last evening.

The villages destroyed by the earthquake in Sicily a few days ago will be rebuilt by the Government and the taxes of the inhabitants will be remitted.

The French Court of Appeals has decided to ask the Government to prosecute the *Intransigeant* for printing Henri Rochefort's insulting criticisms of the Judges who are conducting the trials of Anarchists.

SPARKS FROM THE TELEGRAPH.

A Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg passenger train was wrecked at Leroy, N. Y., yesterday morning by an Erie freight train backing onto it while it was crossing the Erie tracks. None of the passengers was injured. A newsboy was hurt, but not seriously.

Deville Palmer, a member of the Sixth Battery of Binghamton, had his right foot amputated at the Albany City Hospital yesterday. He was on his way with his battery to the State camp. At Cobleskill he left the train, and in attempting to get on again when it was under way one car passed over his ankle.

PRIZE HORSES AT HOLLYWOOD.

Mrs. Frederick Gebhard Wins a Number of Ribbons.

ASBURY PARK, Aug. 11.—The second day of the Monmouth county open air show at Hollywood Park was a success. Charles Bates took a number of prizes, and Mrs. Frederick Gebhard was also successful. For roadsters shown to road wagons, horse to count 50 per cent., wagons and appointments 50 per cent., had five entries. In the exercise Prince, the bay gelding owned by L. H. Phillips, overturned his wagon.

The driver held fast to the reins and was on his feet before the bystanders reached his side. He jumped up, and, in spite of protests, resumed his place. Ben Thurston, the bay stallion owned by William M. V. Hoffman, took first prize; Berpodobny, William E. D. Stokes's black stallion, took second prize, and third prize went to the black gelding Bert Bashaw, owned by Albert G. Spalding.

For mares or geldings, 14.2 hands and under, shown under saddle, there were five entries. Corbett, a bay gelding, owned by Fred Hoey, took the first prize. Jennie Wren, Joseph Livingston's bay mare, took second prize, and Gambler, a bay gelding, owned by the New York Coach Horse and Cab Company, won third prize. For pairs of horses shown to private trap, Mrs. Frederick Gebhard took first prize with Nip and Tuck, a pair of beautiful matched brown geldings. Maurice Untermyer won second prize with Ralph and Duke, and J. J. Rothschild captured third prize. For pairs of horses shown to a trap, ladies to drive, Magpie, a gray mare, and Lady Gay, a chestnut mare, entered by Harry McLaughlin, took first prize, and a pair of grays owned by the Monmouth County Hunt won second prize. Frank and Mary, a pair of chestnut geldings, owned by Mrs. T. H. Spaulding, were third.

For mares or geldings shown under the saddle, ladies to drive, Ray, a bay gelding, owned by Mrs. W. E. Kotman, won first prize; Good Boy, owned by the Monmouth County Hunt, second, and Dudley, a bay gelding, owned by Edward Wasserman, third. For a pair of cobs or ponies not exceeding 14.3 hands shown to appropriate traps, Harry McLaughlin's gray mares Lady Gay and Magpie took first prize; Jennie Wren and Prodigy, owned by Joseph Livingston, won second, and Louise and Fetiche, owned by Mrs. Frederick Gebhard, third.

For four-in-hands, amateurs to drive, Charles Bates won first prize with a pair of bay geldings, a black mare and a gray gelding. Frederick Gebhard won second prize with Nip and Tuck and Fuss and Feathers, four brown geldings. Four gray geldings, owned by the Monmouth County Hunt, took third prize. For pairs, performance in four-in-hands, driven by amateurs, Richard F. Corman took the prize. For pairs of horses shown before a victoria or cabriolet, Mrs. Frederick Gebhard took first prize with Fuss and Feathers. Joseph Livingston took second prize with Coffee and Milk, and S. Simon, Jr., took third prize with the brown geldings, Duke and Prince.

The ribbon for best performance of hunters or jumpers, over fences five feet high, G. Warrington Curtis's Manton took first prize, and Punch, owned by the Monmouth County Hunt, took second.

The award for teams driven to farmer's wagon went to Michael Hines. He is a typical farmer and is over 80 years old.

A Swarthmore College Wheelman Breaks His Collar Bone.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 11.—The Park Avenue Wheelmen gave the best race meet of the local season to-day. E. A. Bofinger of New York broke the Riverton track record in competition by making the mile in 2:23 4-5. Owing to the heat only fields there were represented, and the most serious being that to H. W. Lewis of Swarthmore College, who rode over an embankment and broke his collar bone.

Judging by Appearances.

From London Pun.

Little Tommy, being taken to the theatre for the first time, and seeing, from the pit, the well-known Lady Dashe in a private box, afterward refers to her as "That woman who was on the first floor having a bath!"

Saved by a Woman's Hard Ride.

From the Tucson Citizen.

At Smith's mill, fifty miles northwest of Phoenix, arising from his cot Sunday night for a drink of water, Harry Carroll stepped squarely upon a rattlesnake and was bitten upon the bare foot.

There were two pints of frontier whiskey at the camp, and one of these Carroll immediately pumped into his system. Some money was in his pocket, he then mounted a horse and started for the stage station at the cañon of the Hassayampa, a dozen miles away. On the road he drank the remaining flask and from that time on he knew nothing, save that he fell from his horse.

Mrs. Conger, the custodian of the station, was alarmed to see the horse coming back, and mounted the animal, and, accompanied by her dog, she started on the search. Eight miles away, in the stony hills fully exposed to the glare of Arizona's July sun, solely through the intelligence of the dog, Carroll was found lying unconscious. He had been there eleven hours. The plucky woman loaded the suffering man on the horse, and bringing him back to the mill, nursed him out of danger.

The day was hot in the extreme, and the dog, in search for the man, became overheated and on returning to the camp died within a few hours. It may be believed that he was given a burial as good as the camp could afford.

Some People Are Exacting.

From the Courier-Journal.

A demure-looking little woman entered a drug store in the central part of the city last evening and asked the clerk if they kept postage stamps. When answered in the affirmative she pulled a small pocketbook from her pocket, and after looking through it, she said she wanted five cents' worth. The clerk smiled and said that he could not give her five cents' worth, as they kept only two-cent stamps. She picked up the nickel, which she had laid on the counter, and started toward the door. She stopped before she had reached it, and looked around at the clerk, and said:

"Well, you people in this store are the most unaccommodating persons I ever saw, and I will never buy another thing here as long as I live, and I will tell everybody I see in the neighborhood about you, too." With that she rushed out and slammed the screen door. The last seen of her she was walking rapidly up the street. When she had left the clerk said that was only an example of what took place every day. "Why," he said, "a woman came into the store the other day and complained that we did not put enough mucilage on our stamps, and then got perfectly furious when I told her that we did not make them ourselves. I'll tell you," he continued, "such women are awfully hard to get along with."

The Southern Idea of Hot Weather.

From the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

MOBILE, July 31.—The weather has been excruciatingly warm to-day, the thermometer going very near to 90 in the shade.

JOTTINGS ABOUT TOWN.

THE SUN has received $1 from "F." for the family of Louis K. Kreitzman.

There will be music at 4 P. M. to-day at the Mall, Central Park, by the Seventh Regiment Band.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the American Bar Association will be held at Saratoga on Aug. 22, 23, and 24.

Charles Miller, the murderer of August Hoeffler, who committed suicide in the Tombs prison on Wednesday morning, was buried from the Morgue yesterday. The body was taken to the Lutheran Cemetery.

Cloakmakers' Union No. 1 and the International Cloakmakers' Union held a meeting in New Irving Hall, 214 Broome street, yesterday afternoon, and the Amalgamated Cloakmakers' Union is now a fact. The result is a victory for the anti-Baroness faction.

John Ferguson, 4 years old, of 228 East Forty-third street, while playing in the street, near his home, last evening, was run over by a truck and so injured that he died a few minutes later. The driver of the truck, Aloysius Dietz of 442 East Fifty-ninth street, was arrested.

Mrs. Caroline Schmidt, the wife of Conrad Schmidt, who died on the Albany steamer Drew on Friday morning, called at the Morgue yesterday and took charge of her husband's body. Mrs. Schmidt said that her husband was a tailor, and that he lived with her at 149 Rockbeen street, Brooklyn. He had been in ill health for some time, and went to the Catskills three weeks ago, hoping to improve his condition. He was on his way home when he died.

The man who was drowned at the foot of East Seventy-eighth street on Friday was probably J. Kelly, a stonecutter in the employ of Norcross Brothers, contractors, at 160 Fifth avenue. It was at first thought that the man was B. H. Madden on account of a card bearing that name that was found in the coat pocket. Further search of the clothing was made yesterday, and papers were found that seem to show that the man's real name was Kelly.

A STORY BY THE KAISER.

BERLIN NAMES HIM AS THE AUTHOR OF "A LETTER."

It Appears to a Book of Tales Which Has Count Eulenburg's Name on the Title Page, and Deals with the Emperor's Pet Theme, Army Officers' Extravagance.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

BERLIN, July 18.—As strategist and sportsman, artist and soldier, preacher and virtuoso, after-dinner speaker and dignified debater, as architect and composer, State manager, censor, diplomatist—in all these various rôles readers of the *Globe-Democrat* know and have watched the Kaiser, who is as versatile if not as crafty as his great ancestor Frederick the Only, the name given to "Old Fritz" by his Germans.

At the present moment his Majesty is about to pose before his subjects as a short story writer. A book, now in press, "Tales, Legends, and Dreams," the title page of which names Count Eulenburg as author, contains, among others, a narrative from William's pen that cannot fail to make a deep impression. It deals with the topic, so much in evidence on the Continent, and especially in Germany, "Luxury Among Army Officers," which the Kaiser once before discussed in a general order three years ago.

Baron von X. has practically not a pfennig aside from his pay, but manages to conceal this fact under cover of a great name. His father was a Colonel in the Hussars, who squandered his fortune and left a widow, this son, and two daughters depending upon a moderate pension. The young ladies, by the grace of the King, were admitted to one of the homes for indigent noblewomen; the privy purse also equipped the young Lieutenant for his present position and provides him occasionally with a little cash in shawer to his pettiness.

Yesterday he received 100 marks from that source "to replenish his wardrobe," and this is the way he lives up to his promise.

"I had a stormy interview with my tailor this morning," he told his companions in confidence. "The scoundrel of a coppmoner actually attempted to refuse credit to a baron of the ancient empire. I let him have the length of my tongue, and eventually he felt so cheap as to be quite compelled to send around the new uniform I wear."

The trio laughed and clinked glasses.

"Confusion to obstreperous creditors, Baron!"

The Freiherr, not to be outdone, answered the toast with a sneering, "Death to troublesome relatives!"

Somebody asked across the table how the Freiherr's immediate superior, Capt. D., was "behaving."

"Quite gentlemanly, as usual, in the service, but all right in private," answered the Baron in an undertone, and added loudly: "I should have invited him to this love feast; it is not every day that my tenants are punctual."

The conversation then turned upon horses, dancers, and good living subjects which interested all present and for which every body confessed having a soft spot in his heart. Reputations were demolished, the names of fair women blasted by innuendoes and side thrusts. Who cares? If, perchance, a friend or relative of the abused person be present, let him say so, and we will give ample satisfaction, arms in hand.

The head waiter tiptoed to the Baron's chair and respectfully announced that his lordship's bursche craved an audience.

"Let him come in."

The bursche entered with military step, resounding through the gorgeous dining hall. He brought a pair of white kid gloves, a clean handkerchief, and a bouquet of roses in tissue paper.

"Call a cab and place these things inside," said the Baron; "I hope these flowers won't spoil while 'Cheri' is delighting the patrons of the garden. And, say, plant yourself on the box next the coachman, for I may not be completely on top by the time we get through here."

And as the bursche still remained glued to the spot, he added impatiently, "Is there anything else, then blockhead?"

"At your command, Herr Lieutenant. A letter from Herr Baroness."

The message cried: "Pardon my indiscretion, my dear Freiherr, but has mademoiselle already assumed the family name and title?"

Von X., tearing the letter from the bursche's hand, said very coldly, after scanning the address, "From my mother, if you please."

A poor envelope, inscribed with ink of a rusty hue, in an unsteady hand. As the Lieutenant opened it two 5-mark bills (about $2.40) fell upon the floor.

The Freiherr blushed violently, fearing that his boon companions might have observed the paltry enclosure. He would rather be penniless for a week than incur their contempt.

The waiter rushed forward to pick up the notes, but the Freiherr gave him a withering look that made the man desist. Then, crushing his mother's letter in his left hand and placing his foot over the notes, he cried: "Two magnums, waiter!"

The assessor smote the table before him and said: "Bravo, dear Freiherr, you are the right man to keep up one's spirits."

"I congratulate 'Cheri,'" laughed the other.

The next morning the scrub woman found two wine-stained 5-mark notes on the floor, which she kept, and a letter, which she turned over to George, the head waiter, who intends selling it to the assessor. The letter read as follows:

"MY DEAR SON: I have done as you requested, and hope you will not find fault with your poor old mother, as you are in the habit of doing. I send your papa's foreign decorations, as far as they had not been returned, and also pawned his sword of honor, given him by the officers of his regiment after the war of 1866. I raised 300 marks, which I would have sent you forthwith had not the doctor, the landlord, the grocer, and others gotten wind of the affair. They fairly besieged me until I paid off my indebtedness to them. Twenty marks is all I have saved out of the wreck, and half of that amount I enclose, trusting in God that you will not despise the small gift.

"Ten marks is not much in Berlin, but, my dearly beloved son, when spending it think that your poor old mother manages to live three whole days on such a 'pittance,' as once before you called this amount.

"Do not tell me, pray, I should have sold the sword, instead of pawning it. I could not bear doing it. It would make me feel as if your poor father as cursing me from the heavens.

"And, my son, you will not begrudge your mother her freeness of debt? It is the first time in many years that I can look my tradespeople in the face. And I need their good will, for without it I would starve, considering that I send you one-half of my pension.

"But what a price I paid for this momentary happiness. Ah, I must not think of it, though, as a matter of fact, I acted only upon your advice, and you are the head of the family.

"Pray, forgive me, my dearly beloved son, whom God preserve, and be embraced by your poor old mother."

"Beloved son, whom God may preserve!" To b—l with such a son!

UP SPOKE THE CAPT.'S PARROT.

An Opportune Remark of the Bird Evoked the Taking Bid.

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

"Going! going! for the third and last time, gentlemen! Are you all done? Sold! Sold to the Colonel for $450. It was a good price, gentlemen, and we'll all have a bowl."

These were the closing words of the auctioneer at the sale of a parrot in the apartments where the bird had been a conspicuous figure for years. He belonged to a man about town whose best known name is "Captain." It seems an enormous sum to be paid for a parrot, but this is no ordinary bird, and the purchaser thinks he has a bargain. The Captain has a reputation for being one of the best entertainers in the city, and his apartments have been the scene of many a merry gathering of the "good fellows" of his long list of acquaintances. They have also been the rendezvous of a select coterie who have gathered there many times to play draw poker. The parrot occupied a prominent place in the cardroom, and when a game was in progress and a player passed or dropped out he usually gave some moments to conversation with him, and it is reasonable to believe true his statement that "he has a vocabulary that is a wonder."

Some time ago "Cap" announced he was going to redeem the ranks of the "undomesticated," and join the ranks of benedicts. He also announced that he would desert his old quarters, and that if any of the crowd whose faces were familiar in them particularly desired any object contained in the room in the way of a memoir for a more practical reason they might have the same by making known his wants. At this announcement there was a general request for the parrot. Everybody wanted him. The requests became so