TABLEAUX AT NEWPORT.

SOCIETY POSES FOR CHARITY AT THE CASINO.

A Brilliantly Successful Entertainment Last Evening in Aid of the Newport Hospital—The Programme—Sketches of the Tableaux Vivants Made at Rehearsals.

NEWPORT, R. I., Aug. 22.—The pretty Casino theatre was a veritable tropical garden to-night, when a series of tableaux vivant was given from which a large sum was realized in aid of the Newport Hospital.

Splendid palms were set around the room, and with the handsome stage setting made a picture of rare beauty. It was the most fashionable affair of the season.

The tableaux were shown in two frames, a small gilt one and a large plush one. They were interspersed with music by Mullally's orchestra.

ASSASSINATION OF DUC DE GUISE.
(Henry Whitehouse, John Ford, and R. L. Cottenet.)

After the tableaux the participants were entertained at dinner by Mrs. Victor Sorchan, tables being set on the piazza outside the Casino theatre, which was enclosed with awnings and draperies.

MARIE ANTOINETTE.
(Miss Brice.)

JANE, COUNTESS OF HARRINGTON.
(Mrs. A. Cass Canfield.)

With all the social prestige that the patronage of youth and beauty and fashion could lend the entertainment, and the aid of everything in the way of stage accessories that wealth could furnish, it was a foregone conclusion that the tableaux vivant would be a great success.

It was no wonder then that carriage after carriage rolled up to the Casino doors, depositing their daintily gowned occupants in the pretty auditorium, that looked even more charming than on ordinary festive occasions, having been transformed into a bower by artistic floral decorations. When the cottagers of Newport first decided to give an entertainment this summer for the benefit of the Newport Hospital, which is the favorite charity of the town, long was the discussion as to what form that entertainment should take.

Theatricals had been tried before, with varying success; concerts involved a large outlay for professional talent, and the tableaux were naturally suggested to minds alive to the requirements of the times. Not that a word was said about "living pictures," yet, after all, what Boticelli was after famous paintings with costume and surroundings in facsimile, what can these be called if not "living pictures"? However, tableaux vivants or "living pictures," whichever they were, they were a great success.

That the projectors proposed something novel and elaborate may be gathered from the fact that the houses of the most prominent of the summer colony had been levied on for "properties" to add beauty to the various scenes. To Mr. Eliot Gregory, the artist, who has a studio in the old Madison Square Bank building in New York and who has been spending the summer with his aunt, Mrs. Baldwin of "Snug Harbor," belongs the credit for the clever representations of old pictures. He was deputed to select the subjects, arrange the pictures, and plan all details, but he was ably aided by Mrs. J. J. Astor, Mrs. Victor Lorchan, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, and other ladies of the Newport colony, who worked indefatigably for the success of the affair.

Quaint old pictures were chosen by Mr. Gregory and his associates. Bouchers, Jordaens, Van Loos, Leloirs, Delacroix, and even the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds were levied upon to arrange the programme for this evening. What a ransacking of old prints, odd miniatures, and paintings ensued when the various parts were allotted, none but the participants can tell. What conversations there were with maids, modistes, and hair dressers regarding make-up, gowns, and coiffures.

Suffice to say that when the curtain went up on the first tableau a low murmur of approval ran through an audience that is not accustomed to express surprise or admiration in even the least demonstrative way.

The tableaux and those who took part in them were: "Mme. Recamier," after David, Miss Edith Blight; "Amusements d'Hiver," after Boucher, Mrs. Victor Sorchan; "La Bouquetière," after Leloir, Mrs. J. J. Astor; "Jane, Countess of Harrington," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. A. Cass Canfield; "Mignonnette," after Boucher, Mr. and Miss Hoffman; "Assassination of the Duc de Guise," after Delacroix, Messrs. R. L. Cottenet, Whitehouse, and John Ford; "The Honorable Anne Bingham," after Sir Joshua Reynolds, Miss Cushing; "La Sultana," after Van Loo, Miss Alice Blight; "Marie Antoinette," after Vigee le Brun, Miss Kate Brice; "Jordaens and His Family," after Jordaens, Messrs. Cushing and Tiffany, and "Marguerite de Valois," after Porbin, Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt.

AMUSEMENT D'HIVER.
(Mrs. Victor Sorchan.)

The costumes were magnificent, from that of Mrs. John Jacob Astor as "La Bouquetière," in a wonderfully chic gown, all coquetry, loops, and roses, to stately "Marie Antoinette," Miss Brice, in a wonderful toilet fashioned exactly after that worn by the unfortunate Queen in Mme. Le Brun's famous picture.

It consisted of a white silk petticoat edged by two rows of sable, with corsage and long court train of royal blue velvet and the inevitable fichu of fine old lace encircling the neck. The quaint chair of deep maroon velvet, set in dull gold, in which Miss Brice was posed, once formed part of the royal suite in the Tuileries, and even the table and drapery were centuries old.

Mrs. Cass Canfield, as the Countess of Harrington, wore a white silk gown, which fell in the peculiarly studied, yet graceful, folds that Sir Joshua Reynolds's subjects always affected. But her's was a wonderfully effective pose, he gotened by absolute faithfulness to detail in regard to drapery.

In "The Assassination of the Ducde Guise" the men's costumes were most elaborate, and the doublet and hose were very becoming to the young knights of polo and tennis and the golf links. Miss Alice Blight was a fascinating "Sultana," while in the "Minuet" Mr. Ellis Hoffman and Miss Hoffman were quaintly attired in picturesque French costumes, with hair poudré.

Mrs. Victor Sorchan, snugly tucked up in a little Russian sleigh and wrapped in furs, with her conveyance seemingly pushed by a gallant skater in fur-trimmed cloak and big hat, looked delightfully cool.

THE HON. MISS BINGHAM.
(Miss Cushing.)

The patronesses of the entertainment were Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Ogden Goelet, Mrs. William C. Schermerhorn, Mrs. R. M. Cushing, Mrs. Frederick W. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Robert Goelet, Mrs. J. T. Bergen, Mrs. Brockholst Cutting, Mrs. Victor Sorchan, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. W. Watts Sherman, Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer, Mrs. Edward B. Wharton, Mrs. Egerton L. Winthrop, Jr., Mrs. Sidney Webster, and Mrs. J. H. Warren.

The accompanying pictures are from sketches made at rehearsals.

MME. RECAMIER.
(Miss Edith Blight.)

THE VICTIMS OF THE TURK.

THE ARMENIANS OF THE SASSOUN STARVING AND NAKED.

Dr. Grace N. Kimball and Others Appeal for Money with Which to Carry on the Work of Relief—Thousands of Them Are Homeless Wanderers Living upon Greens and upon the Leaves of Trees.

There are still great suffering and danger of wide-spread famine among the Armenians, who live in the Sassoun, the district in which the Turks committed their atrocities several months ago. Dr. A. Ayrazian, the Secretary of the committee which was recently formed in this city to work with the English Relief Committee, has received the following urgent appeal from Dr. Grace N. Kimball, an American missionary now working among the Armenians:

"VAN, TURKEY, July 23, 1895.

"DEAR SIR: My plan is to give work to the people instead of gratuitous aid, and it works finely—too well, alas, for the cash I have to work with. The need I can hardly exaggerate if I tried. I have been simply amazed at the horrible state of the people as revealed by this two weeks' work. There is simply no limit to the misery, and thousands of liras are needed to barely keep the people from starvation; and when cold weather sets in, the Lord have mercy on them! Every person aided is required to bring a certificate of need from a reliable source, but the number is so great that hundreds have been sent away empty handed, some of them weak and sick from hunger, and ragged almost to indecency. I have 288 persons on my working list, who represent about 1,100 souls, with a pay roll of about $100 a week. My method is to buy raw cotton and wool and have it washed, carded, spun, and woven into cloth by the people who are already skilled in such work. The product could be sold to the poor at a discount, if any one had any money with which to buy, but they simply haven't. Once the weather begins to grow cold, the demand for clothing will be tremendous, and if we can only afford it, every stitch could well be given away.

"Such is the industrial relief work which finds itself well nigh bankrupt already. The distress is unparalleled. I hope and pray that help may come. If it does not, may I not be here to see the onset of winter."

Mr. Graves, the English Consul at Erzeroum, writes the following to Sir Philip Currie, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, under the date of July 18, 1895:

"I am informed there is much sickness, including small-pox, among the returned refugees, and that the still unhealed wounds of many of them are in a very bad state from the heat. In this connection I have the honor to transmit copies of an extract from a private letter from Moush, dated June 24, which gives a painful account of the privations endured by the Talori people, whose condition is far worse than that of the other Sassounlis, both because they are more exposed to the attacks of the Kurds, and because nothing whatever was done to enable them to plough and sow for this year's summer crops. This letter is of special interest, in so far as it gives a definite estimate of the number of destitute persons to be provided for, and of the daily cost of supplying them with rations of bread. The letter from Moush says in part:

"'Talworig was composed of a number of villages, of which thirteen are now absolutely in ruins. No inhabitants remain, no buildings, not so much as a bit of timber. The former inhabitants are wanderers; last winter they took refuge in Psants district, which comprises more than thirty villages containing from twenty to 150 houses each, while some of them were scattered about Diarbekir. At the beginning of spring oppressions began at the hands of the nomad Kurds and others, and the villagers then decided that it was best to return to their former homes. There are about 800 of these houseless wanderers now living in the woods and mountains, in caves and hollow trees, half naked, and some, indeed, entirely without covering for their nakedness. Bread they have not tasted for months, and curdled milk they only dream of, living, as they do, upon greens and the leaves of trees. Living on such food they have become sickly; their skins have turned yellow; their strength is gone; their bodies are swollen, and fever is rife among them. I do not know what to suggest. There are more than 5,000 of these Sassoun people destitute and hungry.'"

Mr. Spencer Trask is the Treasurer of the New York Relief Committee, and contributions may be sent to his office at 27 Pine street.

LONDON, Aug. 22.—In the House of Commons to-day Mr. George N. Curzon, Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, said that under instructions Vice-Consul Hampson had visited the district of Sassoun in Armenia, and had the object of having the foreign missionaries act in concert in the distribution of food and other supplies for the support of the inhabitants of the villages in their neighborhood during the coming winter.

In regard to the Christian prisoners arrested by the Turkish authorities, he said, since the decree of amnesty issued on July 23 the prisoners confined in Constantinople had been released, but there was reason to suppose that a number of prisoners were still detained in Angora, Hafik, Diarbekir, and elsewhere, and the attention of the Porte had been called to this action of the Provincial Governors.

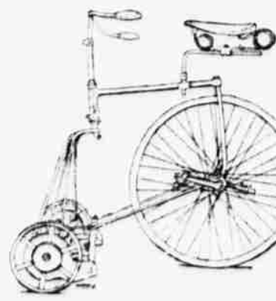
A BICYCLE LAWN MOWER.

The Invention Suggested by a Nineteen-year-old Boy at Newburgh.

NEWBURGH, Aug. 22.—Thomas Caldwell, who is supposed to have taken out more patents on lawn mowers than anybody else in the world, was talking the other day with William T. Hilton about arranging chains and pedals in such a way as to drive a small horse mower by man power when his nineteen-year-old son Harry spoke up:

"Why don't you take a big hand mower and attach it to the front of a bicycle in place of the front wheel?" he asked.

The boy's suggestion was tried and the invention of the mower cycle was the result. The machine is made with an ordinary bicycle hind wheel and a twenty-inch mower in the place of the front wheel. The mower wheels have rubber tires and they run just as smoothly as a bicycle itself. It is attached with long steel prongs or forks, and may be adjusted to cut high or low. The pedals are placed directly on the large wheel shaft, dispensing with the chain sprocket wheels and crank shaft of the bicycle. The strain of pushing the mower is taken off the frame and head of the machine by two rods, one on each side of the large wheel, one end of which is attached to the frame at the centre of the wheel, and the other to the mower. The machine turns more readily than a bicycle—in fact, may be turned around in a six-foot circle. It takes no more power to operate it than to propel an ordinary tricycle. It is not yet perfected to run on a side hill, but Mr. Caldwell expects to overcome this little difficulty, and is devising a piece of mechanism by which the rider will always retain a perpendicular position while the mower may be cutting with one end elevated higher than the other. The mower-cycle is guided just as the bicycle is, by the handles, and a lawn can be gone over in one-third of the time it takes to do it with an ordinary hand mower.



Foiled the Train Robbers.

GALVESTON, Aug. 22.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to hold up the Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fé No. 5 train at Heidenheimer, this morning at 2 o'clock. Trains 5 and 6 pass at Heidenheimer, and it was while No. 5 was pulling out of the switch that two men boarded the engine and at the point of their pistols forced the fireman and engineer to crawl out of the cab windows to the pilot. The robbers then went to the passenger coaches, after firing several shots to scare the engine crew. Engineer Franks and his fireman quickly returned to the cab and set the engine to going at full speed, and did not stop until the train reached Cameron. The robbers had jumped off.

Suicide of a Former Circus Man.

ST. LOUIS, Aug. 22.—Floating in a pond in Carondelet on Monday was found the body of Pons Antonio, in his day a peer among acrobats, one-third owner of Antonio Brothers' circus, and later part proprietor of a café under the Olympic Theatre. He was once wealthy, but at the time of his death was broken in health, spirit, and finances, and ended his life. His body was buried by local theatrical men. His real name was McGlasney. He was 60 years of age, and left a wife and brother.

IN AND ABOUT THE METROPOLIS.

The rivalry between the companies of Abbey & Grau and Walter Damrosch would be very much more interesting to New Yorkers if it were to be centred here in New York, but it is probable that the road tours of these two companies will be the only points in which their interests will conflict. Abbey & Grau are to have the first chance here in New York, and Damrosch will get at the country first. His influence will be felt very much more by the smaller English opera companies, and two or three of these have already changed the time of their appearances in different cities in order not to conflict with his company. Damrosch will suffer under the disadvantage of coming into New York after the three months' season at the Metropolitan. But he has the chance at the other cities of the country, and last year he found them by no means small pickings, although he followed the Abbey & Grau company in several of them. He has at least two prima donnas in his company that are certain to attract attention here, and New York showed last season that it could support both opera companies liberally. The prospects of the season at the Metropolitan are brighter than they ever were. The one singer that cost the management money for which they received no return was Signor Tamagno, and it is doubtful if he drew once, through the New York season, any proportion of the large salary paid to him. But he does not return this year, and the losing performance devoted to the repertory in which he appeared will be devoted to the Wagner opera in German. There is little doubt now that these will prove successful. At all events they are certain to yield more than the Italian opera did when Tamagno absorbed as his compensation most of the money, if not more, in fact, than came into the house on these nights. It is by no means certain that these German performances, including as they will the popular Jean de Reszke, with Anton Seidl as conductor, may not be the financial successes of the season. Whether they do or not, Calve will be heard in "Carmen" and "Cavalleria Rusticana," and she is a gold mine to her managers. The Austrian prima donna, Lola Beeth, who will sing in the Wagner operas, has been a favorite in Vienna for several years and has sung at the opera in Paris with considerable success. *Elsa* in "Lohengrin" is her best known part.

Charles Frohman, who employs more actors than any other two managers in the country, and manages as many companies in proportion, is a very accessible man outside of his office, simple in manner and ready to talk to anybody that has something to say to him. But once in his office he is a very difficult man to see. A small boy guards the window which opens into the anteroom of the manager's outer office, and whether Mr. Frohman is in or not the inscrutable demeanor of this young man gives no indication. No cards are ever sent into his office until there is an intimation from the inside that they will be received, and the person who penetrates to the outer office is still several rooms away from Mr. Frohman. These precautions against interruption are all necessary, for if a small number of the people who are looking for an opportunity to talk to Charles Frohman succeeded in reaching him, there would be little time left for him to do anything beyond attending to them. Every stage-struck girl that comes to New York from any town in the country comes with the determination of looking up Charles Frohman and assailing him first. Actors who have had a small experience in road companies hope every season to be able to persuade Charles Frohman to find places for them in one of his companies, and a large proportion of the theatrical profession in this country has aspirations in the same direction. Playwrights are as anxious to get at him, and the amateur authors who have become persuaded that the most productive form of literary endeavor is writing for the stage are least objectionable when they send in their plays from a distance. But there are many of them who are not to be satisfied short of a personal interview, and they make up a large proportion of the people who ask at the window if Mr. Frohmen is to be seen. As a matter of fact very few of these people get in. When they claim to have prearranged appointments, it is necessary to get the endorsement of this from the inside before any one is admitted, and the perjury of the false débutiantes who are seeking for an interview is never likely to be effective. In the old days it was the aspiration of every ambitious amateur to become a member of the old Union Square Theatre company or of Daly's. But they all have their eyes on the Empire now.

The curious fact of human nature that usually the pleasures most sought after by people of all conditions are those hardest to attain, and which are generally least intrinsically beneficial and satisfactory, receives many odd illustrations in this great cosmopolis. Perhaps the phenomenon is simply one phase of the human tendency toward progress, which sets people constantly striving to reach something or other on a plane just above them. But it is a very interesting phase, and one of the most striking illustrations of it is afforded in the parties of poor people, generally Italians, who take long drives on these stifling days in closed, stuffy, heavily upholstered coaches. Probably no condition could be more uncomfortable on a hot, dusty day in New York than to be cooped up with a party of half a dozen or so in a hack, and to be jolted over the rough pavements through the furnace-like streets of the city for several hours. Yet this seems the very acme of pleasure to a great many poor people, and to obtain it they deny themselves many necessities, to say nothing of comforts. Doubtless when many of the Italian laborers were toiling in their own country, where even a ride in a street car was an extravagance not to be thought of, they looked on rich folks going around in carriages and thought that to ride in that kind of style would be the height of bliss and the attainment of the very peak of ambitious success. So some such gratification is their aim when bettered circumstances in this country put it within their reach. In the very hottest days one may see rumbling along the Bowery, over the bridge, through the streets of the tenement districts, or even on Broadway, heavy, lumbering hacks, drawn by a pair of horses and driven by a man who crosses his legs and wears his rusty silk hat on the back of his head. Inside are half a dozen or more red-faced, uncomfortable men and women; the men with coats and vests off, showing gaudy flannel shirts, and the women unbonneted. Some hang half out of the one open window, and all crowd themselves in view before the glass for the inspection and admiration of all who may chance to see them. They show plainly in every action that they feel they are creating an impression and that they are trying to believe they are having a good time.

Ex-Gov. Campbell's dramatic nomination by acclamation in the Ohio Convention, after he had declared that he was not a candidate, and while he was on his feet to nominate another man, was probably not unexpected by his friends in New York. The ex-Governor is a thorough going Buckeye, and his personal following in Ohio is large. He admits that he is a poor man, and for that reason he was disinclined to again be a candidate. Several years ago the writer saw Gov. Campbell receive an ovation at an Ohio dinner at Delmonico's of which any man might have been proud. It was tendered to him by Republicans and Democrats alike, and those who witnessed it could be at no loss to understand the Campbell movement in the Ohio Convention. The Governor entered the banquet hall late, and his appearance was the signal for an explosive reception. The diners stood up with one accord. They clapped their hands and cheered and waved their napkins and pounded the tables. It was not only a tribute to the Governor of their native State, but it was a warm greeting to a man who was personally popular. Mr. Campbell is a tall man, graceful in movement, and if he is not an eloquent speaker of the first class, he has a way of talking to Ohioans about Ohio that wins them. Since that time ex-Gov. Campbell has tried his fortune in New York and he has been a familiar figure on Broadway.

Rudyard Kipling reached New York on Wednesday evening and left at once for his home in Brattleboro, Vt., refusing to be interviewed on any subject. Mr. Kipling has been consistent in declining the advertising that he might receive if he would, and in this particular he has differed from other well-known English writers who have come to this country for one reason or another. Some of them have employed press agents to get their names into the papers as frequently as possible. When Mr. Kipling made his first visit to New York after his name had become known, there was a natural curiosity on the part of the public that bought his books to know something about his personality. Mr. Kipling did not propose to gratify it, and he declined all interviews. The few things that he did say to his questioners were either sarcastic or surly. Subsequent attempts to get him to talk have been made, but without success. Mr. Kipling buried himself up in Brattleboro, and the interviewer who has sought him there has not even been allowed to see him.

GREEN GOODS MAN NABBED

DANIELS OF KANSAS EVEN WITH FARMLEE JONES'S BROTHER.

Jones Had Sold Him Some Wind for $300 Six Weeks Before—Daniels Discovered, on Reflection, in Atchison, that It Wasn't Fair, and Came East Again for Revenge.

Mr. Oliver Daniels of Atchison, Kan., opened his green goods account early last July. He squared himself with one of his debtors on Wednesday night.

The invitation to do business consisted of a lot of green goods literature sent from New York to Mr. Daniels. Later Mr. Daniels was told to come on to Bethelem, Pa., with the $300 he had to invest. Daniels stopped at the Pacific House in Bethelem. There in his room he was met by Joseph Dexter Jones, a brother of the notorious E. Parmlee Jones, boss green goods man. Mr. Jones wanted to sleep in Mr. Daniels's room, but Mr. Daniels objected. The next morning, July 5, Mr. Jones told Mr. Daniels he had been sent to take him to New York, where Mr. Daniels was to get the green goods.

They started for New York, but left the train at Bound Brook, N. J. At the railroad station Mr. Jones hired one of the local constable's carriages and drove Mr. Daniels to Marion's Hotel, a mile and a half in the country.

Mr. Daniels wanted the green goods, but Mr. Jones told him they were not quite ready. Mr. Daniels was disappointed. However, Mr. Jones said that Mr. Daniels could pay for the goods on the spot, and the goods would be sent to him in five days. A number of other men were in the room. Mr. Daniels supposed that was the best he could do. He paid his $300 and got a receipt, signed by one J. Thomas, which recited that the money was paid for goods to be delivered later. Mr. Daniels took his receipt, and Mr. Jones took Mr. Daniels, and the two boarded a train for New York. On the way Mr. Jones tried to buy Mr. Daniels's watch, promising him for it $100, to be delivered later. But Mr. Daniels was too shrewd to listen to the proposition.

Mr. Daniels lost Mr. Jones in New York. Then Mr. Daniels went back to Kansas. There he waited for the $3,000 he was to receive according to the contract. After a while, being a shrewd man, he said to himself, "buncoed," and pretty soon he started for New York. He told his trouble to Anthony Comstock, and the two went to Bethelem in search of Mr. Jones. About that time the Bethelem newspapers printed something about Mr. Jones, and he left that locality. Comstock returned to New York, leaving Daniels to watch for Jones.

On Wednesday night Daniels telegraphed Comstock that Jones was in Bethelem. Comstock hurried to Bethelem, and on the porch of the Pacific House he arrested Jones. There were three other men with Jones, but Daniels didn't know them. Yesterday Jones was taken before United States Commissioner Kirkpatrick in Easton, Pa., and committed in default of $5,000 bail. Late in the afternoon he was brought to New York by Deputy United States Marshal Myers.

CENTRAL PARK CARROUSEL.

It is Revolved by a Mule Hitched to a Revolving Shaft.

There is a bit of Coney Island life to be found in the cool, green depths of Central Park on a Sunday evening. As you approach the spot you see lights gleam through the foliage.

You spy whirling figures, and strains of music float upward above the chirping of the locusts. You go down a sloping path, and suddenly come upon a curious scene of revelry.

It is the carrousel, where hundreds of young people are enjoying themselves after a fashion which they appear to find entirely satisfactory. The patent means of diversion are a huge merry-go-round and several groups of swings or "scups," as the patrons of the pendulous contrivance call them. The merry-go-round is in a large circular kiosk. It is ablaze with lights. In the centre is an automatic organ grinding out hymn tunes and popular airs. Either will do to "go round" to if only the time is fast enough. So they give "Shining Shore" and "Annie Rooney" alternately.

There is a great procession of wooden horses, lions, elephants and other beasts, four or five abreast, all saddled and bridled for the merry-go-rounders. The ticket seller has a busy time and does a brisk business.

All the girls want to ride, and sometimes the girl's "young man" rides at her side or stands on the platform with his arm across her steed as they whirl round the circle to the lively organ strains.

Small boys who have got the price of the trip like to mount an outside horse for the chance of snatching at the iron rings suspended one by one within reach of the swirling procession.

There is only a fleeting chance to clutch at it. But the gambler's spirit in them is astir, and there is said to be a brass ring among those iron ones when entitled the winner to a free ride.

The motive power of this great revolving affair is not what one would suppose a dummy engine, but a dumb beast, a patient, hard working mule, who runs the whole business.

The kiosk is built over a deep cellar which is entered by an incline leading from the transverse road at Sixty-fifth street. By this way a sedate mule is conducted to the scene of his labors and hitched to the single shaft which turns on its axis and makes wheels and other things go round to the great delight of thousands. The mule declined to be interviewed as to his opinion of the situation, but he looked distinctly bored.

The crowd about the kiosk shows curious bits of life. Jeems and his girl are there, and Chimmie Fadden's set are in full force. There is absolutely no color line. Side by side with some fair-haired Germans and Swedes are a party of Afro-American belles, utterly fascinated by the blandishments of a dude of their own color who is smoking a cigarette and rolling up the whites of his eyes in marvellous fashion at first one and then another of the rapturous maidens.

The east side is well represented by pretty Jewish girls, who take a few graceful dancing steps to the music whenever they can find a space, and elude the watchful eyes of Capt. Dillon's policemen, who are specially detailed to preserve order about this gay little resort.

The policemen also have to check the musical propensities of people who burst into song now and then, and to trace and capture harmonicas, mouthorgans, and even that primitive device of the small boy to produce noise—comb with a slip of paper across it, to be violently blown upon. All unseemly notes and behavior are suppressed, but merry voices and happy laughter fill up the intervals of the organ melodies.

All the benches are crowded, and besides the many lights flaring from the merry-go-round, there are naphtha torches which add to the illumination. Many of the girls wore light or bright frocks and gay hats that were very picturesque in the panorama.

Every one seemed to be in holiday humor, perhaps because so large a proportion were foreigners, who do not take their pleasures so sadly as the English and Americans are said to do.

All the walks and ways to and from this little Central Park Coney Island poured forth streams with sauntering couples, who seemed to like hovering in sight, but out of the light.

The Kinderberg, crowning the height across the drive just above the carrousel, sheltered many silent pairs sitting in the soft gloom of the summer night.

Little Louis Chin Chin Found.

Little Louis Chin Chin, the three-year-old son of Abraham Chin Chin, a Hebrew storekeeper of Cohoes, who strayed away Wednesday morning from 103 Norfolk street, where his parents were visiting, was restored to his parents last night. He was found late Wednesday night on an elevated railroad station in Brooklyn.

He said he got lost, and a man told him he would take him back to his papa. The man took him to a house in Brooklyn, bought candy and peanuts for him, but because Louis cried took him to the elevated station and there left him. Then some one else found him and gave him in charge of the police, who soon made connections with Papa Chin Chin.

A Little Fire in Bellevue Hospital.

It was learned yesterday that there was a small fire in the female ward of Bellevue Hospital a week ago last Sunday night. Upon stopping beside an elderly patient, a nurse placed her candle on the sill of an open window at the head of the cot. The patient wanted a drink, and the nurse went after it. In her absence the curtain was blown against the candle and it caught fire. The nurse saw the flames as she returned to the cot, pulled down the curtain, and stamped out the fire. Most of the patients were asleep at the time, and there was no panic among the few who were awake.

Broker Toler Hurt by a Bucking Horse.

ELIZABETH, Aug. 22.—Hugh K. Toler, a broker, of 18 New street, New York, is at the General Hospital in this city suffering from internal injuries. While riding a horse without a saddle the animal bucked, and Toler landed heavily on the withers. Another buck by the horse sent Toler to the curbstone. Some internal organs were ruptured, and an operation has been performed. Another operation will be made to-morrow. Mr. Toler's condition is serious.

INSECT LIFE IN THE PARK.

How the Murderous Sand Wasp Catches and Kills Its Prey.

Among the notable examples of insect life flourishing within the green confines of the Central Park, the sand wasp is deservedly conspicuous. It is the largest of its species. It is beautiful to behold. It is capable of great things, literally, and it is horribly venomous. Therefore the conditions under which it is most safely admired and comfortably appreciated are when it has imbibed a chloroform cocktail, taken a conclusive whiff of hydrocyanide, and has been posed on a cork platform by means of German pippins. The sand wasp is nearly two inches long, with a glossy black body, marked with lemon-yellow bands. Its wings are golden brown, and so are the legs, which are of a lobster-claw pattern, and built to clutch and carry heavy weights. These wasps bore in the earth like moles, tunnelling for eighteen or twenty inches. They fling up mounds of loose earth at the entrance to the furrow, and, as it is a couple of inches or more in diameter, it might be mistaken for the retreat of a small squirrel or woodchuck. But on no account put rash fingers into that innocent-looking aperture. If Mr. Wasp should chance to be at home, the intruder will be sorry he called. This was the experience of a big Park policeman who sought to explore such an excavation. He was on sick leave for ten days afterward. Along the bridle paths sand wasps are at times exceedingly annoying, as they congregate in large numbers and are feared with good reason by riders and horses.

When complaints of the wasps reach the ear of Prof. Southwick, entomologist of the Parks, he organizes a hunt and sallies forth to capture a sufficient number to abate the nuisance, and peace is restored along the equestrian ways. It was while describing one of these expeditions to THE SUN reporter that a huge gold-bronze insect whirred past, and the Professor exclaimed:

"There goes a sand wasp now, after a cicada!"

Even as the words were uttered the shrill vibrant noise of the insect, of which the poet wrote ages ago,

Happy the cicada's lives,
For they all have voiceless wives,

thrilled the hot air of the midsummer noon. There was an unmistakable note of fear merging into agony in the cry of the creature.

"Poor fellow! It's all up with him!" said the Professor, as he knelt quietly on the grass to watch what happened. It was an exceptional opportunity to observe the sand wasp's manner of treating her prey. The cicada was a male, of course, or there would have been no outcry to indicate the spot where the wasp was stinging him to death. It is the female wasp which does all the mischief. The male is a no-account, insignificant little bug, whom nobody minds. The cicada about to die was a beautiful specimen, a black and velvety green back, iridescent wings, with peacock colors, and the sheen of mother-of-pearl. His breast was white and gray. The wasp dropped upon her victim like a hawk. She stung him first in a nerve centre, and the shrill shriek of the insect faded into silence as the poison penetrated its system. It acted like a subject succumbing to an anæsthetic. When it was silent but still moved its legs and wings the wasp deftly turned it upon its back and gave it a final thrust of her wicked dart in the abdomen. Then the cicada lay quite still. The wasp rested a bit; then she began preparations for removing her victim. He was much larger than his executioner, and twice as heavy, but she carried him off. Clasping her claw-like legs about the body she started on her digest, soaring with difficulty, and forced to alight from time to time. Occasionally she had to crawl up a stem or tree trunk to get at the proper level from which to launch herself, but she never let go of her prey.

Prof. Southwick explained the why and wherefore of this little insect tragedy as he walked quickly to the Swiss cottage close by to get certain properties necessary for the last act of the big drama. When the female sand wasp goes on a still hunt for a cicada, said he, she is following a maternal instinct as well as seeking her favorite prey; she proposes to lay up provisions for her future progeny. When she has slain the insect she carries him to her hole, drags him to the furthest end, lays a single egg on his breast, and then walls up the corpse and the ova. When the egg hatches the tiny larva creeps into the armor of the cicada, and begins to enjoy the meal its thoughtful parent stored for it before it was born. There is just enough sustenance inside the shell of one cicada to maintain one young sand wasp in peace and plenty until it is ready to fly forth, foraging and doing mischief on its own account. The maternal wasp packs as many cicadas and eggs into her burrow as it will hold, setting them as close as peas in a pod. There is no telling how long the wasp in question had been in the packing business; but though she little knew the fate impending, she had put away her last cicada. Her burrow turned out to be on a green sunlit knoll, close to the Swiss cottage. It is so thickly dotted with wasp mounds and holes that it might be appropriately called Wasp Hill. It was there on the very threshold of her home, and at the crowning moment of success, that disaster fell darkly upon the murderous wasp. It fell upon her in the white folds of a butterfly net, in the entangling meshes of which she dropped her prey and struggled frantically. Then a red flannel swab, soaked in chloroform, was dabbed over her a few times and she became so stupefied that she wriggled blindly about and thrust her sting promiscuously in all directions, trying to kill. It exemplified the ruling passion strong in death. Prof. Southwick is a merciful executioner. He repeated the dose of chloroform before thrusting her into the wide-mouthed bottle of cyanide. Then he took both insects into his laboratory, and after mounting the wasp in the act of stinging her victim to death, presented the group to the SUN reporter as a souvenir of "The Death of the Cicada—a Central Park Tragedy."

The war of extermination of the caterpillar goes bravely on in all the parks, but seems to be waged more satisfactorily in Central Park than elsewhere. It is curious to watch the spraying of trees, which is the method adopted against the little, long haired, red, white, and black variety of the crawling nuisance. To the uninitiated it appears to be a flag raising. A man is seen beside a tree holding up a long jointed bamboo pole, and it is not apparent at first that he doesn't care to place it at the perpendicular, but purposely lets it wabble against the tree. But by and by one discovers a slender rubber tube fastened along that pole to the utmost tip, where a perforated nozzle emits a shower of spray, fine as mist. The other end of the tube is trailed along the ground to a "D. P. P." wagon near by, and connects with a receiver containing the poisonous liquid. The deadly shower is so fine that it moistens the foliage without dripping from it, so one may safely stand beneath. But caterpillars are pretty certain to fall on you if you remain there long.

Prof. Southwick says the subject of insecticides has become a burning question, and for the protection of the public and in the interest of the preservation of trees, which are menaced by quack treatment and useless trash, he proposes to make a public protest in the shape of a paper he is to read before the American Association for the Advancement of Science.

The association is to meet in Springfield, Mass., next week. The title of Prof. Southwick's paper will be "A City Entomologist and Insecticides," and will be supplemented by a second paper entitled "Economic Entomological Work in Central and City Parks in New York."

TENANT AND HOUSE GONE.

The Tenant Took Herself Off, and Boys Took Off the Building.

Mrs. Mary O'Connor rented a one and a half story house in the middle of a lot at 125d street and Broadway from Barnett & Co., real estate dealers in East 125th street. It was not much of a house, only some 20 by 30 feet in size, and she paid but $4 a month for it. She paid the rent quarterly, but four months passed and Mr. Barnett saw nothing of tenant or money, and he started to find her. He could not find even the house. It had disappeared from its site. He searched the neighboring lots, but without success.

Mr. Barnett learned eventually that Mrs. O'Connor had sublet the house nearly four months before and had gone away. Two months later the last tenant departed and the neighbors said boys demolished the house and carried it off piecemeal.

The Mystery of a Kansas Fish Pond.

From the Kansas City Times.

TOPEKA, Kan., Aug. 18.—There is a pond in Ottawa that is a mystery in that, notwithstanding the fact that it contained no water during the protracted dry weather of last season, it is now well supplied with sun perch and mud catfish. It is claimed that no fish have been planted there, and it is a matter of conjecture where the present supply came from. It is not at all unlikely that before the pond went dry last season it contained fish, and that they had deposited their spawn, which remained fertile until the pond was again filled with water, when the fish which now inhabit it were hatched. Both the mud cat and the sun perch are rapid growers, which fact would account for their being of medium size now.

CONNECTICUT'S WILD MAN.

A Party of 500 Going to Hunt Him. So It Is Said, on Sunday.

WINSTED, Conn., Aug. 22.—The "wild man" was seen again to-day by passengers on Dodd's stage to Winsted from Sandisfield, Mass. He was in the same tract of brush as when seen on last Saturday by Selectman Riley W. Smith. The tract is five miles from here, on the old and lonesome highway leading to Colebrook. The wild man lives in "Injun Meadow." He is thought to be one of a family of three men seen two years ago by a party of berry pickers. That party was made up of William Reily, Pussy Casey, and a newsboy from here. They came home one afternoon nearly dead from fright. They told their parents that three hairy men chased them and fired a shot.

The description given by the stage riders tallies with that given by Riley Smith. They say the man jumped out of a cluster of bushes near the roadside and ran with great speed into the mountains, making hideous noises. He was naked and covered with hair. The wild man seen in the Canaan Mountains a few months ago is thought to be the same man. Farmers in that neighborhood were afraid to go out of doors after dark.

Five hundred men leave here on Sunday morning at 8 o'clock to hunt the wild man. They will surround "Injun Meadow" and Cobble Mountain. Farmers have given the use of their teams free, and every man of the posse is warned to go armed.

On Saturday last Riley Smith while coming over this road stopped to pick a few berries. No sooner had he begun to eat than the wild man emerged from the centre of a patch of berry bushes and ran away. Smith was about scared to death. His dog whined and, with his tail between his legs, sought refuge in Smith's wagon under a pile of blankets. Smith says the man is large in stature and his head is about the size of a horse's head. The teeth resemble those of a horse in size and are pointed. His hands are enormous. The hair on his body is black and coarse and long. Jim Madrah and Mike Langan, two well-known men, left here with their revolvers this morning to hunt the wild man. They have not returned, but no alarm is felt for their safety.

Troops to Stay in the Bannack Country.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 22.—A telegram was received at army headquarters to-day from Gen. Coppinger saying that he had ordered two companies of infantry to encamp at the Fort Hall reservation in the Bannack Indian country. This action was taken at the request of the Interior Department, which is of the opinion that a force of troops will be required in the Bannack country for some time to keep the Indians quiet.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

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